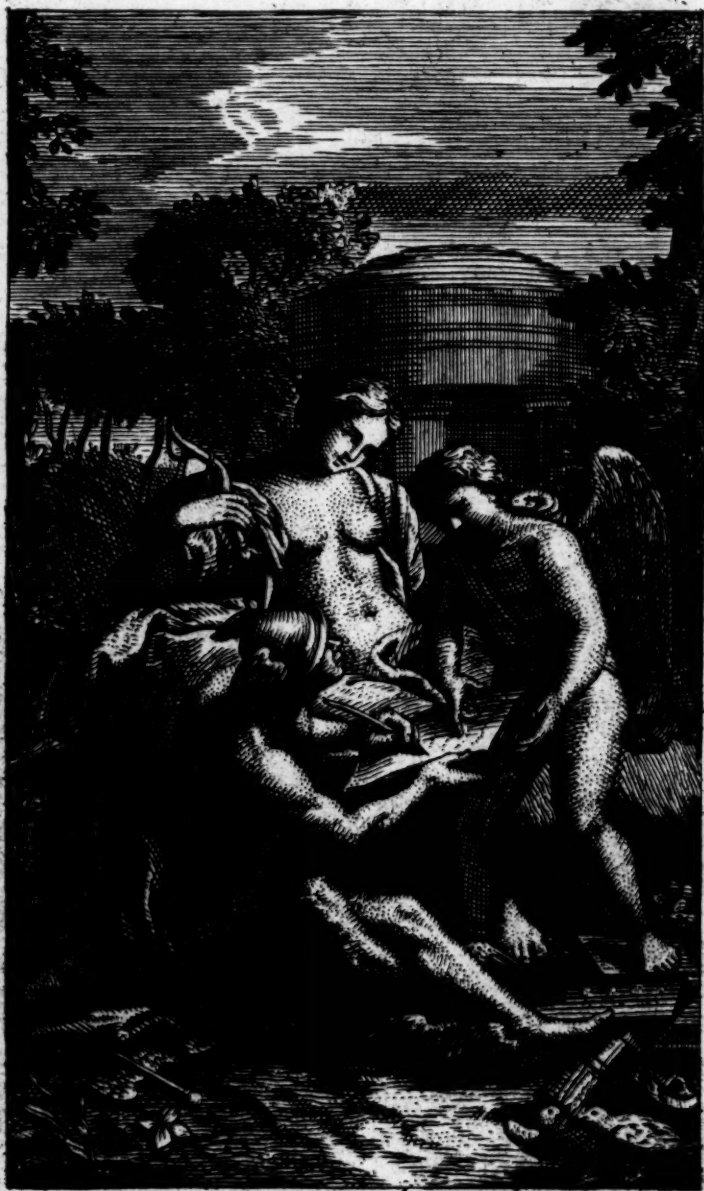


Sam. Gribelin, Junior Sculp.

Frontispiece





Sam. Gribelin, Junior Sculp.

Frontispiece

*Gal 8. 16*  
O V I D's

---

ART of LOVE,  
IN THREE BOOKS.

Together with His  
REMEDY of LOVE.

Translated into *English* VERSE by  
SEVERAL EMINENT HANDS.

---

To which are added,  
*The* COURT of LOVE.  
A TALE from CHAUCER:  
AND THE  
HISTORY of LOVE.

---

ADORN'D with CUTS.

---

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. T O N S O N at *Shakespear's*  
*Head* in the Strand.

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MDCCLXXXV.

O. N. I. D. S.  
ART of LOVE  
IN THREE BOOKS

Together with  
REMEDY of LOVE  
The first and best  
Several Excellent Harp

---



THE COURT OF LOVE  
A TALE OF THE  
AND THE  
HISTORY OF LOVE

---

THE COURT OF LOVE  
LONDON:  
Printed for J. Tasson at the  
in the Strand  
MDCCLXXI.

T  
M  
Jo



To the Right Honourable

**RICHARD,**  
EARL of Burlington.

My LORD,



UR Poet's Rules, in easy Numbers,  
tell

He felt the Passion, he describes so  
well.

In that soft Art successfully refin'd,  
Tho' angry Cæsar frown'd, the Fair were kind.  
More Ills from Love, than Tyrant's Malice, flow;  
Jove's Thunder strikes less sure than Cupid's Bow.

A 2

Ovid

## DEDICATION.

*Ovid both felt the Pain, and found the Ease:  
Physicians study most their own Disease.*

*The Practice of that Age in this we try,  
Ladies wou'd listen then, and Lovers lye.*

*Who flatter'd most the Fair, were most polite,  
Each thought her own Admirer in the right:  
To be but faintly rude was criminal;  
But to be boldly so, aton'd for all.*

*Breeding was banish'd for the fair One's sake;  
The Sex ne'er gives, but suffers ours shou'd take.*

*Advice to you, my Lord, in vain we bring,  
The Flow'rs ne'er fail to meet the blooming Spring.  
Tho' you possess all Nature's Gifts, take care;  
Love's Queen has Charms, but fatal is her Snare.*

*On all that Goddess her false Smiles bestows,  
As on the Seas she reigns, from whence she rose.  
Young Zephyrs sigh with fragrant Breath, soft Gales  
Guide her gay Barge, and swell the silken Sails:  
Each silver Wave in beauteous Order moves,  
Fair as her Bosom, gentle as her Doves;  
But he that once embarks, too surely finds  
A sullen Sky, black Storms, and angry Winds.  
Cares, Fears, and Anguish, hov'ring on the Coast,  
And Wrecks of Wretches by their Folly lost.*

*When coming Time shall bless you with a Bride,  
Let Passion not persuade, but Reason guide:  
Instead of Gold, let gentle Truth endear;  
She has most Charms, who is the most sincere.*

*Shun*



## DEDICATION.

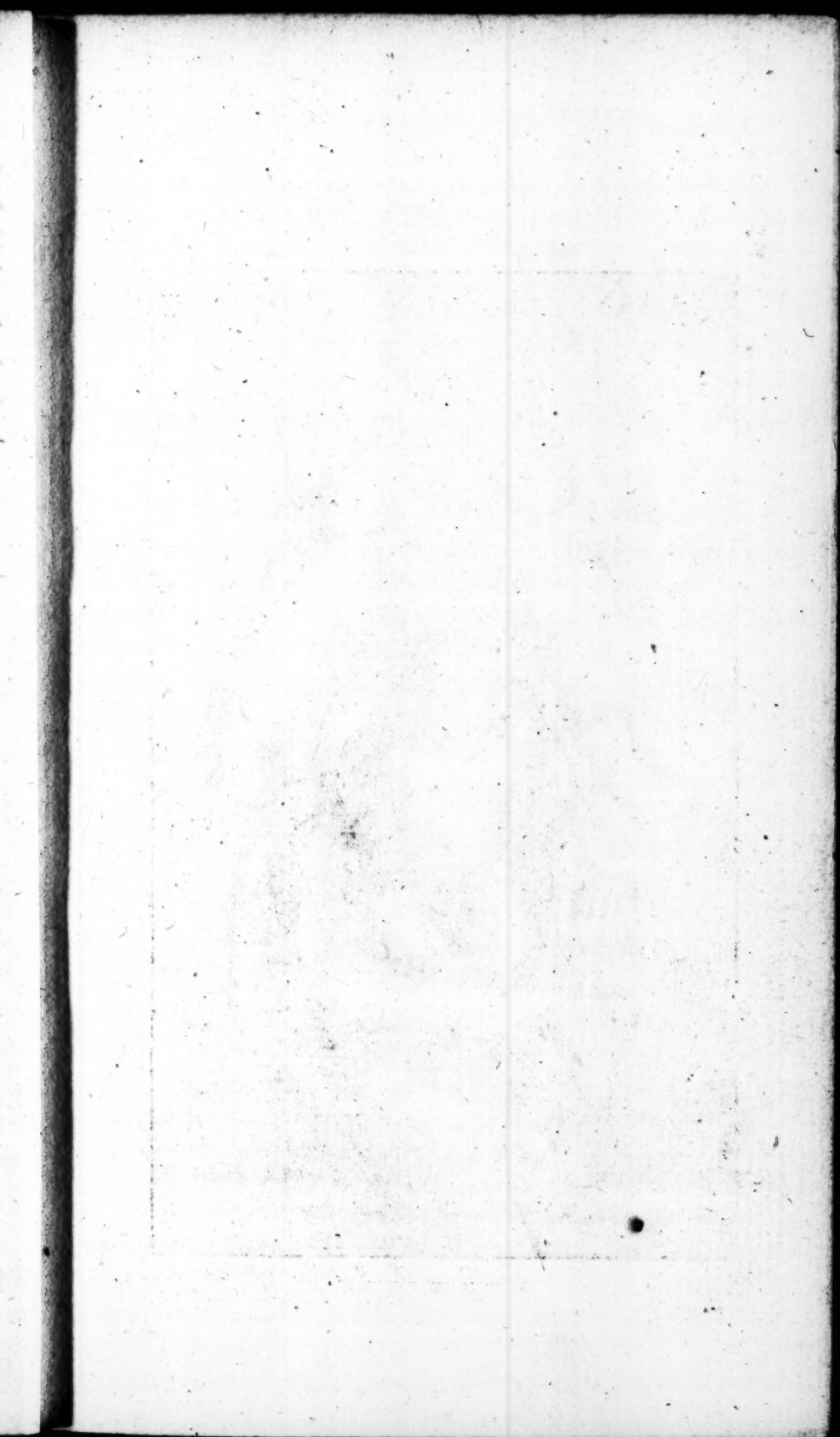
*Shun vain Variety, 'tis but Disease ;  
Weak Appetites are ever hard to please.  
The Nymph must fear to be inquisitive ;  
'Tis for the Sex's Quiet to believe.  
Her Air an easy Confidence must show,  
And shun to find, what she wou'd dread to know ;  
Still charming with all Arts that can engage,  
And be the JULIANA of the Age.*



DECLASSIFICATION



0120





Sam. Gribelin Junr Sculp.



# O V I D's ART of LOVE.

## BOOK I.

Translated, some Years since,  
By Mr. D R Y D E N.



I N Cupid's School, whoe'er wou'd take  
Degree,  
Must learn his Rudiments, by reading me.  
Seamen with sailing Arts their Vessels  
move;

Art guides the Chariot; Art instructs to Love.  
Of Ships and Chariots others know the Rule;  
But I am Master in Love's mighty School.



8 OVID's *Art of Love*. Book I.

*Cupid* indeed is obstinate and wild,  
 A stubborn God ; but yet the God's a Child :  
 Easy to govern in his tender Age,  
 Like fierce *Achilles* in his Pupillage,  
 That Heroe, born for Conquest, trembling stood  
 Before the Centaur, and receiv'd the Rod.  
 As *Chiron* mollify'd his cruel Mind  
 With Art ; and taught his warlike Hands to wind  
 The silver Strings of his melodious Lyre :  
 So Love's fair Goddess does my Soul inspire  
 To teach her softer Arts ; to sooth the Mind,  
 And smoothe the rugged Breasts of Human Kind.

Yet *Cupid* and *Achilles*, each with Scorn  
 And Rage were fill'd ; and both were Goddess-born.  
 The Bull, reclaim'd and yok'd, the Burden draws :  
 The Horse receives the Bit within his Jaws.  
 And stubborn Love shall bend beneath my Sway,  
 Tho' struggling oft he strives to disobey.  
 He shakes his Torch, he wounds me with his Darts ;  
 But vain his Force, and vainer are his Arts.  
 The more he burns my Soul, or wounds my Sight,  
 The more he teaches to revenge the Spite.

I boast no Aid the *Delphian* God affords,  
 Nor Auspice from the Flight of chattering Birds ;  
 Nor *Clio*, nor her Sisters have I seen.  
 As *Hesiod* saw them on the shady Green :  
 Experience makes my Work a Truth so try'd,  
 You may believe ; and *Venus* be my Guide.

Far hence ye Vestals be, who bind your Hair ;  
 And Wives, who Gowns below your Ancles wear.

Book I. OVID'S *Art of Love*.

9

I sing the Brothels loose and unconfin'd,  
Th' unpunishable Pleasures of the Kind;  
Which all alike, for Love, or Money find.

You, who in *Cupid's* Rolls inscribe your Name,  
First seek an Object worthy of your Flame;  
Then strive with Art, your Lady's-Mind to gain:  
And last, provide your Love may long remain.  
On these three Precepts all my Work shall move:  
These are the Rules and Principles of Love.

Before your Youth with Marriage is oppress'd,  
Make choice of one who suits your Humour best:  
And such a Damsel drops not from the Sky:  
She must be fought for with a curious Eye.

The wary Angler, in the winding Brook,  
Knows what the Fish, and where to bait his Hook.

The Fowler and the Huntsman know by Name  
The certain Haunts, and Harbour of their Game.  
So must the Lover beat the likeliest Grounds;  
Th' Assemblies where his Quarry most abounds.  
Nor shall my Novice wander far astray;  
These Rules shall put him in the ready Way.

Thou shalt not sail around the Continent,  
As far as *Perseus*, or as *Paris* went:  
For *Rome* alone affords thee such a Store,  
As all the World can hardly shew thee more.  
The Face of Heav'n with fewer Stars is crown'd;  
Than Beauties in the *Roman* Sphere are found.

Whether thy Love is bent on blooming Youth,  
On dawning Sweetness, in unartful Truth;  
Or courts the juicy Joys of riper Growth;  
Here mayst thou find thy full Desires in both.

Or if Autumnal Beauties please thy Sight  
 (An Age that knows to give, and take delight;) *IT*  
 Millions of Matrons of the graver Sort, *W*  
 In common Prudence, will not balk the Sport.

In Summer Hears thou need'st but only go  
 To *Pompey's* cool and shady *Portico*; *T*  
 Or *Concord's* Fane; or that proud Edifice, *And*  
 Whose Turrets near the bawdy Suburb rise: *On*  
 Or to that other *Portico*, where stands *I*  
 The cruel Father urging his Commands, *before*  
 And fifty Daughters wait the Time of Rest, *What*  
 To plunge their Poniards in the Bridegrooms Breast. *the*  
 Or *Venus's* Temple; where, on Annual Nights, *the*  
 They mourn *Adonis* with *Affrican* Rites. *the*  
 Nor shun the *Jewish* Walk, where the foul Drove, *the*  
 On Sabbaths, rest from ev'ry thing but Love. *the*  
 Nor *Isis's* Temple; for that sacred Whore *the*  
 Makes others, what to *Jove* she was before. *the*  
 And if the Hall it self be not bely'd, *the*  
 E'en there the Cause of Love is often try'd. *the*  
 Near it at least, or in the Palace Yard; *the*  
 From whence the noisy Combatants are heard. *the*  
 The crafty Counsellors, in formal Gown, *As*  
 There gain another's Cause, but lose their own. *for*  
 There Eloquence is nonplust in the Suit; *the*  
 And Lawyers, who had Words at Will, are mute. *the*  
*Venus*, from her adjoining Temple, smiles, *the*  
 To see them caught in their litigious Wiles. *the*  
 Grave Senators lead home the youthful Dame; *the*  
 Returning Clients, when they Patrons came. *the*

# Book I. OVID'S *Art of Love*.

II

But above all, the Play-house is the Place;  
 There's Choice of Quarry in that narrow Chace.  
 There take thy Stand, and sharply looking out,  
 Soon mayst thou find a Mistress in the Rout;  
 For length of Time, or for a single Bout.  
 The Theatres are Berries for the Fair:  
 Like Ants on Mole-hills, thither they repair:  
 Like Bees to Hives, so num'rously they throng.  
 It may be said, they to that Place belong.  
 Thither they swarm, who have the publick Voice:  
 There choose, if Plenty not distracts thy Choice.  
 To see, and to be seen, in heaps they run;  
 Some to undo, and some to be undone.

From *Romulus* the Rise of Plays began,  
 To his new Subjects a commodious Man;  
 Who, his unmarried Soldiers to supply,  
 Took care the Commonwealth should multiply:  
 Providing *Sabine* Women for his Braves,  
 Like a true King, to get a Race of Slaves.  
 His Play-house, not of *Parian* Marble made,  
 Nor was it spread with purple Sails for Shade:  
 The Stage with Rushes, or with Leaves they strew'd:  
 No Scenes in Prospect, no machining God.  
 On Rows of homely Turf they sat to see,  
 Crown'd with the Wreaths of ev'ry common Tree:  
 There, while they sit in rustick Majesty,  
 Each Lover had his Mistress in his Eye;  
 And whom he saw most suiting to his Mind,  
 For Joys of matrimonial Rape design'd.  
 Scarce cou'd they wait the *Plaudit* in their Haste;  
 But ere the Dances and the Song were past,

The



12 OVID'S *Art of Love.* Book I.

The Monarch gave the Signal from his Throne;  
 And rising, bade his metry Men fall on.  
 The Martial Crew, like Soldiers ready prest,  
 Just at the Word (the Word too was The Best)  
 With joyful Cries each other animate;  
 Some choose, and some at Hazard seize their Mate.  
 As Doves from Eagles, or from Wolves the Lambs,  
 So from their lawless Lovers fly the Dames.  
 Their Fear was one, but not one Face of Fear;  
 Some rend the lovely Tresses of their Hair:  
 Some shriek, and some are struck with dumb Despair.  
 Her absent Mother, one invokes in vain;  
 One stands amaz'd, not daring to complain;  
 The nimbler trust their Feet, the slow remain.  
 But nought availing, all are Captives led,  
 Trembling and Blushing, to the Genial Bed.  
 She who too long resisted, or deny'd,  
 The lusty Lover made by force a Bride;  
 And with superior Strength, compell'd her to his Side.  
 Then sooth'd her thus! — My Soul's far better Part,  
 Cease weeping, nor afflict thy tender Heart:  
 For what thy Father to thy Mother was,  
 That Faith to thee, that solemn Vow I pass!

Thus *Romulus* became so popular;  
 This was the way to thrive in Peace and War;  
 To pay his Army, and fresh Whores to bring;  
 Who wou'd not fight for such a gracious King!

Thus Love in Theatres did first improve;  
 And Theatres are still the Scene of Love.  
 Nor shun the Chariots, and the Courser's Race;  
 The *Circus* is no inconvenient Place.



# Book I. OVID's *Art of Love*.

33

No need is there of talking on the Hand;  
Nor Nods, nor Signs, which Lovers understand.  
But boldly next the Fair your Seat provide;  
Close as you can to hers; and Side by Side.  
Pleas'd, or unpleas'd, no matter; crouding sit;  
For so the Laws of publick Shows permit.  
Then find occasion to begin Discourse;  
Inquire whose Chariot this, and whose that Horse?  
To whatsoever Side she is inclin'd,  
Suit all your Inclinations to her Mind:  
Like what she likes, from thence your Court begin;  
And whom she favours, wish that he may win.  
But when the Statues of the Deities,  
In Chariots roll'd, appear before the Prize;  
When *Venus* comes, with deep Devotion rise.  
If Dust be on her Lap, or Grains of Sand;  
Brush both away with your officious Hand.  
If none be there, yet brush that Nothing thence;  
And still to touch her Lap make some Pretence.  
Touch any thing of hers; and if her Train  
Sweep on the Ground, let it not sweep in vain;  
But gently take it up and wipe it clean;  
And while you wipe it, with observing Eyes,  
Who knows but you may see her naked Thighs!  
Observe who sits behind her; and beware,  
Lest his incroaching Knee should press the Fair.  
Light Service takes light Minds: For some can tell  
Of Favours won, by laying Cushions well;  
By fanning Faces, some their Fortune meet;  
And some by laying Footstools for their Feet.

These.

# 14 OVID'S *Art of Love*. Book I.

These Overtures of Love the *Circus* gives;  
 Nor at the Sword-play less the Lover thrives:  
 For there the Son of *Venus* fights his Prize;  
 And deepest Wounds are oft receiv'd from Eyes.  
 One, while the Croud their Acclamations make,  
 Or while he bets, and puts his Ring to Stake,  
 Is struck from far, and feels the flying Dart;  
 And of the Spectacle is made a Part.

*Cæsar* wou'd represent a Naval Fight,  
 For his own Honour, and for *Rome's* Delight.  
 From either Sea the Youths and Maidens come;  
 And all the World was then contain'd in *Rome*!  
 In this vast Concourse, in this Choice of Game;  
 What *Roman* Heart but felt a foreign Flame?  
 Once more our Prince prepares to make us glad;  
 And the remaining East to *Rome* will add.  
 Rejoice ye *Roman* Soldiers in your Urns,  
 Your Ensigns from the *Parthians* shall return;  
 And the slain *Cræssus* shall no longer mourn.  
 A Youth is sent those Trophies to demand;  
 And bears his Father's Thunder in his Hand:  
 Doubt not th' Imperial Boy in Wars unseen,  
 In Childhood all of *Cæsar's* Race are Men.  
 Celestial Seeds shoot out before their Day,  
 Prevent their Years, and brook no-dull Delay.  
 Thus Infant *Hercules* the Snakes did press;  
 And in his Cradle did his Sire confess.  
*Bacchus* a Boy, yet like a Heroe fought;  
 And early Spoils from conquer'd *India* brought:  
 Thus you your Father's Troops shall lead to Fight;  
 And thus shall vanquish in your Father's Right.

These

# Book I. OVID'S *Art of Love*. 15

These Rudiments you to your Lineage owe;  
 Born to increase your Titles, as you grow.  
 Brethren you had, revenge your Brethren slain;  
 You have a Father, and his Rights maintain.  
 Arm'd by your Country's Parent, and your own,  
 Redeem your Country, and restore his Throne.  
 Your Enemies assert an impious Cause;  
 You fight both for divine and human Laws.  
 Already in their Cause they are o'ercome;  
 Subject them too, by Force of Arms, to Rome.  
 Great Father *Mars* with greater *Cæsar* join;  
 To give a prosp'rous *Omen* to your Line:  
 One of you is, and one shall be divine.  
 I prophesy you shall, you shall o'ercome:  
 My Verse shall bring you back in Triumph home.  
 Speak in my Verse, exhort to loud Alarms:  
 O were my Numbers equal to your Arms,  
 Then would I sing the *Parthians* Overthrow:  
 Their Shot averse sent from a flying Bow.  
 The *Parthians*, who already flying fight;  
 Already give an *Omen* of their Flight.  
 O when will come the Day, by Heav'n design'd,  
 When thou the best and fairest of Mankind,  
 Drawn by white Horses shalt in Triumph ride,  
 With conquer'd Slaves attending on thy Side;  
 Slaves, that no longer can be safe in Flight;  
 O glorious Object, O surprising Sight,  
 O Day of Publick Joy; too good to end in Night!  
 On such a Day, if thou, and next to thee,  
 Some Beauty fits the Spectacle to see:

16 OVID'S *Art of Love*. Book II.

If she inquire the Names of conquer'd Kings,  
Of Mountains, Rivers, and their hidden Springs,  
Answer to all thou know'st; and if need be,  
Of things unknown seem to speak knowingly:  
This is *Euphrates*, crown'd with Reeds; and there  
Flows the swift *Tigris*, with his Sea-green Hair.  
Invent new Names of Things unknown before;  
Call this *Armenia*; that the *Caspian* Shore:  
Call this a *Mede*, and that a *Parthian* Youth;  
Talk probably; no matter for the Truth.

In Feasts, as at our Shows, new Means abound;  
More Pleasure there, than that of Wine, is found.  
The *Paphian* Goddess there her Ambush lays;  
And Love, betwixt the Horns of *Bacchus*, plays:  
Desires increase at ev'ry swilling Draught;  
Brisk Vapours add new Vigour to the Thought.  
There *Cupid's* purple Wings no Flight afford;  
But wet with Wine, he flutters on the Board.  
He shakes his Pinions, but he cannot move;  
Fix'd he remains, and turns a Maudlin Love.  
Wine warms the Blood, and makes the Spirits flow;  
Care flies, and Wrinkles from the Forehead go:  
Exalts the Poor, invigorates the Weak;  
Gives Mirth and Laughter, and a Rosy Cheek.  
Bold Truths it speaks; and spoken, dares maintain;  
And brings our old Simplicity again.  
Love sparkles in the Cup, and fills it higher:  
Wine feeds the Flames, and Fuel adds to Fire.  
But choose no Mistress in thy drunken Fit;  
Wine gilds too much their Beauties and their Wit.

Non



# Book I. OVID's *Art of Love*. 17

Nor trust thy Judgment when the Tapers dance;  
But sober and by Day, thy Suit advance.  
By Day-light *Paris* judg'd the beauteous Three;  
And for the fairest, did the Prize decree.  
Night is a Cheat, and all Deformities  
Are hid, or lessen'd in her dark Disguise.  
The Sun's fair Light each Error will confess,  
In Face, in Shape, in Jewels, and in Dress.

Why name I ev'ry Place where Youths abound?  
'Tis loss of time; and a too fruitful Ground.  
The *Baian* Baths, where Ships at Anchor ride,  
And wholsom Streams from Sulphur Fountains glide:  
Where wounded Youths are by Experience taught,  
The Waters are less healthful than they thought.  
Or *Dian's* Fane, which near the Suburb lies;  
Where Priests, for their Promotion, fight a Prize.  
That Maiden Goddess is Love's mortal Foe,  
And much from her his Subjects undergo.

Thus far the sportful Muse, with Myrtle bound,  
Has sung where lovely Lasses may be found.  
Now let me sing, how she who wounds your Mind,  
With Art, may be to cure your Wounds inclin'd.  
Young Nobles, to my Laws Attention lend;  
And all you vulgar of my School, attend.

First then believe, all Women may be won;  
Attempt with Confidence, the Work is done.  
The Grasshopper shall first forbear to sing  
In Summer Season, or the Birds in Spring;  
Than Women can resist your flatt'ring Skill:  
E'en She will yield, who swears she never will.

To.



18 OVID'S *Art of Love*. Book I.

To secret Pleasure both the Sexes move ;  
 But Women most, who most dissemble Love.  
 'Twere best for us, if they wou'd first declare ;  
 Avow their Passion, and submit to Prayer.  
 The Cow, by lowing, tells the Bull her Flame :  
 The neighing Mare invites her Stallion to the Game.  
 Man is more temp'rate in his Lust than they ;  
 And more than Women, can his Passion sway.  
*Biblis*, we know, did first her Love declare ;  
 And had recourse to Death in her Despair.  
 Her Brother She, her Father *Myrrha* sought ;  
 And lov'd ; but lov'd not as a Daughter ought.  
 Now from a Tree she stills her od'rous Tears ;  
 Which yet the Name of her who shed 'em bears,  
     In *Ida's* shady Vale a Bull appear'd ;  
 White as the Snow, the fairest of the Herd ;  
 A Beauty-spot of black there only rose,  
 Betwixt his equal Horns and ample Brows :  
 The Love and Wish of all the *Cretan* Cows.  
 The Queen beheld him as his Head he rear'd ;  
 And envy'd ev'ry Leap he gave the Herd.  
 A secret Fire she nourish'd in her Breast ;  
 And hated ev'ry Heifer he caress'd.  
 A Story known, and known for true, I tell ;  
 Nor *Crete*, though lying, can the Truth conceal.  
 She cut him Grass ; (so much can Love command)  
 She strok'd, she fed him with her Royal Hand :  
 Was pleas'd in Pastures with the Herd to rove ;  
 And *Minos* by the Bull was overcome.

Cease,

Cease, Queen, with Gems to adorn thy beauteous Brows;  
The Monarch of thy Heart no Jewel knows.  
Nor in thy Glass compose thy Looks and Eyes;  
Secure from all thy Charms thy Lover lies:  
Yet trust thy Mirrour, when it tells thee true;  
Thou art no Heifer to allure his View.  
Soon wou'dst thou quit thy Royal Diadem  
To thy fair Rivals; to be horn'd like them.  
If *Minos* please, no Lover seek to find;  
If not, at least seek one of human Kind.

The wretched Queen the *Cretan* Court forsakes;  
In Woods and Wilds her Habitation makes:

She curses ev'ry beauteous Cow she sees;  
Ah, why dost thou my Lord and Master please?  
And think'st, ungrateful Creature as thou art,  
With frisking awkwardly, to gain his Heart.  
She said; and straight commands with frowning Look,  
To put her, undeserving, to the Yoke.  
Or feigns some holy Rites of Sacrifice,  
And sees her Rival's Death with joyful Eyes:  
Then, when the bloody Priest has done his Part;  
Pleas'd, in her Hand she holds the beating Heart;  
Nor from a scornful Taunt can scarce refrain;  
Go, Fool, and strive to please my Love again.

Now she wou'd be *Europa*, — *Is now*;

(One bore a Bull; and one was made a Cow.)

Yet she at last her brutal Bliss obtain'd;  
And in a wooden Cow the Bull sustain'd:  
Fill'd with his Seed, accomplish'd her Desire;  
Till, by his Form, the Son betray'd the Sire.

If *Atreus*' Wife to Incest had not run,  
 (But ah, how hard it is to love but one!)  
 His Coursers *Phœbus* had not driv'n away,  
 To shun that Sight, and interrupt the Day.  
 Thy Daughter, *Nisus*, pull'd thy purple Hair;  
 And barking Sea-dogs yet her Bowels tear.  
 At Sea and Land *Atreides* sav'd his Life;  
 Yet fell a Prey to his adult'rous Wife.  
 Who knows not what Revenge *Medea* sought,  
 When the slain Offspring bore the Father's Fault?  
 Thus *Phœnix* did a Woman's Love bewail:  
 And thus *Hippolytus* by *Phædra* fell.  
 These Crimes revengeful Matrons did commit;  
 Hotter their Lust, and sharper is their Wit.  
 Doubt not from them an easy Victory:  
 Scarce of a thousand Dames will one deny.  
 All Women are content that Men shou'd woo:  
 She who complains, and She who will not do.  
 Rest then secure, whate'er thy Luck may prove,  
 Not to be hated for declaring Love:  
 And yet how canst thou miss, since Womankind  
 Is frail and vain; and still to Change inclin'd?  
 Old Husbands, and stale Galants they despise;  
 And more another's than their own, they prize.  
 A larger Crop adorns our Neighbour's Field,  
 More Milk his Kine from swelling Udders yield.

First gain the Maid: By her thou shalt be sure  
 A free Access, and easy to procure:  
 Who knows what to her Office does belong,  
 Is in the Secret, and can hold her tongue.

Bribe

Book I. OVID'S *Art of Love*. 21

Bribe her with Gifts, with Promises, and Pray'rs;  
For her good Word goes far in Love Affairs.  
The Time and fit Occasion leave to her,  
When she most aptly can thy Suit prefer.  
The Time for Maids to fire their Lady's Blood,  
Is when they find her in a merry Mood.  
When all things at her Wish and Pleasure move;  
Her Heart is open then, and free to Love.  
Then Mirth and Wantonness to Lust betray,  
And smoothe the Passage to the Lover's Way.  
Troy stood the Siege, when fill'd with anxious Care:  
One merry Fit concluded all the War.

If some fair Rival vex her jealous Mind,  
Offer thy Service to revenge in Kind.  
Instruct the Damsel, while she combs her Hair,  
To raise the Choler of that injur'd Fair:  
And sighing, make her Mistress understand,  
She has the Means of Vengeance in her Hand.  
Then, naming thee, thy humble Suit prefer;  
And swear thou languishest and dy'st for her.  
Then let her lose no time, but push at all;  
For Women soon are rais'd, and soon they fall.  
Give their first Fury Leisure to relent,  
They melt like Ice, and suddenly repent.

T'enjoy the Maid, will that thy Suit advance?  
'Tis a hard Question, and a doubtful Chance.  
One Maid corrupted, bauds the better for't;  
Another for herself wou'd keep the Sport.  
Thy Bus'ness may be further'd or delay'd,  
But by my Counsel, let alone the Maid:

E'en



E'en tho' she shou'd consent to do the Feat;  
 The Profit's little, and the Danger great.  
 I will not lead thee through a rugged Road;  
 But where the Way lies open, safe, and broad.  
 Yet if thou find'st her very much thy Friend;  
 And her good Face her Diligence commend:  
 Let the fair Mistress have thy first Embrace,  
 And let the Maid come after in her Place.

But this I will advise, and mark my words,  
 For 'tis the best Advice my Skill affords:  
 If needs thou with the Damsel wilt begin;  
 Before th' Attempt is made, make sure to win:  
 For then the Secret better will be kept;  
 And she can tell no Tales when once she's dipt.  
 'Tis for the Fowler's Int'rest to beware,  
 The Bird intangled, shou'd not scape the Snare.  
 The Fish once prick'd, avoids the bearded Hook;  
 And spoils the Sport of all the neighb'ring Brook.  
 But if the Wench be thine, she makes thy Way;  
 And for thy sake, her Mistress will betray;  
 Tell all she knows, and all she hears her say.  
 Keep well the Counsel of thy faithful Spy:  
 So shalt thou learn whene'er she treads awry.

All things the Stations of their Seasons keep:  
 And certain Times there are to sow and reap.  
 Ploughmen and Sailors for the Season stay,  
 One to plough Land, and one to plough the Sea:  
 So shou'd the Lover wait the lucky Day.  
 Then stop thy Suit it hurts not thy Design:  
 But think another Hour she may be thine.

And



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23

And when she celebrates her Birth at home,  
 Or when she views the publick Shows of *Rome*:  
 Know all thy Visits then are troublesome.  
 Defer thy Work, and put not then to Sea,  
 For that's a boding, and a stormy Day.  
 Else take thy Time, and when thou canst, begin;  
 To break a *Jewish* Sabbath, think no Sin:  
 Nor e'en on superstitious Days abstain:  
 Not when the *Romans* were at *Allia* slain.  
 Ill Omens in her Frowns are understood;  
 When she's in humour, ev'ry Day is good.  
 But than her Birth-day seldom comes a worse;  
 When Bribes and Presents must be sent of course;  
 And that's a bloody Day, that costs thy Purse.  
 Be stanch; yet Parsimony will be vain:  
 The craving Sex will still the Lover drain.  
 No Skill can shift them off, nor Art remove;  
 They will be begging when they know we love.  
 The Merchant comes upon th' appointed Day,  
 Who shall before thy Face his Wares display.  
 To choose for her she craves thy kind Advice;  
 Then begs again, to bargain for the Price:  
 But when she has her Purchase in her Eye,  
 She hugs thee close, and kisses thee to buy.  
 'Tis what I want, and 'tis a Pen'orth too;  
 In many Years I will not trouble you.  
 If you complain you have no ready Coins:  
 No matter, 'tis but writing of a Line:  
 A little Bill, not to be paid at sight;  
 (Now curse the time when thou wert taught to write.)

She

She keeps her Birth-day ; you must send the Chear ;  
 And she'll be Born a hundred times a year.  
 With daily Lyes she dribs thee into Cost ;  
 That Ear-ring dropt a Stone, that Ring is lost.  
 They often borrow what they never pay ;  
 Whate'er you lend her, think it thrown away.  
 Had I ten Mouths and Tongues to tell each Art,  
 All wou'd be weary'd ere I told a Part.

By Letters, not by Words, thy Love begin ;  
 And ford the dang'rous Passage with thy Pen.  
 If to her Heart thou aim'st to find the way,  
 Extremely flatter, and extremely pray.  
*Priam* by Pray'rs did *Hector's* Body gain ;  
 Nor is an angry God invok'd in vain.  
 With promis'd Gifts her easy Mind bewitch ;  
 For e'en the Poor in Promise may be rich.  
 Vain Hopes awhile her Appetite will stay ;  
 'Tis a deceitful, but commodious way.  
 Who gives is Mad ; but make her still believe  
 'Twill come, and that's the cheapest way to give.  
 E'en barren Lands fair Promises afford ;  
 But the lean Harvest cheats the starving Lord.  
 Buy not thy first Enjoyment ; lest it prove  
 Of bad example to thy future Love :  
 But get it *Gratis* ; and she'll give thee more,  
 For fear of losing what she gave before.  
 The losing Gamester shakes the Box in vain,  
 And bleeds, and loses on, in hopes to gain.  
 Write then, and in thy Letter, as I said,  
 Let her with mighty Promises be fed.

*Cydippe*

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*Cydippe* by a Letter was betray'd,  
Writ on an Apple to th' unwary Maid.  
She read her self into a Marriage Vow;  
(And ev'ry Cheat in Love the Gods allow.)  
Learn Eloquence, ye noble Youth of *Rome*;  
It will not only at the Bar o'ercome:  
Sweet Words, the People and the Senate move;  
But the chief end of Eloquence, is Love.  
But in thy Letter hide thy moving Arts;  
Affect not to be thought a Man of Parts.  
None but vain Fools to simple Women preach:  
A learned Letter oft has made a Breach.  
In a familiar Stile your Thoughts convey;  
And write such things, as Present you wou'd say;  
Such Words as from the Heart may seem to move:  
'Tis Wit enough, to make her think you love.  
If Seal'd she sends it back, and will not read;  
Yet hope, in time, the Business may succeed.  
In time the Steer will to the Yoke submit;  
In time the restiff Horse will bear the Bit.  
E'en the hard Plough-share, Use will wear away;  
And stubborn Steel in length of time decay.  
Water is soft, and Marble hard; and yet  
We see, soft Water through hard Marble Eat.  
Though late, yet *Troy* at length in Flames expir'd;  
And ten Years more, *Penelope* had tir'd.  
Perhaps thy Lines unanswer'd she retain'd;  
No matter; there's a Point already gain'd:  
For she who reads, in time will answer too;  
Things must be left, by just degrees to grow.

B

Perhaps

Perhaps she writes, but answers with Disdain ;  
And sharply bids you not to write again :  
What she requires, she fears you shou'd accord ;  
The Jilt wou'd not be taken at her word.

Mean time, if she be carried in her Chair,  
Approach ; but do not seem to know she's there.  
Speak softly, to delude the Standers-by ;  
Or, if aloud, then speak ambiguously.  
If Santring in the Portico she walk,  
Move slowly too ; for that's a time for Talk :  
And sometimes follow, sometimes be her Guide :  
But when the Croud permits, Go Side by Side.  
Nor in the *Play-house* let her sit alone :  
For she's the *Play-house*, and the *Play* in one.  
There thou mayst ogle, or by Signs advance  
Thy Suit, and seem to touch her Hand by chance.  
Admire the Dancer who her liking gains,  
And pity in the *Play* the Lover's Pains,  
For her sweet sake the loss of time despise ;  
Sit while she sits, and when she rises rise.  
But dress not like a Fop ; nor curl your Hair,  
Nor with a Pumice make your Body bare.  
Leave those effeminate and useless Toys  
To *Eunuchs*, who can give no solid Joys.  
Neglect becomes a Man : This *Theseus* found ;  
Uncurl'd, uncomb'd, the Nymph his Wishes crown'd.  
The rough *Hippolytus* was *Phædra's* Care ;  
And *Venus* thought the rude *Adonis* fair.  
Be not too finical ; but yet be clean ;  
And wear well-fashion'd Clothes, like other Men.



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Let not your Teeth be yellow, or be foul;  
Nor in wide Shoes your Feet too loosely roll.  
Of a black Muzzle, and long Beard beware;  
And let a skilful Barber cut your Hair.  
Your Nails be pick'd from Filth, and even par'd;  
Nor let your nasty Nostrils bud with Beard.  
Cure your unsav'ry Breath; gargle your Throat:  
And free your Armpits from the Ram and Goat.  
Dress not, in short, too little, or too much:  
And be not wholly *French*, nor wholly *Dutch*.

Now *Bacchus* calls me to his jolly Rites:  
Who wou'd not follow, when a God invites?  
He helps the Poet, and his Pen inspires;  
Kind and indulgent to his former Fires.

Fair *Ariadne* wander'd on the Shore  
Forsaken now; and *Theseus* loves no more:  
Loose was her Gown, dishevel'd was her Hair;  
Her Bosom naked, and her Feet were bare:  
Exclaiming, in the Waters brink she stood;  
Her briny Tears augment the briny Flood.  
She shriek'd, and wept, and both became her Face:  
No Posture cou'd that Heav'nly Form disgrace.  
She beat her Breast: The Traitor's gone, said she,  
What shall become of poor forsaken me?  
What shall become — she had not time for more,  
The sounding Cymbals rattled in the Shore.  
She swoons for fear, she falls upon the Ground;  
No vital Heat was in her Body found.  
The *Mimallonian* Dames about her stood;  
And scudding *Satyrs* ran before their God.



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*Silenus* on his *Ass* did next appear;  
 And held upon the *Mane* (the God was clear)  
 The drunken *Sire* pursues; the Dames retire;  
 Sometimes the drunken Dames pursue the drunken *Sire*.  
 At last he topples over on the Plain;  
 The *Satyrs* laugh, and bid him rise again.  
 And now the God of Wine came driving on,  
 High on his Chariot by swift *Tigers* drawn.  
 Her Colour, Voice and Sense forsook the Fair;  
 Thrice did her trembling Feet for flight prepare,  
 And thrice affrighted did her flight forbear.  
 She shook, like Leaves of Corn when Tempests blow;  
 Or slender Reeds that in the Marshes grow.  
 To whom the God, — Compose thy fearful Mind;  
 In me a truer Husband thou shalt find.  
 With Heav'n I will endow thee; and thy Star  
 Shall with propitious Light be seen afar:  
 And guide on Seas, the doubtful Mariner.  
 He said; and from his Chariot leaping light;  
 Lest the grim *Tigers* shou'd the Nymph affright,  
 His brawny Arms around her Waste he threw;  
 (For Gods, whate'er they will, with ease can do :)  
 And swiftly bore her thence: th' attending throng  
 Shout at the Sight, and sing the *Nuptial* Song.  
 Now in full Bowls her Sorrow she may sleep;  
 The Bridegroom's Liquor lays the Bride asleep.  
 But thou, when flowing Cups in Triumph ride,  
 And the lov'd Nymph is seated by thy side;  
 Invoke the God, and all the mighty Pow'rs,  
 That Wine may not defraud thy Genial Hours.

Then

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Then in ambiguous Words thy Suit prefer ;  
 Which she may know were all addrest to her.  
 In liquid purple Letters write her Name :  
 Which she may read, and reading find the Flame.  
 Then may your Eyes confess your mutual Fires ;  
 (For Eyes have Tongues, and Glances tell Desires)  
 Whene'er she Drinks, be first to take the Cup ;  
 And where she laid her Lips, the Blessing sup.  
 When she to Carving does her Hand advance ;  
 Put out thy own, and touch it as by chance.  
 Thy Service e'en her Husband must attend :  
 (A Husband is a most convenient Friend.)  
 Seat the Fool Cuckold in the highest Place ;  
 And with thy Garland his dull Temples grace.  
 Whether below or equal in degree,  
 Let him be Lord of all the Company.  
 And what he says, be seconded by Thee.  
 'Tis common to deceive through Friendship's Name :  
 But common though it be, 'tis still to blame.  
 Thus Factors frequently their Trust betray ;  
 And to themselves their Masters Gains convey.  
 Drink to a certain pitch, and then give o'er ;  
 Thy Tongue and Feet may stumble, drinking more.  
 Of drunken Quarrels in her sight beware ;  
 Pot-Valour only serves to fright the Fair.  
 Eurytion justly fell, by Wine oppress'd,  
 For his rude Riot at a Wedding-Feast.  
 Sing, if you have a Voice : and shew your Parts  
 In Dancing, if endu'd with Dancing Arts.

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Do any thing within your power, to please;  
 Nay, e'en affect a seeming Drunkenness;  
 Clip ev'ry Word; and if by Chance you speak  
 Too home; or if too broad a Jest you break;  
 In your Excuse the Company will join,  
 And lay the Fault upon the Force of Wine.  
 True Drunkenness is subject to offend;  
 But when 'tis feign'd, 'tis oft a Lover's Friend.  
 Then safely, you may praise her beauteous Face;  
 And call him Happy, who is in her grace.  
 Her Husband thinks himself the Man design'd;  
 But curse the Cuckold in your secret Mind.  
 When all are risen, and prepare to go;  
 Mix with the Croud, and tread upon her Toe,  
 This is the proper time to make thy Court;  
 For now she's in the Vein, and fit for Sport,  
 Lay Bashfulness, that rustick Virtue, by;  
 To manly Confidence thy Thoughts apply.  
 On Fortune's Foretop timely fix thy hold;  
 Now speak and speed, for *Venus* loves the Bold,  
 No Rules of Rhetorick here I need afford:  
 Only begin, and trust the following word;  
 It will be Witty of its own accord.

Act well the Lover, let thy Speech abound  
 In dying Words, that represent thy Wound,  
 Distrust not her Belief; she will be mov'd:  
 All Women think they merit to be lov'd.

Sometimes a Man begins to love in jest;  
 And after, feels the Torments he profess.

For your own sakes be pitiful, ye Fair;  
For a feign'd Passion may a true prepare.  
By Flatteries we prevail on Womankind;  
As hollow Banks by Streams are undermin'd.  
Tell her, her Face is fair, her Eyes are sweet:  
Her taper Fingers praise, and little Feet.  
Such Praises e'en the Chaste are pleas'd to hear;  
Both Maids and Matrons hold their Beauty dear.

Once naked *Pallas* with *Jove's* Queen appear'd;  
And still they grieve that *Venus* was preferr'd.  
Praise the proud Peacock, and he spreads his Train:  
Be silent, and he pulls it in again.

Pleas'd is the Courser in his rapid Race;  
Applaud his Running, and he mends his Pace.  
But largely promise, and devoutly swear;  
And, if need be, call ev'ry God to hear.

*Jove* sits above, forgiving with a Smile  
The Perjuries that easy Maids beguile.

He swore to *Juno* by the *Stygian* Lake:  
Forsworn, he dares not an Example make;  
Or punish Falshood, for his own dear sake.

'Tis for our Int'rest that the Gods shou'd be;  
Let us believe 'em: I believe they see;  
And both reward, and punish equally.

Not that they live above like lazy Drones,  
Or Kings below, supine upon their Thrones:  
Lead then your Lives as present in their Sight;  
Be just in Dealings, and defend the Right;  
By Fraud betray not, nor oppress by Might.



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But 'tis a Venial Sin to cheat the Fair;  
 All Men have Liberty of Conscience there.  
 On cheating Nymphs a Cheat is well design'd;  
 'Tis a profane, and a deceitful Kind.

'Tis said, that *Aegypt* for nine Years was dry,  
 Nor *Nile* did Floods, nor Heav'n did Rain supply.  
 A Foreigner at length inform'd the King,  
 That slaughter'd Guests would kindly Moisture bring.  
 The King reply'd, On thee the Lot shall fall,  
 Be thou, my Guest, the Sacrifice for all.  
 Thus *Phalaris*, *Perillus* taught to low,  
 And made him season first the brazen Cow.  
 A rightful Doom, the Laws of Nature cry,  
 'Tis, the Artificers of Death should die.  
 Thus justly Women suffer by Deceit;  
 Their Practice authorises us to cheat.  
 Beg her, with Tears, thy warm Desires to grant;  
 For Tears will pierce a Heart of Adamant.  
 If Tears will not be squees'd, then rub your Eye,  
 Or noint the Lids, and seem at least to cry.  
 Kifs, if you can: Resistance if she make,  
 And will not give you Kisses, let her take.  
*Fy, fy, you naughty Man*, are Words of course;  
 She struggles but to be subdu'd by Force.  
 Kifs only soft, I charge you, and beware,  
 With your hard Brisles not to brush the Fair.  
 He who has gain'd a Kifs, and gains no more,  
 Deserves to lose the Bliss he got before.  
 If once she kifs, her Meaning is express;  
 There wants but little Pushing for the rest;

Which



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Which if thou dost not gain, by Strength or Art,  
 The Name of Clown then suits with thy Desert;  
 'Tis downright Dulness, and a shameful Part.  
 Perhaps she calls it Force; but if she 'scape,  
 She will not thank you for th' omitted Rape.  
 The Sex is cunning to conceal their Fires;  
 They would be forc'd e'en to their own Desires.  
 They seem t'accuse you, with a down-cast Sight,  
 But in their Souls confess you did them right.  
 Who might be forc'd, and yet untouch'd depart,  
 Thank with their Tongues, but curse you with their Heart.  
 Fair *Phæbe* and her Sister did prefer,  
 To their dull Mates, the noble Ravisher.

What *Deidamia* did, in Days of yore;  
 The Tale is old, but worth the telling o'er.

When *Venus* had the golden Apple gain'd,  
 And the just Judge fair *Helen* had obtain'd:  
 When she with Triumph was at *Troy* receiv'd,  
 The *Trojans* joyful, while the *Grecians* griev'd:  
 They vow'd Revenge of violated Laws,  
 And *Greece* was arming in the Cuckold's Cause;  
*Achilles*, by his Mother warn'd from War,  
 Disguis'd his Sex, and lurk'd among the Fair.

What means *Æacides* to spin and sow?  
 With Spear and Sword in Field thy Valour show!  
 And leaving this, the nobler *Pallas* know.  
 Why dost thou in that Hand the Distaff wield,  
 Which is more worthy to sustain the Shield?  
 Or with that other draw the woolly Twine,  
 The same the Fates for *Hector's* Thread assign?

Brandish thy Falchion in thy pow'rful Hand,  
Which can alone the pond'rous Lance command.

In the same Room by chance the Royal Maid  
Was lodg'd, and, by his seeming Sex betray'd,  
Close to her Side the youthful Heroe laid.

I know not how his Courtship he began ;  
But, to her Cost, she found it was a Man.

'Tis thought she struggl'd, but withal 'tis thought  
Her Wish was to be conquer'd, when she fought.

For when disclos'd, and hast'ning to the Field,

He laid his Distaff down and took the Shield,

With Tears her humble Suit she did prefer,

And thought to stay the grateful Ravisher.

She sighs, she sobs, she begs him not to part ;

And now 'tis Nature, what before was Art.

She strives by Force her Lover to detain,

And wishes to be ravish'd once again.

This is the Sex ; they will not first begin,

But when compell'd, are pleas'd to suffer Sin.

Is there, who thinks that Women first should woo ?

Lay by thy Self-conceit, thou foolish Beau.

Begin, and save their Modesty the Shame ;

'Tis well for thee, if they receive thy Flame.

'Tis decent for a Man to speak his mind ;

They but expect th' Occasion to be kind.

Ask, that thou mayst enjoy ; she waits for this :

And on thy first Advance depends thy Bliss.

E'en *Jove* himself was forc'd to sue for Love ;

None of the Nymphs did first solicit *Jove*.

But if you find your Pray'rs increase her Pride,

Strike sail awhile, and wait another Tide.

They

They fly when we pursue ; but make Delay,  
And when they see you slacken, they will stay.  
Sometimes it profits to conceal your End ;  
Name not your self her Lover, but her Friend.  
How many skittish Girls have thus been caught ?  
He prov'd a Lover, who a Friend was thought.  
Sailors by Sun and Wind are swarthy made ;  
A tann'd Complexion best becomes their Trade.  
'Tis a disgrace to Ploughmen to be fair ;  
Bluff Cheeks they have, and weather-beaten Hair.  
Th' ambitious Youth, who seeks an Olive Crown,  
Is sun-burnt with his daily Toil, and brown ;  
But if the Lover hopes to be in Grace,  
Wan be his Looks, and meagre be his Face.  
That Colour from the Fair, Compassion draws :  
She thinks you sick, and thinks her self the Cause.  
*Orion* wander'd in the Woods for Love.  
His Paleness did the Nymphs to pity move ;  
His gasty Visage argu'd hidden Love.  
Nor fail a Night-cap, in full Health, to wear ;  
Neglect thy Dress, and discompose thy Hair.  
All things are decent, that in Love avail.  
Read long by Night, and study to be Pale.  
For sake your Food, refuse your needful Rest ;  
Be miserable that you may be blest.

Shall I complain, or shall I warn you most ?  
Faith, Truth and Friendship in the World are lost ;  
A little and an empty Name they boast.  
Trust not thy Friend, much less thy Mistress praise ;  
If he believe, thou mayst a Rival raise.

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'Tis true, *Patroclus*, by no Lust misled,  
 Sought not to stain his dear Companion's Bed.  
 Nor *Pylades Hermione* embrac'd;  
 E'en *Phædra* to *Pirithous* still was chaste.  
 But hope not thou, in this vile Age, to find  
 Those rare Examples of a faithful Mind.  
 The Sea shall sooner with sweet Hony flow;  
 Or, from the Furzes, Pears and Apples grow.  
 We sin with Guilt, we love by Fraud to gain;  
 And find a Pleasure in our Fellow's Pain.  
 From Rival Foes you may the Fair defend;  
 But would you ward the Blow, beware your Friend.  
 Beware your Brother, and your next of Kin;  
 But from your Bosom-Friend your Care begin.

Here I had ended, but Experience finds,  
 That sundry Women are of sundry Minds:  
 With various Crotchets fill'd, and hard to please,  
 They therefore must be caught by various Ways.  
 All things are not produc'd in any Soil;  
 This Ground for Wine is proper, that for Oil.  
 So 'tis in Men, but more in Women-kind:  
 Diff'rent in Face, in Manners, and in Mind.  
 But wise Men shift their Sails with ev'ry Wind:  
 As changeful *Proteus* vary'd oft his Shape,  
 And did in sundry Forms and Figures 'scape.  
 A running Stream, a standing Tree became,  
 A roaring Lion, or a bleating Lamb.  
 Some Fish with Harpons, some with Darts are struck;  
 Some drawn with Nets, some hang upon the Hook:



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37

So turn thy self; and imitating them,  
Try sev'ral Tricks, and change thy Stratagem.  
One Rule will not for diff'rent Ages hold;  
The Jades grow cunning, as they grow more old.  
Then talk not Baudy to the bashful Maid;  
Bug Words will make her Innocence afraid.  
Nor to an ign'rant Girl of Learning speak;  
She thinks you conjure, when you talk in *Greek*.  
And hence 'tis often seen, the Simple shun  
The Learn'd, and into vile Embraces run.

Part of my Task is done, and Part to do:  
But here 'tis time to rest my-self and you:

*The End of the First Book.*



NOTES





# NOTES

On the FIRST BOOK of

*OVID's Art of Love.*

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## *The* INTRODUCTION.



*VID's Art of Love* having lately appeared in *French*, with *Observations* written by the *Translator*, which have been very well received in *France*; it has been thought proper to add such of them as are most curious to this *Version*, and to make other new *Remarks* in some Places, where the *English Translators* have given another *Turn* to the *Original*. The *Introduction* to these *Observations* is intirely the *French Author's*; so are most of the *Reflexions*. 'Tis hoped those that are not taken from him, will not be found to be of less Importance than those that are.

A great many People are mistaken in these Books; and tho' they were made use of as a Pretence to drive the Author from the Court of *Augustus*, and confine him to *Tomos* on the Frontiers of the *Getae* and *Sarmatae*, yet they were not the true Cause of his Confinement. They are very far from being so licentious as the Writings of several other Poets, both *Greek* and *Latin*. However we must own he might have been a little more discreet, especially in some-Pieces.

That

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That which offended the *Romans* most in this Work, cannot touch us. It has always been more dangerous in *Italy* to converse with Women of Honour, and frequent their Houses, than 'tis with us: Tho' there is more Liberty, and what in that Country may be an Occasion of Debauchery, would not at all be so in ours.

Notwithstanding all that has been said against these Books of the *Art of Love*, by some over-scrupulous Persons, whose Discretion has too much of Affectation in it; they are not only necessary for the Knowledge of the *Latin* Tongue, and the *Roman* History, concerning which they contain several things very particular; but for the noble Sentiments we find in them, which the *Gravest* and *Learnedest* Writers have thought worthy to be quoted for *Authorities*.

In a word, there's nothing in them that comes near the *Licence* of some *Epigrams* of *Catullus*, *Martial*, and *Ausonius*, of some *Satires* of *Horace* and *Juvenal*, and several other Pieces of *Ancient* and *Modern* Authors, which are read and commented upon; and about which even celebrated *Jesuits* and other religious Persons, as eminent for their Piety as their Erudition, have employed their Studies. Yet who has condemn'd or complain'd of them? We must confess, such things should be managed with Address: and those of them who have meddled with any of the Authors I have named, have shewn that it may be done so, by their succeeding so happily in it.

As for this Treatise of the *Art of Love*, for which the Author has also prescrib'd a *Remedy*, as it is liable to be ill interpreted by those whose Pens poison every thing they touch; so it may bear a good Construction, by such as know how to turn every thing to Advantage.

I will yet say, this *Art* may be apply'd to those that intend to marry. There is nothing sure against Decency in all that. I agree, if you will have it so, that it extends so far as to direct one to the Means to gain a Mistress. If this was not lawful heretofore in *Italy*, on account of the jealous Humour of the *Italians*, we cannot, for the same Reason only, say it ought to be forbidden in our Country, any more than in several others, provided we could be  
sure

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sure the Ladies Modesty would not be offended, before whom Youth should be always careful not to exceed the Bounds of the Respect that's due to them.

Be it as it will, I have thought of endeavouring to apply all that is said in these Books of wanton *Love*, to the *Art* of loving the *Sciences*. The *Emblem* is not disagreeable, neither is it impossible to explain all that *Ovid* has written here upon the Love of *Beauty*, by that of the *Arts*. What do we not sometimes understand by the Loves of a Shepherd and Shepherdess? By a Lover of incomparable Beauty, and his Fair One passionately in Love? But keeping to the Fable, how often has the Loves of *Jupiter* and *Juno* been moralized upon, as well as those of *Apollo* and *Daphne*, *Mars* and *Venus*, *Myrrha* and *Cynaras*, and several others, the Examples of which are almost infinite? Yet these things are seen every Day, all the World read and admire them. Tho' the Outside of them is a little strong, and the literal Sense more suspected, than any of the Precepts laid down in *Ovid's Art of Love* are licentious.

But to soften this Thought a little; let us figure to our selves, that the Poet is not only a *Galant* of the Court of *Augustus*, but a *Philosopher* of the *Portick* and *Lyceum*; who proposes to us, as to his Disciples, excellent Rules to acquire the *Virtues* and *Sciences*, represented under the Name of the *Muses*, or Ladies of various Beauty, who may be met with every where, especially in great Academies, in the Schools, in Courts, in Walks, and in holy Places; figur'd by *Cirques*, *Theatres*, *Galleries*, *Portico's*, and the *Temples* of the *Roman* Deities, where great Assemblies were held. And when we have chose that which pleases us best, and is most agreeable to our Nature; let us endeavour to gain its good Graces, and enjoy it, that we may become more Wise and more Virtuous. Thus we may deceive our Imagination; and 'twill be easy for us to make the reading of this Treatise, not only pleasant, but profitable. We need not then have any Scruple upon us, because there is nothing unchaste in the Expression, tho' such things as are intirely gallant are not neglected; at least no farther than Modesty and Decency requir'd. I will, if I can, explain my Thoughts in this Matter, according.

## NOTES on the First Book. 41

according as occasion may offer, as well here, as in the Treatise which I have compos'd on purpose.

*Of the Art of Love.* By this we ought to understand how we must love, or how we must preserve the Object of our Love, when we have once acquir'd it. Otherwise 'twas useless to write an *Art of Love*. For *Love* is form'd in the Heart without *Art*, and all are without *Art* susceptible of that Passion. It generally surprises us, and we know not from whence it comes, tho' we feel it very sensibly. For this Reason the Poets so often endeavour to persuade us that *Love* is a Potent God, who wounds every thing with his Darts; and that there is no Creature able to resist him. We therefore need no *Art* to teach us to *Love*, nor even to *Love* any thing reasonably; but 'tis of very great Importance to each of us, that when we are inspir'd, the Inspiration should be for a proper Object, and a good End, as I design to shew you.

*Ovid.* This Poet wrote these Books a few Years before his Exile, under Colour of which, the Decree of the Senate for his Banishment was procured; tho' they certainly were not the Cause of it; and indeed could not reasonably be so, unless *Ovid* wrote them in Favour of *Augustus's* Grand-daughter, whom he visited with a little too much Familiarity, and did it to please her. For she, no more than her Mother, *Agrippa's* Wife, was not so modest as Persons of Quality and high Condition ought to be, as well for their own Glory, as for an Example to others.

The Two First Books of the *Art of Love* contain the Precepts which the Author lays down for young Men to follow in their Courtship to the Ladies; and the Third teaches the Ladies how they ought to make themselves be belov'd. The Allegory is not uneasily apply'd to the Sciences and the Virtues, represented as lovely Women, after my Way of Imagining it.







## NOTES on the First Book.

**I**N *Cupid's School, who'er, &c.* The Poet here lays down the Proposition of his Work, which he comprehends in the two first Verses: He then invokes the Assistance of the Gods, and begins his Narration.

*Must learn his Rudiments by reading me.* In the Original 'tis *Doctus amet*; which seems to imply something more than the *Rudiments*. But both *Ovid* and the Translator agree, that to love is not all. One must learn how to love, and what to love; for Love is so far from being forbidden, that there is nothing so commendable, provided the Object is good.

*Seamen with sailing Arts their Vessels move.* The Author continues this Thought by other Similes. Art is certainly requisite, in every thing, to succeed well; and he who does not understand the Art of Writing, and even of making Verses, ought never to meddle with it, unless he will expose himself to the Danger of coming off ill, as it very often happens.

*A stubborn God.* He speaks of Love who is very seldom guided by Reason. *Ovid* says, *Ille ferus est*, I confess he is cruel or wild.

*Chiron.* *Ovid* calls him *Phillyrides*, that is the Son of *Phillyra*; for *Chiron* was the Son of *Phillyra*, Daughter of *Oceanus* and *Saturn*; who made Love to her in the Shape of a Horse, according to *Aratus*, and *Ovid* himself, in the 11th of his *Metamorphoses*. He speaks of it again in the 5th Book *de Fastis*, where he relates the whole Fable, which is not without some *Anthology* as well as others.

*For Conquest born.* This alludes to his killing *Hector*, as in the 22d Book of *Homer's Iliads*.

*Receiv'd the Rod.* *Achilles* submitted to the Discipline of the Centaur *Chiron*; and when he had committed a Fault,

## NOTES on the First Book. 43

Fault, held out his Hands to the *Ferula*, or rather Rods for Correction, as *Juvenal* says in his 7th Satire.

— *Metuens virgæ jam grandis Achilles*  
*Cantabat patriis in montibus: & cui non tunc*  
*Eliceret risum Citharædi cauda Magistri?*

The Silver Strings of his melodious Lyre. *Achilles*, when he was a Lad, was put to this Centaur to be educated; and the Translator may well give us this Version of *Ovid's Puerum cithara perfecit Achillen.*

*Atque animos placida contudit arte feros, &c.*  
 Like fierce *Achilles* in his Pupillage, &c.

Since we read in *Statius*, that *Chiron* told *Thetis*, the other *Centaurs* often complain'd of her Son *Achilles*, he was so wild and ungovernable.

— *Ipsi mihi sæpe queruntur*  
*Centauri, raptasque domos, abstractaque coram*  
*Armenta, & campis semet fluuiisque fugari.*

And both were Goddess-born. *Cupid* was the Son of *Venus*, and *Achilles* of *Thetis*. Both were Children alike, and both hard to govern. For indeed the Passions of Love and Glory are not easily overcome by Reason, which ought always to be Mistress; and is not given us, but to maintain her Dignity, and never to submit to any other Empire, but that of Truth; which resides only in itself, and ought to be obey'd in all things.

The Bull reclaim'd and yok'd, the Burden draws. This he says, to shew us that Love may also be tamed by Habit. *Ovid* is full of these sort of Similes; and this way of making use of them is intirely his own.

He wounds me with his Darts. The Poet wou'd say, he will be too hard for Love, tho' he has wounded him. A Design the more generous, the more 'tis difficult to succeed in it. The original Phrase is *excutiat faces*; which Mr. *Dryden* has render'd very literally.

I boast no Aid the Delphian God affords. In the Latin, *non ego Phæbe.*

The

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The Poets, as is well known, always invoc'd this Divinity; but *Ovid's* manner is here particular; he addresses *Venus* to be propitious to him, the Subject relating to that Goddess.

*Nor Auspice from the Flight of chattering Birds.* From whence the Ancients drew their Auguries. To which the Poet here alludes.

*Nor Clio, nor her Sisters have I seen,  
As Hesiod saw them on the shady Green.*

As if he wou'd have said, I am not *Hesiod*, who, as he kept his Flocks in the Vale of *Ascra* (that Poet being a Shepherd) saw the nine Muses, who inspir'd him to make Verses. The Vale of *Ascra* was at the Foot of Mount *Helicon*, where *Dius* and *Lycomedes*, *Hesiod's* Father and Mother, dwelt, and cultivated a small Farm belonging to them. *Ovid* names *Clio* only of all the nine in this place. The Fable tells us, she and her Sisters were born of *Jupiter's* Caresses of *Mnemosyne*, that is, Memory. From whence 'tis easy to see the Ancients must not always be taken literally, when they write of Love.

*Venus be my Guide.* It has been before observ'd, That *Ovid* invokes the Goddess of Love to assist his Song, as *Lucretius* does the same Divinity for his Work of Nature, as being the Mother of all Generations, and all Productions.

*Far hence ye Vestals be, who bind your Hair.* The Author forewarns all Virgins, and chaste Persons not to follow, in all things, the Precepts of his Book; and to shew he had no manner of Design to offend the Modesty of Matrons, nor violate the Purity of Maidens, he has himself quoted this, and the three following Verses, in the second Book of his *de Tristibus*, to justify his Thought, which has a near Relation to what *Tibullus* writes.

*Si modo casta doce, quamvis nec vitta ligatos  
Impediat crines, nec sola longa pedes.*

For by *sola* and *instita*, the Poet means those long Vests, which none but Women of Honour were permitted to wear.

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*You who in Cupid's Rolls inscribe your Name,  
First seek an Object worthy of your Flame.*

The Poet here gives his advice as to three things; To seek after an amiable Object, To win it by Respect and Complacency, and not to lose it after once gotten. All this agrees very well with a young Man, who looks out for a lovely Virgin to marry her; and in an Allegorical Sense to a Philosopher, in his Search after Wisdom, and the Arts which he desires to possess. And in this the Division of the two first Books consists.

*Before your Youth with Marriage is oppress'd.* That is, while you are a Freeman, unmarried, and not engaged to any other Mistress. The truest Meaning that can be given it, is, While you are young, and are not yet troubled with the Infirmities of Age, (for an old Man in Love is ridiculous) choose where you please.

*The Fowler and the Huntsman know by Name.* This Poet is fruitful in Comparisons, yet he never dwells on any one; he touches upon it lightly, and is gone, when he thinks his Thought is sufficiently explain'd, and he has shewn the Importance of what he has said.

——— *Search around the Continent,*

*As far as Perseus, or as Paris went,* to seek for Objects worthy your Affection. The last Verse has allusion to Paris, who sail'd from Troy to Greece to look for a Wife, where he stole the famous Helen so much talk'd of, and carry'd her off.

*In Summer-Heats thou need'st but only go*

*To Pompey's cool and shady Portico.* This was a shady Walk which Pompey built for the People; and there were several in Rome of the same sort; but the most admirable one of all the Portico's, was the Corinthian, near the Flaminian Cirque, built by Cneius Octavius; 'twas so call'd because 'twas supported by Pillars of Corinthian Brass. There was another of the same Name in the Field of Mars, built at a very great Expence; and enrich'd, according to Pliny, with very fine Paintings, drawn by the Painter Antiphilus; one of which represented the Fable of Cadmus and Europa. Martial, speaking of Pompey's Portico, says,

*Inde*



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*Inde petit centum pendentia testa columnis ;  
Illinc Pompeii dona, nemusque duplex.*

Indeed *Pompey*, *Cæsar*, *Octavius*, and his Wife and Children, adorn'd *Rome* with very fine Edifices, as we may find in *Strabo*.

*Or Concord's Fane*. So 'tis generally interpreted, and is supposed to mean the Temple of Concord, built by *Livia*, *Germanicus's* Mother; of which *Ovid* speaks in his *Fasti*. But *Merula* writes that *Externo marmore dives opus*, refers to the *Portico* built by *Octavia*, *Augustus's* Sister, as an illustrious Monument for the Loss of her Son *Marcellus*. *Cæsar*, her Brother, built a Theatre in honour of the same *Marcellus*, which was after the Prince's own Name called *Marcellus's* Theatre. There were several of *Antiphilus's* Paintings in this *Portico* also; as the Picture of *Hesione*, Daughter to *Priam*, and of *Alexander* and *Philip*, with *Minerva*. There were also the *Hercules* on Mount *Oëta*, and some other Pieces of *Androbius*.

*And fifty Daughters*. The *Danaïdes*, so called from their Father *Danaus*, King of *Argos*; and sometimes *Belides*, from the Name of their Grandfather *Belus*, who had two Sons, *Ægyptus* and *Danaus*, whose Fable is very well known, and was taken in *Livia's Portico*.

*They mourn Adonis with Assyrian Rites*. 'Twas the Custom among the *Romans*, to meet in the Temples of *Venus* to mourn *Adonis*; of which the Prophet *Ezekiel* speaks, *Ezek. 8. 14.* and infamous Acts of Lewdness were there committed, if we may believe *Juvenal* in his sixth Satire, *Nam quo non prostat fœmina templo?* *Ovid* means the Temple of *Venus*, where that Goddess was worship'd at *Rome* with *Adonis*, according to the manner of the *Assyrians*; who, as *Pausanias* tells us in his first Book, were the first that instituted Worship to her, in which they were imitated by the People of *Cyprus*, and after them by other Nations. *Adonis's* Name was commonly join'd with *Venus's*, as *Virbius's* was with *Diana's*, *Atys* with *Cybele's*, and *Erichthonius* with *Minerva's*.

Nor

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*Nor shun the Jewish Walk, where the foul Drove,  
On Sabbaths, rest from ev'ry thing but Love.*

There were great Numbers of the *Jews* at *Rome*, in *Augustus's* Reign, who were allow'd full Liberty to exercise their Ceremonies, according to the Law of *Moses*. And the *Roman Ladies* went often to see them out of Curiosity, which gave occasion for Assignations at their *Synagogues*. *Tiberius* afterwards restrain'd this Licence, as *Suetonius* writes, and call'd these Ceremonies *strange Superstitions*, ordering the Priests Vestments and Ornaments to be burnt. He also dispers'd the *Jewish Youth* into several Provinces, and banish'd the rest from *Rome*, under pain of perpetual Slavery. As for the Ceremonies of the Seventh Day, they were those of the *Sabbath*, or *Saturday*; which was so religiously observ'd by the *Jews*, for a Day of Rest, that they would not suffer any thing that was not of absolute Necessity, to be done on that Day. If this Version seems to bear a little hard on the ancient *Jews*, it does not at all wrong the modern.

*Nor Isis' Temples; for that sacred Whore. Nec fuge Niligenæ Memphitica templa juvenæ.* This relates to certain Ceremonies in the Temple of *Isis*, after the manner of the *Egyptians*. He calls this Temple the *Cow of Nile*. And *Martial* has two Verses of very near the same Sense.

*Hic quoque deceptus Memphitica templa frequentat,  
Assidet & cathedris mæsta Juvenca tuis.*

The Feast of *Isis* was celebrated every Year by the Women ten Days together, and not without allowing themselves great Liberties on those Occasions: Upon which *Juvenal* says,

*Aut apud Isiaca potius sacraria lenæ.*

*Makes others what to Jove she was before.* That is, many Women were debauch'd by *Isis's* Means, as she was by *Jupiter* under the Name of *Io*, whose Fable all the World have heard of; as well as the Story of *Mundus* and *Paulina*, and what pass'd between them in this Goddess's

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deſs's Temple; which *Joſephus* reports in the 18th Book of his *Jewiſh Antiquities*.

*And if the Hall it ſelf is not bel'y'd,*

*E'en there the Cauſe of Love is often try'd.*

The Poet ſpeaks of the *Forums*, and wonders how any one cou'd defile thoſe Reverend Places with their *Amours*; *Et ſora conveniunt (quis credere poſſet?) Amori*. But if the ſcandalous *Chronicle* of our Time and Nation does not lye, there are ſome Suburb Temples, and ſome Halls of Juſtice, that render *Ovid's* Report very credible. There were ſeveral of theſe *Forums*, as that of *Caius Cæſar*, which *Statius* calls, *Latium Forum*, as in this Verſe of his firſt *Sylvæ*,

*Stat Latium complexa Forum, &c.*

Another was call'd the *Roman*, or *old Forum*, as *Martial* witneſſes;

*Romanum propius divitiuſque Forum eſt.*

A third was built by *Auguſtus*, with a Temple dedicated to *Mars* the *Avenger*. In theſe Places the Magiſtrates ſat at certain Times to hear Cauſes, and do Juſtice.

*The crafty Counſellors in formal Gown*. The following Verſes are a happy Paraphraſe of *Ovid*; in whoſe Time we find the *long Robe* dealt as much with the *Stola*, &c. as it does in our own.

*Grave Senators lead home the youthful Dames*. We ſee theſe Aſſemblies were compos'd of all ſorts of Perſons; upon which our *French Author* remarks thus; " This " does not very well agree to the Practice in our Days; " and I cannot comprehend how gallant Women cou'd " frequent the Courts of Juſtice; where, it is to be ſup- " poſ'd, no body came but ſuch as had Buſineſs and " Suits depending.

*But above all, the Play-houſe is the Place*. We do not want Mr. *Collier's* Authority to juſtify the Poet by the Example of our own Times. This is ſo notorious a Truth, that no Regulations have been able to clear the Theatres of the Traders in Debauchery. Tho' 'tis ſtrange that lewd Women ſhould come to the *Forums*, 'tis no wonder they ſwarm'd at the Theatres; the latter being Places of Plea-

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## NOTES on the First Book. 49

sure only, as the former were of Business. The *Roman* Theatres were not such Buildings as ours; their Stages, their Scenes, and all the Edifice, were magnificent; they were very convenient for Assignations; and the Galant had there an intire Liberty: On which account *Juvenal* writes thus in his sixth *Satire*.

— *Cuneis an habent spectacula totis  
Quod securus ames, quodque inde excerpere possis?*

And *Propertius*, in his 9th *Elegy*, Book the 4th.

*Tu neque Pompeia spatiabere cultus in umbra,  
Nec quum lascivum sternet arena forum.  
Colla cave inflectas ad summum obliqua Theatrum.*

It must be own'd, the *Theatres*, *Amphitheatres*, *Cirques*, *Hippodromes*, and all Places where the publick Feasts and Rejoicings were kept, were very fatal to the Chastity of the Women of old.

*From Romulus the Rise of Plays began.* The Translator has accommodated all he says concerning the Play-house to our own Times, 'till he comes to this Line, and those that follow; wherein he gives us *Ovid's* Account of the Rise of the *Roman* Theatres.

*His Play-house, not of Parian Marble made,  
Nor was it spread with Purple Sails for Shade.*

Sails were spread over the *Roman* Theatres, to keep off the Sun-Beams and the Rain from the Audience. The Author of this Invention was *Q. Catullus*, who spread Sails over the Heads of the Spectators, when he dedicated the Capitol. *Lentulus Spinther* spread them also at the *Apollinarian* Games; and *Cæsar* afterward cover'd all the *Roman Forum*, and the *Holy-street*, from his own Lodgings to the Capitol, as *Pliny* tells us. *Propertius* also speaks of it in the 1st *Elegy* of the 4th Book.

*Nec sinuosa cavo pendebant vela Theatro.*

*Pompey* and *Marcus Scaurus's* Theatres were all Marble.

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and could hold 80000 Persons, according to *Pliny*; there were no less than 319 Pillars in that of *Marcus Scaurus*.

*The Stage with Rushes or with Leaves they strow'd.*

This Idea of the *Roman* Theatres in their Infancy, may put us in mind of our own, which we read of in old Poets, in *Black-friers*, the *Bull and Mouth*, and *Barbican*, not much better than the Strollers at a Country-Fair. Yet this must be said for them, that the Audience were better treated; their Fare was good, tho' the House was homely. Which cannot be said of the *Roman* Infant-Stage, their Wit and their Theatres were alike rude; and the *Shakespears* and *Johnsons* of *Rome* did not appear 'till the Stage was pompous, and the Scene magnificent. The Translator takes no notice of the *Liquido Pulpita rubra croco*, mentioned by *Ovid*; the Pulpits were not painted. These Pulpits were Ballasters, in the form of Scaffolds, before the Scenes at the Theatres. *Propertius* speaks of them in the 4th Book, Elegy the 1st. They were rubb'd with Saffron.

*Pulpita solennes non oluere crocos.*

And *Martial* in the 39th Epigram of his 9th Book.

*Lubrica Corycio quamvis sint Pulpita nimbo.*

*Vitruvius* says in the 5th Chapter of his 8th Book, That the *Pulpitum* was what the *Greeks* call'd *Legion*. Upon which we may read *Julius Pallux*, in the 29th Chapter of his 4th Book; neither must I omit what *Horace* writes on this Subject, in his *Art of Poesy*.

*Traxitque vagus per pulpita vestem.*

And in the 1st Epistle of his 2d Book,

*Quam non adstricto percurrat Pulpita focco.*

From whence it appears, that he is indeed speaking of what we call the Front of the Stage. In the 19th Epistle of his

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1st Book, he tells us the *Grammarians* recited there what they had to say.

*Grammaticas ambire tribus, & Pulpita dignor.*

So that 'tis not easy to ascertain what these Pulpits were; whether they were flat Stages, or Boxes resembling those us'd by our Clergy.

*No Stage in Prospect, no Machining God.* After *Claudius Pulcher* had adorn'd the Scene, several painted Decorations were added. *L. Antonius* brought Silver in use there, *Petreius* Gold, and *C. Claudius* Ivory. *Valerius Maximus* writes, that *Lucius* and *Cinna* made it moveable, and to turn about. As for the Word *Scene*, *Servius* interprets it *Inumbratio*, because 'twas the Invention of Villagers, to cover those that sung or recited Verses, from the Heat and the Weather. And afterwards that Part of the *Theatre* was call'd *Scene*, which we now call *Stage*, where the Actors play their Parts. The *Theatre* it self was built in the Shape of a Semi-circle, and the Front was 'as the String to a Bow.

*But ere the Dances and the Song were past.* *Ovid's* Words are,

*Dumque rudem præbente modum tibicine Tusco,  
Lydius æquatam ter pede pulsat humum.*

Upon which our *French* Author makes a very notable Observation; that by *Lydian Dancer*, is meant a *Tuscan Mimick*. For, says he, we must take *Tuscan* for *Lydian*. 'Tis true a Colony of *Lydians* settled in *Hetruria*, or *Tuscany*; but they brought their Musick and their Mimickry with them. They were famous Players on the Flute; and the *Lydian Measures* are noted in the old Musick for their Softness and Effeminacy. *Romulus* sent for some of these *Tuscan Lydians*, for the Representation of the Plays he exhibited to the People, who resorted to them from all Parts, and among others the *Sabines*, whose Wives and Daughters were ravished there.

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*The Monarch gave the Signal from the Throne:* At which the Soldiers were to fall on, and to seize their Prey. The Poet and his Translators make an agreeable Description of this Rape. Some say there were thirty of these *Sabines* ravish'd; others, as *Valerius Antius*, make the Number to be 427; and *Jubas*, as *Plutarch* writes in the Life of *Romulus*, swells it to 600.

*Nor shun the Chariots and the Courser's Race.* These Races were in the *Cirque*, or in the *Hippodromes*, or in the Field of *Mars*, and were commonly run in the Month of *April*, in the grand *Cirque*, between the *Aventine* and *Palatine* Hills. They were call'd *Eguoria*; and *Ovid* speaks of them in his *Fasti*.

*Circus erit Pompa celebr numeroque Deorum,  
Primaque ventosis palma petetur equis.*

But here he is to be understood to speak of all Plays, and in all Times; among these Sports or Plays, the *Megaleſian* Games were the chief. They were celebrated in honour of the Mother of the Gods, and abundance of People us'd to assist at them.

*The Circus is no inconvenient Place.* The Word *Circus*, or *Cirques*, comes from the Horses running round the Course or *Metas*. *Quod circum metas pompa ferebatur & equi currebant*, as *Varro* has it. We read of three *Cirques* in *Rome*, the great *Cirque* call'd the *Circus Maximus*, the *Flaminian* or *Apollingrian*, and the *Neronian* in the *Vatican*.

*Nor need is there of talking on the Hand,*

*Nor Nods nor Signs which Lovers understand.* 'Tis plain, by this, the ancient *Romans* us'd to make love by Signs on their Fingers like the modern *Spaniards* and *Portuguese*; and this talking on the Fingers is very common among us ever since *Dr. Holder* and *Dr. Wallis* taught *Mr. Popham*, who was born deaf and dumb, with whom I have however my self held a Conversation of many Hours, and that many hundred times, by the help of our Fingers. But the Poet says, there was no occasion

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of this dumb Language at the *Cirque*; for there was so much Noise, that Lovers might entertain one another as they pleas'd, without fear of being overheard.

But boldly next the Fair your Seat provide. Young Men are apt enough to do this of themselves, and need no Advice: Yet *Juvenal*, like *Ovid* in these Verses, puts them in mind of it;

— *Speſcent juvenes quos clamor & audax  
Sponſio, quos cultæ decet affeſſiſſe puellæ.*

Inquire whose Chariot this, and whose that Horse.  
They enter'd the Field by Troops, and every Troop in a particular Livery; which *Sidonius Apollinaris* has admirably well explain'd in these Verses,

— *Micans colores  
Albus & uenatus, virens rubensque  
Vestra insignia continent Ministri,  
Ora & lora manu jubaſque totas  
Cogunt flexibiles latere nodis,  
Hortanturque obiter, juvantque blandis  
Vultus plaufibus, & voluptuoſum  
Diſtant quadrupedantibus furorem.  
Impellunt, trepidant, trahunt, repugnant,  
Ardeſcunt, ſaliunt, timent, timentur.*

An excellent Description of what paſt at these Races.

If None be there, yet bruiſh that Nothing thence. Nothing can be more naturally expreſs'd than this is in the Original; *Et ſi nullus erit pulvis, tamen excute nullum.*

By fanning Faces ſome their Fortune meet. In *Terence's Eunuch*, a Girl ſays to *Dorus*, *Cape ſtabellum, & ventulum huic facito.* Theſe Fans were made of Peacocks Tails.

The Tranſlator does not take any notice of this Line of *Ovid's* in his Verſion.

*Sparsaque ſollicito triſtis arenâ foro.*

By *triſtis arena*, the Poet means the Place or Places in the  
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## 52 NOTES on the First Book.

*The Monarch gave the Signal from the Throne:* At which the Soldiers were to fall on, and to seize their Prey. The Poet and his Translators make an agreeable Description of this Rape. Some say there were thirty of these *Sabines* ravish'd; others, as *Valerius Antius*, make the Number to be 427; and *Jubas*, as *Plutarch* writes in the Life of *Romulus*, swells it to 600.

*Nor shun the Chariots and the Courser's Race.* These Races were in the *Cirque*, or in the *Hippodromes*, or in the Field of *Mars*, and were commonly run in the Month of *April*, in the grand *Cirque*, between the *Aventine* and *Palatine Hills*. They were call'd *Equoria*; and *Ovid* speaks of them in his *Fæsti*.

*Circus erit Pompa celebr numeroque Deorum,  
Primaque ventosis palma petetur equis.*

But here he is to be understood to speak of all Plays, and in all Times; among these Sports or Plays, the *Megaleſian Games* were the chief. They were celebrated in honour of the Mother of the Gods, and abundance of People us'd to assist at them.

*The Circus is no inconvenient Place.* The Word *Circus*, or *Cirques*, comes from the Horses running round the Course or *Metas*. *Quod circum metas pompa ferebatur & equi currebant*, as *Varro* has it. We read of three *Cirques* in *Rome*, the great *Cirque* call'd the *Circus Maximus*, the *Flaminian* or *Apollinarian*, and the *Neronian* in the *Vatican*.

*Nor need is there of talking on the Hand,*

*Nor Nods nor Signs which Lovers understand.* 'Tis plain, by this, the ancient *Romans* us'd to make love by Signs on their Fingers like the modern *Spaniards* and *Portuguese*; and this talking on the Fingers is very common among us ever since *Dr. Holder* and *Dr. Wallis* taught *Mr. Popbam*, who was born deaf and dumb, with whom I have however my self held a Conversation of many Hours, and that many hundred times, by the help of our Fingers. But the Poet says, there was no occasion

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of this dumb Language at the *Cirque*; for there was so much Noise, that Lovers might entertain one another as they pleas'd, without fear of being overheard.

But boldly next the Fair your Seat provide. Young Men are apt enough to do this of themselves, and need no Advice: Yet *Juvenal*, like *Ovid* in these Verses, puts them in mind of it;

— *Spectent juvenes quos clamor & audax  
Sponsio, quos cultæ decet affedisse puellæ.*

Inquire whose Chariot this, and whose that Horse.  
They enter'd the Field by Troops, and every Troop in a particular Livery; which *Sidonius Apollinaris* has admirably well explain'd in these Verses,

— *Micans colores  
Albus & venatus, virens rubensque  
Vestra insignia continent Ministri,  
Ora & lora manu jubasque totas  
Cogunt flexibiles latere nodis,  
Hortanturque obiter, juvantque blandis  
Vultus plausibus, & voluptuosum  
Dictant quadrupedantibus furorem.  
Impellunt, trepidant, trahunt, repugnant,  
Ardescunt, saliant, timent, timentur.*

An excellent Description of what pass at these Races.

If None be there, yet brush that Nothing thence. Nothing can be more naturally express'd than this is in the Original; *Et si nullus erit pulvis, tamen excute nullum.*

By fanning Faces some their Fortune meet. In *Terence's Eunuch*, a Girl says to *Dorus*, *Cape stabellum, & ventulum huic facito.* These Fans were made of Peacocks Tails.

The Translator does not take any notice of this Line of *Ovid's* in his Version.

*Sparsaque sollicito tristis arena foro.*

By *tristis arena*, the Poet means the Place or Places in the  
C 3 Amphi-

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Amphitheatres, where the Gladiators fought: Of which *Juvenal* speaks especially in his 6th *Satire*: He calls it *Tristis Arena*, on account of the Murders that were committed there. *Martial*, in his Book of *Speſtacula's* or *Shows*, makes mention of these Combats. And the *Romans*, with all their Politeness, must have a great Mixture of Cruelty in their Tempers, or they would not have taken pleasure in seeing Men cut one anothers Throats, and look on with so much Indifference, that they could make love in those very Places. *Ovid* mentions a sort of Divination us'd among the *Romans* in one of the next Verses, *poscitque Libellum*. He demanded the Book to draw his Fortune. This was one way of Divining, as we read in an Author of the last Age. It being the same, he reports with Reference to his *Panurge*, in the third Book of his *Pleasant Satire*, where, among many Buffooneries, he says abundance of good things; and shews he was a Man of Learning. We also find this sort of drawing ones Fortune out of Books mention'd in *Cicero's* first Book of *Divination*; 'twas call'd Conjuring or Witchcraft.

*Cæsar* would represent a Naval Fight. The Naval Combats were represented in a Place dug on purpose on the Banks of the *Tiber*; 'twas call'd *Naumachia*; and when Occasion requir'd, the River-water was let into it. *Tacitus*, in his 12th Book, makes mention of a Representation of the Naval Battle of *Actium*. See also the 1st Elegy of the 11th Book of *Propertius*.

And the remaining East to Rome will add. *Augustus* having put an end to the War in *Spain*, undertook an Expedition into *Asia*, and began the *Parthian War*; in which he recover'd the Ensigns that had been taken from the *Romans* in the Defeat of *Crassus*, which these Verses refer to.

Rejoice ye Roman Soldiers in your Urns,  
The Ensigns from the Parthians shall return,  
And the slain *Crassus* shall no longer mourn.  
A Youth is sent those Trophies to demand,  
And bears his Father's Thunder in his Hand; Meaning  
*Caius*, *Augustus's* Grandson, who was but a Boy when he

com-

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commanded the Army in the East. *Ovid* praises this young Prince, to flatter his Grandfather, and to gain his good Graces; but that did not save him from the Misfortunes that happen'd to him afterwards.

*Arm'd by your Country's Parent, and your own.* Every one knows, that *Pater Patriæ* was one of the Titles the Senate conferr'd on *Augustus*, who was not a little pleas'd with it.

*Great Father Mars with greater Cæsar join,  
To give a prosp'rous Omen to your Line,  
One of you is, and one shall be divine.*

}

The Poet speaks of *Mars* and *Cæsar*; *Mars* was a God already, and *Cæsar* was sure to be deify'd after his Death. Some Interpreters fancy *Ovid* means *Tiberius*, adopted by *Cæsar*; but it seems very plain, he thought of no Body but *Mars* and *Cæsar*, notwithstanding the Opinion of *Merula*.

*Drawn by white Horses, shall in Triumph ride.* He alludes to the Triumphs of the Roman Conquerors: They were wonderfully magnificent, accompany'd with rich Spoils, and Pictures of Rivers, Mountains, Cities, and Provinces conquer'd by them; not to speak of the Captive Kings and great Captains that follow'd the Victor's Car in Chains: But there's so much Insolence in this Custom, that, with all its Magnificence, we cannot in our own times relish it.

*Of Mountains, Rivers, &c.* As we have said before, there were always Representations of the conquer'd Places, in the Roman Triumphs: We find nothing oftner mention'd in ancient Authors. But *Propertius*, speaking of *Cæsar's* Triumph, Book the 3d, Elegy the 4th, says,

*Inque sinu caræ nixus spectare puellæ  
Incipiam, & titulis oppida capta legam.*

*Ovid* says something like it, in the 4th Book of his *Tristibus*.

*This is Euphrates crown'd with Reeds.* The Ancients represented Rivers under human Shapes, crown'd with



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Reeds. The *Euphrates* rises in a Mountain, call'd *Agas* in *Armenia Major*; or, as *Lucian* says, at the Foot of *Mount Caper*.

*Flows the swift Tigris*; a River that runs through *Armenia*, and falls into the *Euphrates* with a very rapid Current. *Pliny* thinks 'tis from thence call'd *Tigris*; which in the *Persian* Tongue, signified an Arrow.

And *Love*, betwixt the Horns of *Bacchus*, plays. The Poets gave Horns to this God, to shew his Malice and Obstinacy, very well represented by Horns This is *Festus's* Thought: And the Ancients us'd to say of such as were drunk, *They put on the Horns*. However, *Diodorus* gives us another Reason for *Bacchus's* Horns: For, in his 3d Book he says, 'twas because he was the first that yok'd Oxen. *Propertius* addressing himself to *Bacchus*, tells him, in the 17th Elegy of his third Book,

*Quod superest vitæ per te & tua cernua vivam.*

And *Ovid* after him, in *Laodamia's* Epistle.

*Wine warms the Blood. Et Venus in vinis, ignis in igne fuit.* The French Translator will have it to be *Venus in venis*; tho' in *Aldus*, and all the best Editions, 'tis *Venus in vinis* as Mr. *Dryden* renders it.

*But choose no Mistress in thy drunken Fit,*

*Nor trust thy Judgment when the Tapers dance.* The Night is an ill time to choose a Mistress in. We have a Saying in *England*, *Women and Linen look best by Candle light.* The Vapours of Wine often obstruct the Sight, and a Man is then in a bad Condition of judging of Beauty.

*By Day-light Paris judg'd the beauteous Three*; when he was to decide which of them was the most beautiful, on *Mount Ida*. There's a Mystery in this Fable also, which is easy enough to be seen.

*Quæ Venus & Juno, sumptisque decentior armis  
Venit in arbitrium nuda Minerva tuum.*

Thus

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Thus says *Ovid* in his Epistle from *Oenone* to *Paris*. And in *Propertius*, Elegy 2, Book 2;

*Cedite jam Divæ, quas pastor viderat olim  
Idæis tunicam ponere verticibus.*

The *Phrygian* Shepherd, to judge of the Beauty of these three Goddesses, demanded to see them naked; and the Goddesses were so eager to have the Question decided by him, that they made no Scruple to satisfy his Demands.

The *Baian Baths*, where Ships at Anchor ride. *Baiæ* was a Town near *Naples*, very pleasantly situated, where *Marius*, *Pompey* and *Cæsar* had *Villa's* or Country-Houses. *Merula* reports, after *Strabo*, That the Name of *Baia* was given it from one *Baius*, the Companion of *Ulysses*. *Seneca*, among others, observes, That 'twas not only a Place of Pleasure, but of Debauchery. Upon which account *Propertius*, in the 11th Elegy of his 1st Book, writes,

*Tu modo quam primum corruptas desere Baias:  
Multis ista dabunt littora dissidium.*

The delicious Baths that were there, tempted *Debauchees* to frequent them. See *Martial* upon this, in the tenth Epigram of his first Book. *Cicero* in his Oration, p. 10. *pro Cælio*; in the 13th Epistle of the 1st Book *ad Atticum*. *Seneca* in his 52d Epistle, on the 1st of the 5th Book. And *Statius* in the 4th Book of his *Sylvæ*, to *Maximus Junius*; where he tells him,

*Non tamen portu retinent amæno Desides  
Baia.*

For the Ancients sometimes said *Baiæ aquæ* for *Balanæ*. *Diodorus* describes them at large in his 48th Book; and *Horace* speaking of this Place, says, *Nullus in orbe locus Baiis præluet amænis*. 'Tis now commonly call'd by the *Italians*, *Golfo di Napoli*.

Or *Dian's Fane*, which near the Suburb lies. This Temple was in the Neighbourhood of *Rome*, in a Valley, where there was also a sacred Wood; from whence the Poet. calls it *Templum nemorale*: And *Lucan*,

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*Parva Mycenæ quantum sacrata Dianæ  
Distat ab excelsa nemoralis Aricia Roma.*

There were abundance of Candles us'd in it, as we read in *Ovid de Fastis*.

*Sæpe potens voti frontem redimita corollis  
Femina lucentes portat ab Urbe faces.*

And *Propertius*, in the 3<sup>d</sup> Elegy of his 2<sup>d</sup> Book,

*Cum videt accensis devotam currere tædis  
In nemus & Triviæ lumina sacra Deæ.*

For *Trivia* is the same with *Diana*. Thus *Statius*, in the third Book of his *Sylvæ*,

*Jamque dies aderat, profugis cum Regibus aptum  
Fumat Aricinum nemus; & face multa  
Conscius Hippolyti splendet lucus. Ipsa coronat  
Emeritos Diana Canes.*

Where Priests for their Promotion fight a Prize. The Sovereign Priest of *Diana Aricina* call'd himself King, and often got that Dignity by gaining the better of his Opponent in single Combat. This Ceremony was renewed every Year, and was taken from the Practice of the *Scythians*, as *Strabo* remarks. *Ovid* observes the same thing in the third Book of his *de Fastis*.

*Regna tenent fortes manibus pedibusque fugaces,  
Et parat exemplo post modo quisque suo.*

For this Priesthood was reckon'd a Sovereignty, and the Priest stil'd himself *Rex Nemorensis*. *Lucan* says on this Subject in his third Book,

*Qua sublime nemus Scythia, qua Regna Diana.*

The Wife of this King-Priest call'd her self *Queen of Sacrifices*; and this Priest was not allow'd to have any Office in the Government, during his Dignity of a *Sacerdotal Sovereign*: He was even forbidden to appear at the *Comitia*, unless it was on a certain Day, which was mark'd in the *Roman Calendar*; of which *Ovid* speaks in his 3<sup>d</sup> Book *de Fastis*.

*Quatuor*

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*Quatuor inde notis locus est, quibus ordine lætis,  
Vel mos sacrorum, vel fuga Regis inest.*

Which is certainly a Place very difficult to be understood. But no doubt the *Quatuor notis* means those four Letters of the Calendar which were Q. R. C. F. and are thus interpreted, *Quando Rex comitiavit fas*, or rather, *Quando Rex Comitæ fugit*; which helps very much to explain the Poet's Meaning. Neither *Merula* nor *Mycillus* say any thing of this.

*Now let me sing, how she who wounds your Mind,  
With Art may be to cure your Wounds inclin'd.*

He proposes here the Means to obtain the good Graces of those we think worthy to be courted: And we must do the same to acquire fine Learning, as Lovers do to satisfy their Passions; there is no need of more Care, and the Pleasure is much greater. The Celestial *Venus* is more charming than the Terrestrial, and Divine Love soon extinguishes carnal, which burns with an obscure Fire; whereas the Divine enlightens those that it warms with holy Desires; it leaves no Sting behind it, and never has an End.

*Byblis, we know, did first her Love declare.* The Fable is very well known, and how she fell in love with *Caurus* her Brother; both of them the Children of *Meander*. *Pliny* describes it after *Ovid*: But *Ovid* does not tell us, in his *Metamorphoses*, that *Byblis* hang'd her self, as he says here; for he there changes her into a Fountain.

*Her Brother she, her Father Myrrha sought.* *Myrrha's* Love of her Father *Cinyras* is not a Fable. At least *Pliny* relates this Adventure as a memorable Story, and says *Cinyras* liv'd two hundred and ten Years, and that his Daughter took his Mother's Place, while she was busy'd about the Sacrifices to *Ceres*. But that her Father, discovering her Insolence, ran after her a long time with his Sword in his Hand. The Fable adds, she got away by favour of the Night, and fled to the *Sabeans*, where she was chang'd into a Tree, which bears her Name. See the 10th Book of the *Metamorphoses*.



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*In Ida's shady Vale.* Not the *Ida* in *Phrygia*, but in the Isle of *Crete*, and the highest Mountain in that Island, according to *Strabo*.

*A Bull appear'd.* *Pasiphae*, Daughter of the Sun, and Wife to *Minos*, King of *Crete*, is fabled to be enamour'd of a Bull; and *Daedalus*, the famous Mechanick, assisted her to enjoy her detestable Desires, by making a Machine like a Cow; within which, *Ovid* tells us, she was carest'd by her Galant. From this Intrigue the *Minotaur* was born, half Man and half Bull, who was inclos'd in a Labyrinth, and, by the Assistance of *Ariadne*, kill'd by *Theseus*. After the Poet had treated this Subject so elegantly in the 15th Book of his *Metamorphoses*, he shows the Excellency of his Genius, in adding so much to it here with equal Novelty and Beauty. See the Beginning of *Virgil's* 6th *Aeneis*, and *Seneca's Hippolytus*.

*Not Crete, tho' lying can the Truth conceal.* The *Creteans* were always reckon'd Lyars; and *St. Paul*, in his Epistle to *Titus*, quotes a Verse of *Epimenides* on the same Subject, *Cretenses semper mendaces*, &c. We did not think it decent to give the *English* Text in such a Place as this.

*Now would she be Europa, lo now.* This known Fable is told us thus. *Jupiter* falling in love with *Europa*, Daughter of *Agenor*, King of *Phœnicia*, and taking the Shape of a Bull, ravish'd her in the *Disæan* Cave; and begot *Minos* and *Radamanthus*, as we may read in the *Metamorphoses*. *Horace* describes this Rape admirably, *Ode* the 27th, Book the 3d: So does *Anacreon*, *Ode* the 35th; and *Nonnus*, in the 1st Book of his *Dionysiaques*. The Fable of *Io* is this: She is said to be the Daughter of *Inachus*, debauch'd by *Jupiter*, and turn'd into a Cow; which jealous *Juno* perceiving, she begg'd the Cow; and commanded *Argos*, who had a hundred Eyes to watch her; but *Mercury* kill'd her Keeper by *Jupiter's* Order. Upon which *Juno* struck *Io* with Madness, and she flung her self into the Sea; which from her, was call'd the *Ionian*; and swimming to *Agypt*, was there worshipp'd by the Name of *Isis*, having first resum'd her Shape, and married King *Osiris*. *Propertius* writes of it in the 28th and 30th Elegies of his 2d Book.

*If*

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If Atreus' Wife to Incest had not 'run. Atreus's Wife's Name was *Ærope*, she suffer'd her self to be debauch'd by her Brother-in-law *Thyestes*; on which Story *Seneca* wrote *cette excellente Tragedie de Thyeste*, says our French Author. There are very few Pieces of that Tragick Poet worthy that Character.

Thy Daughter, *Nisus*. Her Name was *Scylla*, and she betray'd her Father, in favour of her Galant *Minos*. The Fable is told at large in the *Metamorphoses*. That of the other *Scylla* is also to be found there; she was chang'd into a Rock, bearing her Name in the Strait of *Sicily*. *Virgil* speaks of *Scylla*, the Daughter of *Nisus*, in his 6th *Eclogue*.

*Quid loquar? Aut Scyllam Nisi, quam fama secuta est  
Candida succinctam latrantibus inguina monstris.*

See also the Poem of *Ceyris* attributed to *Virgil*, where there is a large Description of the Fable of the first *Scylla*.

Yet sell a Prey to his Adul'terous Wife. *Clytemnestra*, and the Adulterer *Ægistheus*, murder'd *Agamemnon*: Upon whose Death *Seneca* wrote the Tragedy call'd *Agamemnon*: And *Virgil* mentions it in his 11th *Æneis*:

*Ipsæ Mycenæus, magnorum ductor Archivum  
Conjugis infanda, prima intra limina dextrâ  
Oppetiit: devicta Asia subseclit adulter.*

The Greek Poets wrote Tragedies on this Subject; but 'tis most spoken of in the *Orestes*, and there's an Image of it in *Philostratus*.

Who knows not what Revenge *Medea* sought? For *Jason's* leaving her, and marrying *Creusa*, Daughter of *Creon*, King of *Corinth*. See *Seneca's Medea*.

Thus *Phoenix* did a Woman's Love bewail. *Phœnix* the Son of *Amyntor*, enjoy'd a Woman whom his Father lov'd. His Father was so enraged at him, that he imprecated all the Miseries he could think of to light upon his Son; whose Children dying, he withdrew to *Peleus*, Father of *Achilles*, who committed to him the Care of his Son's Education. *Homer* writes that he grew blind.

*Hippolytus*

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*Hippolytus by Phædra fell.* *Hippolytus*, the Son of *Theseus*, was pull'd in pieces by Horses. Our Author in his *French* Observations says, this Fable is admirably well represented in a Tragedy of *Seneca's*. And we find this new Critick is a great Admirer of that Tragick Poet. He touches lightly on *Euripides's* Tragedy on the same Subject, which has been with Reason admir'd by all the Learned. He might have mention'd his own Countryman, the *Phædre* of *Racine*, much above *Seneca's*, and equal to that of *Euripides's*, at least in most parts of it. We have also seen a *Phædra* and *Hippolytus* lately in our own Language.

*First gain the Maid.* This Precept is one of the most important in this Treatise: For if you wou'd, at any time, gain the Favours of the Master, you must get the Love of his Men: and if the Allegory, that the *French* Translator propos'd in the beginning of his Work, is worthy of being continu'd, concerning the Passion which we ought to have for the Sciences, we may now remember that there are some Sciences which serve the more Sublime, and are very necessary to be learnt, as Grammar for Eloquence, Eloquence for Logick, Logick for Philosophy, and Philosophy for the divine Sciences. There is nothing remarkable in the following Lines for two or three Pages. The Translator has done *Ovid* Justice; and in some of the Verses, gives us all the Warmth of the Original.

*The Bird intangl'd.* *Ovid* is full of Similes, the sure Sign of an abounding Fancy: He also makes use of Proverbial Expressions in some Places; as

*All things the Station of their Seasons keep,  
And certain Times there are to sow and reap.*

This is to inform us, that we must always do things in a proper time; and that which is done out of Season, will never succeed. However, 'tis not easy to find out this propitious Hour, especially in the Affair of Love; and, to say truth, all depends on Fortune, and certain Conjunctions that cannot be foreseen. Yet 'tis requisite a Man should do his utmost to find out the lucky Minute; especially if with the *French* Translator we apply this Thought to  
other

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other Affairs, and chiefly those that tend to our Glory and Reputation.

*And when she celebrates her Birth at Home.* The Ancients had a great Veneration for their Birth-days, as we might prove by a great number of Examples. Several of which are in *Ovid's* Elegies, in the *Pseudolus* of *Plautus*, in *Horace*; and, what is more considerable on account of the Author's Merit, in *Virgil, Eclogue 3.*

*Phyllida mitte mihi, meus est natalis, Iola.*

*Defer thy Work, and put not then to Sea.* This Translation is general. The Original tells us what particular Times and Seasons the Lover shou'd avoid, as the *Calends of March.*

——— *Sive Calendæ*

*Quas Venerem Marti continuasse juvat.*

*Ovid*, in his *Fastis*, gives us the Reasons why the Roman Women highly reverenc'd the *Calends of March.* And at that Time Galants never fail'd to send their Mistresses Presents. See the last Epigram of the 5th Book of *Martial.*

*Ut vaga nunc certa discurrunt undique pompa  
Perque vias Urbis munera, perque domos.*

*Ovid* speaks of the *Cirques* being adorn'd with Statues, *Sive erit ornatus, &c.* The Decorations of the Theatres were all magnificent, as we may see in the 3d Book of this Work.

*Aurea qua pendent ornato signa Theatro.*

*Pliny* in the 3d Chapter of his 7th Book writes, that *Pempey* enrich'd his Theatre with rare and costly Statues, among which there was one in particular which represented *Eutychis*, who after the Death of twenty of her Children, leap'd into the Funeral Pile. This Woman was a Native of *Tralles* in *Lydia*, and had brought thirty-five Sons and Daughters into the World.

*Regum Opes.* The Wealth of Kings, that is, the Kings of *Ægypt*; whose stately *Obelisks* had been brought to *Rome* to adorn the *Cirques*. *Pleiades, Hædus, &c.* The Constellation



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Constellation of the Goat, which another Constellation, call'd *Auriga*, carries on its Shoulders; it rises in the Month of *October*. *Virgil* in the first Book of his *Georgicks* writes thus of it,

*Præterea tam sunt Arcturi sidera nobis,  
Hædorumque dies servandi, & lucidus anguis.*

To break a Jewish Sabbath, &c. The Feast of the Seventh Day among the *Jews*, instituted by *Moses*, was celebrated on *Saturday*. The *Saturnalia* were Days of Joy and Pleasure. *Ovid* says, *Culta Palæstino Septima Festa viro*; and we may perceive the *Jews* were very numerous at *Rome*, by *Ovid*'s taking so much notice of them. *Palæstino viro* must mean *Moses*. *Palestine* was a Province joining to *Syria*, which, according to *Pliny*, took its Name from *Palæste*, its Capital; but 'tis certain, the Name of that City is not much known in the *Jewish* Histories, at least, not to be a Place of so much Importance as to deserve the Name of a Capital, which was *Jerusalem*.

Nor when the Romans were at *Allia* slain. That was a very unfortunate Day for the People of *Rome*, their Army being cut in pieces by the *Gauls* near the River *Allia*, the 15th of the Calends of *August*, in the Year of the City 363.

When Bribes and Presents must be sent of Course. On the Mistress's Birth Day: these Presents were commonly *Cakes*; and therefore the Poet makes use of the Phrase *Natali libo*, as well as in his *Amorum*.

*Quum tibi deficient poscendi munera Causee,  
Natalem libo testificare tuum.*

But we find the Ladies were not satisfy'd with *Cakes* only, they wanted *Pendants* for their Ears; and the way to get them is much the same in the Galant World now as in *Ovid*'s Days.

-They often Borrow what they never Pay. Our Translator follows the general Reading of this Verse, *reddenda dari*: Whereas in some Editions 'tis *Utenda dari*, but 'tis not so good as the other. There are few *Coquets* who will lose any

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any thing for want of asking; they borrow what they never intend to restore; and this Jilting Humour is so lively painted here by the Poet, that one would think he had liv'd in another reign than that of *Augustus's*.

*By Letters, not by Words, thy Love begin.* The Word in the Original is *Cera*; for the Ancients us'd to write on a sort of Leaves or Plates of several kinds plaster'd over with Wax, before the Invention of Paper was found out, at least of such Paper as ours; for 'tis well known they had the Leaves of a certain Plant call'd *Papyrus*, which were brought from *Ægypt*. 'Tis true the Ancients had other ways of writing, as on Skins call'd *Charta*, and that comes nearer our Paper; but our Paper is of another Species, and the *Cera* of the Ancients was quite different from the *Charta*. *Ovid* sometimes uses the Word *Cera*; and sometimes *Charta*, indifferently. As for the use of their Skins, such as our Parchment, 'twas above 400 Years before *Herodotus's* Time, as that Historian mentions in one of his Books; and the way of dressing it as we do came from the City of *Pergamus*.

*Cydippe by a Letter was betray'd.* This was a beautiful young Lady of the Isle of *Delos*, with whom *Acontius*, of the Island of *Ceas*, falling in Love, upon seeing her in the Temple of *Diana*, and not daring to declare his Passion, he contriv'd a Way to write to her, on a Golden Apple, the two Verses which are cited in *Cydippe's* Epistle; where is to be seen what happen'd afterwards, and on what account *Cydippe* was oblig'd to entertain *Acontius* as he desir'd.

*Learn Eloquence, &c.* *Ovid* says, learn the *Belles Lettres*; *Disce bonas Artes*; of which, indeed, Eloquence is the Mistress. The Poet means by it, not only this Art but all the other fit for a Man of Quality to study; and the *Roman* Nobility were all educated in these Studies; by which Advantage the Court of *Augustus* became so polite.

*But in thy Letter hide thy moving Arts;*

*Affect not to be thought a Man of Parts.* That is, don't let your Wit get the better of your Passion; nor, as a Modern Poet did, court your Mistress with Metaphysics.

The

## 66 NOTES on the First Book.

The Text, in some Editions, is *cera tua*, in thy Letters; and in others, particularly *Elzevir's*, *voces tuae*, your Talk. The Version is the most natural Reading, considering what went before. These Verses, and those that come after, give us a lively Idea of the excellent Taste of the Ancients, as well in Familiar and Galant, as in Philosophical or Political Epistles. *Ovid* advises his Lover to avoid affected Learning, too many Figures, and every thing that looks like Art; for that is always suspected in the Affairs of Love. Could any one give better Advice on this Occasion? Those who would write Love-Letters should not seek after Flourishes, nor use sounding Words, as some of the Moderns have done, both in our own, and our Neighbours Tongues. 'Tis true, the *French*, by imitating *Voiture*, have acquir'd a natural way of writing, which very few *English* Authors have attained: Yet we would by no means insinuate that their Genius is superior to the *English*; but their Humour and their Language assist them in this matter, and they have abundance of very agreeable Letters. My Author goes farther, and says, *I may say we come very near the Gusto of the Ancients, I mean such as write always with Genius and Judgment, and not such as want both the one and the other, whose Number is very great.*

*In time the Steer will to the Yoke submit.* *Ovid* has this Simile more than once or twice, in these three Books; yet he gives it a new turn always, by joining new Similes with it; and the same Method he observes with others.

*Water is soft, and Marble hard, and yet*

*We see soft Water thro' hard Marble eat.* *Lucretius* makes use of the same Simile in his 1st Book: *Stillicidi casus lapidem cavat, &c.* And in another he says,

*Gutta cavat lapidem non vi sed sæpe cadendo.*

*Mean time, if she be carry'd in her Chair.* 'Tis not easy to ascertain what sort of Things the Chairs or Litters were, in which the *Roman* Ladies were carry'd; there's great Reason to believe they were like our Sedans or common Chairs, for we read that the *Liburnians* and *Syrians*,

## NOTES on the First Book. 67

*Syrrians*, strong lusty Fellows, were employ'd in carrying them.

*But dress not like a Fop, nor curl your Hair,*

*Nor with a Pumice make your Body bare.* For it seems the *Beaus* were not so well received by the Ladies in *Ovid's* Time, as the Men of Wit and Worth. *Tempora mutantur.* A Fop now-a-days makes his way as easy as a Man of Merit did in his. As to this curling or rather twisting of the Hair, *Martial* speaks of it, talking of the *Sicambrians*; *Crinibus in nodum tortis venerunt Sicambri.* The use of the Pumice-stone is very ancient: The *Romans* pluck'd up their Hair with it, and the Bookbinders now smooth their Covers with it. The soft effeminate Fellows, such as *Cybele's* Eunuchs, made use of it oftner than other Men. The Peasants, in some Parts of *England*, take off their Beards with it, instead of a Razor.

*And free your Armpits from the Ram and Goat.* In this Expression, which is *Ovid's* in the main, the *Romans* bore with an Idea that perhaps the Delicacy of the Moderns will be offended with. The Smell of a Ram or Goat is very rank, and from those Animals the Proverb came *The Ram lives under his Armpits*, to express a nasty Smell. Thus *Horace*,

*An gravis hirsutis cubet hircus in alis.*

And *Catullus*, in his 27th Epigram, *Si cui jure bono sacer alarum obstitit hircus.* And in the 71st,

*Lædit te quædam fabula, qua tibi fertur*

*Valle sub alarum trux habitare caper.*

Which is a very troublesome business.

Now *Bacchus* calls me to his jolly Rites. Wine is favourable to Lovers, inspiring them at once with Boldness and Vigour. Upon this, *Propertius*, in the 17th Elegy of his 3d Book, which is almost intirely on this Subject, writes,

*Per te junguntur, per te solvuntur amantes :*

*Tu vitium ex animo dilue Bacche meo.*

And *Ovid* himself in the 2d Book of his *Remedy of Love*,

*Vina parant animos Veneri, nisi plurima sumas, &c.*

Fair



## 68      NOTES on the First Book.

*Fair Ariadne wander'd on the Shore.* The Poet tells what happen'd to *Ariadne* after *Theseus* had forsaken her: *Bacchus* came, comforted and marry'd her. Hespeaks of it also in the 8th Book of his *Metamorphoses*, in the 3d of his *de Fastis*, and in his Epistle from *Ariadne* to *Theseus*. *Catullus* does the same in his Poem of the Marriage of *Peleus* and *Thetis*, and in that of *Berenice's* Hair. *Propertius* mentions it in his 17th Elegy, Book 3. *Philostratus* in his Paintings; and several others. For I only name such as come into my Memory, or that I have before me, and omit a great many out of design, because I should be tedious in quoting all that have treated of this Story. The same I may say for my self on other Occasions. The Island *Dia*, mention'd by *Ovid*, but omitted in the Translation, is near *Crete*, as *Ptolemy* observes; and *Pliny* says it abounded so with Vines, that it was call'd *Dionysiade*. Others name it *Little Sicily*, or *Calliope*. 'Tis 75 Miles round, and, as it is said, half as big again as *Paros*. 'Twas afterwards call'd *Naxos*, from the Name of a King who reign'd there, and was the son of *Polemon*.

*The sounding Cymbals, &c.* Cymbals, Drums, little Bells and Pipes were *Bacchus* and Mother *Cybele's* Consort, as *Propertius* says, Elegy 17. Book 3.

*Silenus on his Ass.* The nursing Father and Pædagogues of *Bacchus*; with whom *Ovid* makes merry here, as also in several Places of his *de Fastis*, in the 1st, 3d, and 6th Books. See *Virgil's Silenus*, Eclogue 6.

*The Satyrs laugh.* *Ovid* calls them light Satyrs; and the Translator, a few Lines before, *scudding Satyrs*, from their speed in running. *Pliny*, who tells us more than we believe, says there was a Race of them in the *East-Indies* that had four Feet, but that they ran only with two; that they had human Faces like Men; and that 'twas impossible to catch them unless they were old or sick. *St. Jerom* makes mention of a Satyr that appear'd to *St. Anthony* when he was going to visit *Paul* the Hermit. But the Saint and the Naturalist are in this case of equal Authority.

*By swift Tigers drawn.* Others say *Onces*, or wild Cats call'd *Lynxes*. Thus *Statius* in his *Thebaid*:

*Pramætes;*

## NOTES on the First Book. 69

*Promovet; effrenæ dextra lævaque sequuntur  
Lynxes, & uda mero lambunt retinacula Tigres.*

'Tis said *Tigers* and *Lynxes* drew *Bacchus's* Car, because these two sorts of Animals are wonderful Lovers of Wine, and eat Grapes. *Solinus* gives the Reason for it.

*Shout at the Sight, and sing the nuptial Song.* It was an ancient Custom to sing Hymns of Joy at Weddings; which Hymns were call'd *Epithalamium's* or *Hymeneans*, from a certain *Athenian* nam'd *Hymen*, who, as *Servius* reports, deliver'd Maids from a terrible Trouble, for which they us'd to invoke him when they marry'd, as the God who eas'd them of the Burden of their Maidenheads: *Le Libérateur de leur Virginité*, as my *French* Author has it; and whether 'tis more a Slavery or a Burden, let the Satyrists determine. *Catullus* says *Hymen* was the Son of *Bacchus* and *Venus*. The *Euse* mention'd by *Ovid* to express their shouting was like our *Huzza*. All the Vowels must be distinctly pronounc'd, for the *U* after the *E* is not a Consonant, as some imagine, but the Word must be read *E, U, O, E*.

*Be thou, when flowing Cups.* The Poet's Directions how the Lover should behave himself at Table, are very considerable in the Affair he is speaking of.

*In liquid purple Letters.* Spill some Wine, and write her Name. This is not worthy the *Roman* Elegance in all things: And, as a late Commentator observes upon this Occasion, they could have no Table-cloth; for otherwise *Ovid's* Advice is not feasible.

*Thy Service e'en the Husband must attend.* This and the Verses that follow shew that *Ovid* did not mean very honestly, and the Decree of the Senate was obtain'd against him for this Crime, as 'tis pretended, because 'twas strictly forbidden by the *Roman* Laws to corrupt marry'd Women, to prevent the Abuses which might happen in Succession, and the injuring another Man, in taking from him what only belongs to himself. For which Reason this Poet says afterwards,

*Tuta frequensque licet sit via, crimen habet.*

*Drink*

## 70 NOTES on the First Book.

*Drink to a certain Pitch, &c. Inde Procurator, &c.* which is rather paraphras'd than translated. He gives Directions how to avoid drinking too much, by balking the Glass, or making as if you drunk more than you did. The *French* Commentator reads it *Propinator*, one that tastes the Wine: *Procurator* gives another Idea.

*Eurytion justly fell.* *Eurythus* or *Eurytion* was one of the *Centaurs* at *Pirithous's* Wedding, who got so drunk that he attempted to ravish *Hippodamia* the Bride; but *Theseus* knock'd him down with a Bowl, and made him bring his Wine up again with blood. *Ovid* describes it in his 2d Book of *Metamorphoses*; and *Propertius*, Book 2, Elegy 33.

*Tu quoque ô Eurytion vino Centaure peristi.*

*And call him happy who is in her Grace.* In Latin, *Et bene dic dominæ, bene, cum quo dormiet illa.* Make Vows for your Mistress's Happiness, and even for his who lies with her. This *bene dic* is thus interpreted by some Authors, and seems to take in the Sense of the Poet.

*Lay Bashfulness, that Rustick Virtue, by.* Modesty is a Vice, when it hinders us from doing any thing that is profitable to us; and the Misfortune is, it generally comes upon us unseasonably, and when it should not. When it should, we commonly miss it; and when we do not want it, 'tis impertinent.

*No Rules of Rhetorick here I need afford.* He talks of Modesty, and says, if the Lover banishes it, he has no occasion for Eloquence; for Love and Fortune favour the bold. *Audacem forsque Venusque juvant*; which daily Experience shows to be an eternal Truth.

*Praise the proud Peacock, &c.* *Juno's* Bird, whose Beauty *Pliny* elegantly describes. You find it also in the 1st Book of *Ovid's Metamorphoses*, towards the End. *Hortensius* the Orator was the first *Roman* who kill'd a Peacock to eat it, and afterwards 'twas one of their nicest Dishes.

## NOTES on the First Book. 71

*Not that they live above like lazy Drones.* Speaking of the Gods according to the *Stoicks* Opinion, which contrary to the *Epicureans*, asserted that the Deities concern'd themselves in the Affairs of this World.

*'Tis a prophane and a deceitful Kind.* In the Original, *ex magna parte prophanium sunt genus*. This is a very severe Reflexion on the Sex, and 'tis hoped, whatever it might be in *Ovid's* Time, the Scandal will not stick now. The Ancients call'd every thing that was not holy *prophane*, as much as to say *porro a phano*, far from the Temple and Piety. The Translator has given it us literally, and what he adds of his own softens the Original a little. My *French* Author thinks the *prophanum* here is to be taken in the same sense with that in *Horace's* known Ode, *Odi prophanium vulgus & arceo*; but we would rather understand it only as oppos'd to Holy, and then every thing that is not holy cannot be term'd Wicked. We would bring off the Poet as well as we could, and let him answer for it, if it is not done compleatly.

*Inform'd the King.* *Buſiris* King of *Egypt*, Son of *Neptune* and *Libya*, whose Story is told at large by *Herodotus*, and in the 4th Book of *Seneca's* Natural Questions; as is also that of *Phalaris*, Tyrant of *Sicily*, and *Perillus*, who invented the Braſen Bull for that Tyrant; an Invention to put poor Wretches to a cruel Death, and by a just Judgment of Heaven the Inventor was the first who made Trial of it.

*Fair Phœbe, and her Sister, did prefer*

*To their dull Mates the noble Ravisher.* *Phæbe* and *Ilara* were two Daughters of *Leucippus*, both famous for their Beauty. Their Father promis'd 'em in Marriage to *Idas* and *Lynceus*, but *Castor* and *Pollux* stole them away from him. *Idas* and *Lynceus* pursuing the Ravishers, *Castor* fell by the hand of *Lynceus*, and *Lynceus* was himself slain by *Pollux*: *Idas* running upon the latter, to revenge the Death of his Companion, was struck to the Ground by Thunder at *Pollux's* Feet; which *Ovid* has elegantly describ'd in his *de Fastis*.

The



## 72 NOTES on the First Book.

*The nobler Pallas.* *Minerva* or *Pallas* was not only the Goddess of Arms, but of Arts and Manufactures. The Poet means, he has learn'd of her enough to spin, let him now learn of her the more glorious Exercises of Arms.

*None of the Nymphs, &c.* The ancient Heroines, *veteres Heroïdas*, as Iope one of *Asopus's* twelve Daughters, *Europa*, *Danaë*, *Antiope*, *Semele*, *Io*, *Calisto*, *Alcmena*, *Maia*, *Eleëtra*, and several others, whom *Jupiter* was in Love with, and by whom he had Children.

*Orion wander'd in the Woods for Love.* *Orion* fell in Love with the Nymph *Lyrice*, some name her *Lynce*, from a *Lynx*, a wild Beast so call'd, which is *Merula's* Interpretation. But tho' who this *Lyrice* was is not very well known, yet 'tis not likely that *Orion* should be so passionately enamour'd of a wild Beast, and 'tis very probable he might be so charmed with a beautiful Damsel.

*'Tis true, Patroclus, &c.* *Patroclus*, Son of *Menæceus*, and Grand-Son of *Ator*, who having kill'd *Clytonymus*, Son of *Amphidamas*, was banish'd his Country, and came to *Phibia*, where he remain'd with *Peleus*, *Achilles's* Father, his Kinsman. By this means he contracted a strict Friendship with *Achilles*, and accompany'd him to the Siege of *Troy*, where he was kill'd.

*Nor Pylades Hermione embrac'd.* *Hermione*, Daughter of *Menelaus* and *Helen*, who marry'd her Cousin-German *Orestes*. *Pylades* was her Husband's Friend, and therefore he would not offer to corrupt his Wife. This Prince was the Son of *Strophius* King of *Phocis*.

*All things are not produc'd in any Soil.* This is one of *Ovid's* happy ways of making use of common Similes; and this and others are brought in here, to shew, a Lover must comport himself variously, according to the various Humours of Women.

*And as for Fishes, some with Darts are struck.* This gives us a various Idea, and lively expresses the Author's Thought, that Women are to be caught several ways.

But

## NOTES on the First Book. 73

But here 'tis time to rest my self and you. To cast Anchor, as Ovid says; *Hic teneat nostras anchora jacta rates*; as one arriv'd at a Port, where tho' he is not to stay long, he intends to refresh himself: For we cannot understand any thing more by it; since, to continue the Simile, he pursues his Voyage in the next Book.



D

OVID's





O V I D's  
ART of LOVE.

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BOOK II.

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OW *Io* *Pæan* sing! now Wreaths pre-  
pare!

And with repeated *Io*'s fill the Air:  
The Prey is fall'n in my successful Toils,  
My artful Nets inclose the lovely Spoils.

My Numbers now, ye smiling Lovers, crown,

5

And make your Poet deathless in Renown:

With lasting Fame my Verse shall be inroll'd,

And I preferr'd to all the Bards of old.

Thus *Paris* from the warlike *Spartans* bore

Their ravish'd Bride, to *Ida*'s distant shore.

10

D 2

Victorious



76 OVID'S *Art of Love*. Book II.

Victorious *Pelops* thus in Triumph drove  
 The vanquish'd Maid, and thus enjoy'd his Love.  
 Stay, eager Youth! your Bark's but under Sail;  
 The distant Port requires a prosp'rous Gale.  
 'Tis not enough the yielding Beauty's found, 15  
 And with my Aid your artful Passion crown'd:  
 The Conquests our successful Conduct gain'd,  
 With Art must be secur'd, by Arts maintain'd.  
 The Glory's more to guard, than win the Prize;  
 There all the Toil and threatening Danger lies. 20  
 If ever, *Cupid*, now indulgent prove;  
 O *Venus*! aid; thou charming Queen of Love!  
 Kind *Erato*, let thy auspicious Name  
 Inspire the Work, and raise my gen'rous Flame.  
 The Labour's great! a Method I design 25  
 For Love; and will the fetter'd God confine:  
 The God that roves the spacious World around,  
 In ev'ry Clime, and distant Region found;  
 Active and light, his Wings elude our Guard,  
 And to confine a Deity is hard. 30  
 His Guest from flight *Minos* inclos'd around,  
 Yet he with Wings a daring Passage found.  
 Thus *Dædalus* her Offspring first confin'd,  
 Who, with a Bull, in lewd Embraces join'd:  
 Her teeming Womb the horrid Crime confess'd; 35  
 Big with a human Bull, half Man, half Beast.  
 Said he, Just *Minos*, best of human kind,  
 Thy Mercy let a prostrate Exile find:  
 By Fates compell'd my Native Shores to fly,  
 Permit me, where I durst not live, to die. 40

Enlarge

Book II. OVID'S *Art of Love.* 77

Enlarge my Son, if you neglect my Tears,  
 And show Compassion to his blooming Years:  
 Let not the Youth a long Confinement mourn,  
 Oh free the Son, or let his Sire return!  
 Thus he implor'd, but still implor'd in vain, 45  
 Nor could the Freedom that he sought, obtain.  
 Convinc'd at length; Now, *Dædalus*, he cry'd,  
 Here's Subject for thy Art that's yet untry'd.  
*Minos* the Earth commands, and guards the Sea,  
 No Pass the Land affords, the Deep no Way: 50  
 Heav'n's only free we'll Heav'n's auspicious height  
 Attempt to pass, where kinder Fates invite;  
 Favour, ye Powers above, my daring Flight! 55  
 Misfortunes oft prove to Invention kind,  
 Instruct our Wit, and aid the lab'ring Mind:  
 For who can credit Men, in wild Despair,  
 Should force a Passage thro' the yielding Air?  
 Feathers for Wings design'd the Artist chose,  
 And bound with Thread his forming Pinions close:  
 With temper'd Wax the pointed Ends he wrought, 60  
 And to Perfection his new Labours brought.  
 The finish'd Wings his smiling Offspring views,  
 Admires the Work, not conscious of their Use:  
 To whom the Father said, Observe aright,  
 Observe, my Son, these Instruments of Flight. 65  
 In vain the Tyrant our Escape retards,  
 The Heav'ns he cannot, all but Heav'n he guards:  
 Tho' Earth and Seas elude thy Father's Care,  
 These Wings shall waft us through the spacious Air.

78 OVID's *Art of Love.* Book II.

Nor shall my Son Celestial Signs survey, 70  
 Far from the radiant Virgin take your Way:  
 Or where *Boötes* the chill'd North commands,  
 And with his Fauchion dread *Orion* stands;  
 I'll go before, me still retain in fight,  
 Where-e'er I lead, securely make your Flight. 75  
 For should we upward soar too near the Sun,  
 Dissolv'd with Heat, the liquid Wax will run:  
 Or near the Seas an humbler Flight maintain,  
 Our Plumes will suffer by the steaming Main.  
 A Medium keep, the Winds observe aright; 80  
 The Winds will aid your advantageous Flight.  
 He caution'd thus, and thus inform'd him long,  
 As careful Birds instruct their tender Young:  
 The spreading Wings then to his Shoulders bound,  
 His Body pois'd, and rais'd him from the Ground. 85  
 Prepar'd for Flight, his aged Arms embrace  
 The tender Youth, whilst Tears o'erflow his Face.  
 A Hill there was, from whence the anxious Pair  
 Essay'd their Wings, and forth they lanch'd in Air:  
 Now his expanded Plumes the Artist plies, 90  
 Regards his Son, and leads along the Skies;  
 Pleas'd with the Novelty of flight, the Boy  
 Bounds in the Air, and upward springs with Joy.  
 The Angler views them from the distant Strand,  
 And quits the Labours of his trembling Hand. 95  
*Samos* they pass, and *Naxos* in their flight,  
 And *Delos*, with *Apollo's* Presence bright.  
 Now on their right *Lebintbos* Shores they found,  
 For fruitful Lakes and shady Groves renown'd.

When

# Book II. OVID'S *Art of Love*.

79

When the aspiring Boy forgot his Fears,  
 Rash with hot Youth and unexperienc'd Years:  
 Upwards he soar'd, maintain'd a lofty Stroke;  
 And his directing Father's Way forlook.  
 The Wax, of Heat impatient, melted run,  
 Nor could his Wings sustain that Blaze of Sun. 109  
 From Heav'n he views the fatal Depths below,  
 Whilst killing Fears prevent the distant Blow.  
 His struggling Arms now no Assistance find,  
 Nor poise the Body, nor receive the Wind.  
 Falling, his Father he implores in vain, 110  
 To aid his Flight, and sinking Limbs sustain;  
 His Name invokes, till the expiring Sound  
 Far in the Floods with *Icarus* was drown'd.  
 The Parent mourns, a Parent now no more,  
 And seeks the absent Youth on ev'ry Shore: 115  
 Where's my lov'd Son, my *Icarus*? he cries;  
 Say in what distant Region of the Skies,  
 Or faithless Clime the youthful Wand'rer flies!  
 Then view'd his Pinions scatter'd o'er the Stream,  
 The Shore his Bones receiv'd, the Waves his Name. 120  
*Minos* with Walls attempted to detain  
 His flying Guests, but did attempt in vain:  
 Yet the wing'd God shall to our Rules submit,  
 And *Cupid* yield to more prevailing Wit.  
*Thessalian* Arts in vain rash Lovers use, 125  
 In vain with Drugs the scornful Maid abuse:  
 The skillfullst Portions ineffectual prove,  
 Useless are Magick Remedies in Love:



80 OVID's *Art of Love*. Book II.

Could Charms prevail, *Circe* had prov'd her Art,  
And fond *Medea* fix'd her *Jason's* Heart. 130

Nor tempt with Philters the disdainful Dame;  
They Rage inspire, create a frantick Flame:  
Abstain from Guilt, all vicious Arts remove,  
And make your *Passion* worthy of her Love.

✱ Distrust your empty Form and boasted Face, 135  
The Nymph engage a thousand nobler Ways:

To fix her vanquish'd Heart intirely thine,  
Accomplish'd Graces to your Native join.  
Beauty's but frail, a Charm that soon decays,  
Its Lustre fades as rolling Years increase, 140 }  
And Age still triumphs o'er the ruin'd Face.  
This Truth the fair but short-liv'd Lily shows,  
And Prickles that survive the faded Rose.

Learn, lovely Boy, be with Instruction wise!  
Beauty and Youth mis-spent are past Advice. 145  
Then cultivate thy Mind with Wit and *Fame*,  
Those lasting Charms *survive* the Fun'ral Flame.

With Arts and Sciences your Breast improve,  
Of high Import are Languages in Love:  
The fam'd *Ulysses* was not Fair nor Young, 150

But eloquent and charming with his Tongue:  
And yet for him contented Beauties strove,  
And ev'ry Sea-Nymph sought the Hero's Love.  
*Calypso* mourn'd when he forsook her Shores,  
And with fond Waves detain'd his hasty Oars. 155

Oft she inquir'd of ruin'd *Ilium's* Fate,  
Making him oft the wondrous Tale relate:

Which

Book II. OVID's *Art of Love*. 81

Which with such Grace his florid Tongue could frame,  
 The Story still was new, tho' still the same.  
 Now standing on the Shores, Again declare, 160  
*Calypso* cry'd, your fam'd Exploits in War.  
 He with a Wand, a slender Wand he bore,  
 Delineates ev'ry Action on the Shore.  
 Here's *Troy*, says he, then draws the Walls in Sand,  
 There *Simois* flows, here my Battalions stand. 165  
 A Field there was, (and then describes the Field,)  
 Where *Dolon*, with Rewards deceiv'd, we kill'd.  
 Just thus intrench'd imagine *Rhesus* lies,  
 And here we make his warlike Steeds our Prize.  
 Much he describ'd, when a destructive Wave 170  
 Wash'd off the slender *Troy*, and rolling gave  
 To *Rhesus* and his Tents one common Grave. }  
 Long with Delight his charming Tongue she-heard,  
 The well-rai'd Passion in her Looks appear'd :  
 The Goddess weeps to view his spreading Sails, 175  
 So much a Soldier with the Sex prevails.  
 Distrust thy Form, fond Youth, and learn to know,  
 There's more requir'd in Love than empty Show.  
 With just Disdain she treats the haughty Mind,  
 'Tis Complaisance that makes a Beauty kind. 180  
 The Hawk we hate that always lives in Arms,  
 The raging Wolf that ev'ry Flock alarms;  
 But the mild Swallow none with Toils infests,  
 And none the soft *Chaonian* Bird molests.  
 Debates avoid, and rude Contention shun; 185  
 A Woman's with submissive Language won.

82 OVID'S *Art of Love*. Book II.

Let the Wife rail, and injur'd Husband swear,  
Such Freedoms are allow'd the marry'd Pair:  
Discord and Strife to Nuptial Beds belong,  
The Portion justifies a clam'rous Tongue. 190

With tender Vows the yielding Maid endear,  
And let her only Sighs and Wishes hear.  
Contrive with Words and Actions to delight,  
Still charm her Ear, and still oblige her Sight.

I no Instructions to the Rich impart, 195  
He needs not, *that presents*, my useless Art:  
The giving Lover's handsome, valiant, wife,  
His happy Fortune is above Advice.

I to the Needy sing; tho' Poor, I love,  
And, wanting Wealth, with melting Language move.

His Honour storms a stubborn Damsel's Door; 201  
I'm cautious to affront, because I'm poor:

With pleasing Arts I court, with Arts possess;  
Or if I'm boisterous, 'tis in Promises.

Inrag'd, I ruff'd once *Corinna's* Hair, 205  
Long was I banish'd by the injur'd Fair;

Long mournful Nights for this consum'd alone,  
Nor could my Tears the furious Maid atone.

Weeping, she vow'd, a Suit of Point I tore;  
Falsly she vow'd, but I must purchase more. 210

Make not your guiky Master's Crime your own,  
But by my Punishment my Error shun.

Indecent Fury from her Sight remove,  
No Passion let your Mistress know, but Love.

Yet if the haughty Nymph's unkind, and coy, 215  
Or shuns your Sight; have Patience, and enjoy.

By

Book II. *Ovid's Art of Love.* 83

By slow Degrees we bend the stubborn Bough;  
What Force resists, with Art will pliant grow.  
In vain we stem a Torrent's rapid Force,  
But swim with Ease, complying with its Course. 220  
By gentler Arts we Savage Beasts reclaim,  
And Lions, Bulls; and furious Tigers tame.  
Fiercely *Atlanta* o'er the Forest rov'd,  
Cruel and wild, and yet at last she lov'd.  
*Melanon* long deplor'd his hopeless Flame, 225  
And weeping, in the Woods pursu'd the scornful Dame:  
On his submissive Neck her Toils he wore,  
And with his Mistress chac'd the dreadful Boar.  
Arm'd to the Woods I bid you not repair,  
Nor follow over Hills the Savage Fair: 230  
My soft Injunctions less severe you'll find,  
Easy to learn, and fram'd to ev'ry Mind.  
Her Wishes never, nor her Will withstand;  
Submit, you conquer; serve, and you'll command.  
Her Words approve, deny what she denies, 235  
Like where she likes, and where she scorns, despise.  
Laugh when she smiles; when sad, dissolve in Tears;  
Let ev'ry Gesture sympathize with hers.  
If she delights, as Women will, in Play,  
Her Stakes return, your ready Losings pay. 240  
When she's at Cards, or rattling Dice she throws,  
Connive at Cheats, and generously lose.  
A smiling Winner let the Nymph remain,  
Let your pleas'd Mistress every Conquest gain.  
In Heat, with an Umbrello ready stand; 245  
When walking, offer your officious Hand:

Her



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Her trembling Hands, tho' you sustain the Cold,  
 Cherish, and to your warmer Bosom hold.  
 Think no inferior Office a Disgrace,  
 No Action, that a Mistress gains, is base. 250  
 The Hero that eluded *Juno's* Spite,  
 And ev'ry Monster overcame in Fight;  
 That past so many bloody Labours o'er,  
 And well deserv'd that Heav'n whose Weight he bore;  
 Amidst *Ionian* Damsels carding stands, 255  
 And grasps the Distaff with obedient Hands;  
 In all Commands the haughty Dame obeys:  
 And who disdains to act like *Hercules*?  
 If she's at Law, be sure commend the Laws,  
 Solicit with the Judge, or plead her Cause. 260  
 With Patience at the Assignment wait,  
 Early appear, attend her coming late.  
 Whene'er she wants a Messenger, away,  
 And her Commands with flying Feet obey.  
 When late from Supper she's returning home, 265  
 And calls her Servant, as a Servant come.  
 She for the Country Air retires from Town;  
 You want a Coach, or Horse, why foot it down:  
 Let not the sultry Season of the Year,  
 The falling Snows, or constant Rains deter. 270  
 Love is a Warfare, and ignoble Sloth  
 Seems equally contemptible in both:  
 In both are Watchings, Duels, anxious Cares,  
 The Soldier thus, and thus the Lover fares;  
 With Rain he's drench'd, with piercing Tempests shakes,  
 And on the colder Earth his Lodging takes. 276  
 Fame

# Book II. OVID's *Art of Love*.

85

Fame says that *Phœbus* kept *Admetus*' Herd;

And coarsly in an humble Cottage far'd:

No servile Offices the God deny'd;

Hearn this ye Lovers, and renounce your Pride. 280

When all Access is to your Mistress hard,

When ev'ry Door's secur'd, and Window barr'd;

The Roof untile, some desp'rate Passage find:

You cannot be too bold to make her kind:

Oh how she'll clasp you when the Danger's o'er, 285

And value your deserving Passion more:

Thus thro' the boist'rous Seas *Leander* mov'd,

Not to possess, but show how much he lov'd.

Nor blushing think how low you condescend

To court her Maids, and make each Slave your Friend:

Each by their Names familiarly salute; 291

And beg them to promote your am'rous Suit.

Perhaps a Bribe's requir'd; your Bounty show,

And from your slender Fortunes part bestow.

A double Bribe the Chamber-maid secures, 295

And when the Favourite's gain'd, the Fair is yours.

She'll add, to ev'ry thing you do, a Grace,

And watch the wanton Hours, and time her Praise.

When Servants merry make, and feast and play,

Then give her something to keep Holiday. 300

Retain 'em ev'ry one, the Porter most,

And Her who nightly guards the happy Coast.

I no profuse nor costly Gifts commend,

But choose and time it well, whate'er you send.

Provide the Product of the early Year, 305

And let your Boy the rural Present bear:

Tell

86 OVID'S *Art of Love*. Book II.

Tell her 'twas fresh, and from your Manor brought,  
 Tho' stale, and in the Suburb Market bought.  
 The first ripe Cluster let your Mistress eat,  
 With Chestnuts, Melons, and fair Peaches treat: 310  
 Some larger Fish, or choicer Fowl present:  
 They recommend your Passion, where they're sent.  
 'Tis with these Arts the childless Miser's taught,  
 Thus future Legacies are basely bought:  
 But may his Name with Infamy be curst, 315  
 That practis'd them on Love, and Women first.

In tender Sonnets most your Flame rehearse,  
 But who, alas! of late are mov'd by Verse?  
 Women a wealthy treating Fool admire,  
 Applaud your Wit, but costly Gifts require. 320  
 This is the Golden Age, all worship Gold,  
 Honours are purchas'd, Love and Beauty sold.  
 Should *Homer* come with his harmonious Train,  
 And not present, *Homer's* turn'd out again.  
 Some of the Sex have Sense, their Number's small, 325  
 Most ignorant, yet vain Pretenders all:  
 Flatter alike, smooth empty Stanza's send,  
 They seldom Sense, but Sound and Rhime commend.  
 Should you with Art compose each polish'd Line,  
 And make her, like your Numbers, all divine: 330  
 Yet she'll a Treat, or worthless Toy prefer  
 To all th' immortal Poet's boasted Care.

But he that covets to retain her Heart,  
 Let him apply his Flattery with Art:  
 With lasting Raptures on her Beauty gaze, 335  
 And make her Form the Subject of his Praise.

Purple

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Purple commend, when she's in Purple dress'd;  
In Scarlet, swear she looks in Scarlet best:  
Array'd in Gold, her graceful Mien adore,  
Vowing those Eyes transcend the sparkling Ore. 344  
With Prudence place each Compliment aright,  
Tho' clad in Crape, let homely Crape delight,  
In sort'd Colours, praise a vary'd Dress;  
In Night-clothes, or Commode, let either please.  
Or when she combs, or when she curls her Hair, 348  
Commend her curious Art and gallant Air:  
Singing, her Voice, dancing, her Step admire,  
Applaud when she desists, and still desire:  
Let all her Words and Actions Wonder raise,  
View her with Raptures, and with Raptures praise. 352  
Fierce as *Medusa* tho' your Mistress prove,  
These Arts will teach the stubborn Beauty Love.

Be cautious lest you over-act your Part,  
And temper your Hypocrisy with Art:  
Let no false Action give your Words the Lye, 356  
For once deceiv'd, she's ever after shy.  
In *Autumn* oft, when the luxurious Year  
Purples the Grape, and shows the Vintage near;  
When sultry Heats, when colder Blasts arise,  
And Bodies languish with inconstant Skies. 360  
If vitious Heav'n infects her tender Veins,  
And in her tainted Blood some Fever reigns;  
Then your kind Vows, your pious Care bestow,  
The Blessings you expect to reap, then sow,  
Think nothing nauseous in her loath'd Disease, 364  
But with your ready Hand contrive to please.

Weep.



88 OVID'S *Art of Love*. Book II.

Weep in her Sight, then fonder Kisses give,  
 And let her burning Lips your Tears receive.  
 Much for her Safety vow, but louder speak,  
 Let the Nymph hear the lavish Vows you make. 370  
 As Health returns, so let your Joys appear,  
 Oft smile with Hope, and oft confess your Fear.  
 This in her Breast remains, these pleasing Charms  
 Secure a Passage to her grateful Arms.  
 Reach nothing nauseous to her Taste or Sight, 375  
 Officious only when you most delight;  
 Nor bitter Draughts, nor hated Med'cines give;  
 Let her from Rivals what she loaths receive.  
 Those prosp'rous Winds that lanch'd our Bark from Shore,  
 When out at Sea, assist its course no more:  
 Time will your Knowledge in our Art improve, 381  
 Give Strength and Vigour to your forming Love.  
 The dreadful Bull was but a Calf, when young;  
 The lofty Oak but from an Acorn sprung:  
 From narrow Springs the noblest Currents flow, 385  
 But swell their Floods, and spread 'em as they go.  
 Be conversant with Love, no Toils refuse,  
 And conquer all Fatigues with frequent Use.  
 Still let her hear your Sighs, your Passion view,  
 And Night and Day the flying Maid pursue. 390  
 Then pause a while; by fallow Fields we gain;  
 A thirsty Soil receives the welcome Rain.  
*Phyllis* was calm while with *Demophoon* blest'd,  
 His Absence wounded most her raging Breast:  
 Thus his chaste Consort for *Ulysses* burn'd, 395  
 And *Laodamia* thus her absent Husband mourn'd.

With

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89

With Speed return, you're ruin'd by Delays,  
Some happy Youth may soon supply your Place.  
When *Sparta's* Prince was from his *Helen* gone,  
Cou'd *Helen* be content to lie alone? 400

She in his Bed receiv'd her am'rous Guest,  
And nightly clasp'd him to her panting Breast.  
Unthinking Cuckold, to a Proverb blind!  
What, trust a Beau and a Fair Wife behind!

Let furious Hawks thy trembling Turtles keep, 405  
And to the Mountain Wolves commit thy Sheep:  
*Helen* is guiltless, and her Lover's Crime  
But what your self would act another time.

The Youth was pressing, the dull Husband gone,  
Let ev'ry Woman make the Case her own: 410  
Who cou'd a Prince, by *Venus* sent, refuse?  
The Cuckold's Negligence is her Excuse.

But not the foaming Boar whom Spears surround,  
Revengeing on the Dogs his mortal Wound,  
Nor Lionsess, whose Young receives the Breast, 415  
Nor Viper by unwary Footsteps prest;  
Nor Drunkard by th' *Aonian* God possest,  
Transcend the Woman's Rage, by Fury led,  
To find a Rival in her injur'd Bed.

With Fire and Sword she flies, the frantick Dame 420  
Disdains the Thoughts of Tendernefs or Shame.  
Her Offspring's Blood inrag'd *Medea* spilt,  
A cruel Mother, for the Father's Guilt.

And *Progne's* unrelenting Fury proves, 425  
That dire Revenge pursues neglected Loves.

Where

Where sacred Ties of Honour are destroy'd,  
 Such Errors cautious Lovers must avoid.  
 Think not my Precepts Constancy injoin,  
*Venus* avert! far nobler's my Design.  
 At large enjoy, conceal your Passion well, 435  
 Nor use the Modish Vanity to tell:  
 Avoid presenting of suspected Toys,  
 Nor to an Hour confine your vary'd Joys:  
 Desert the Shades you did frequent before,  
 Nor make them conscious to a new Amour. 440  
 The Nymph, when she betrays, disdains your Guilt,  
 And by such Falshood taught, she learns to Jilt.  
 While with a Wife *Atrides* liv'd content,  
 Their Loves were mutual, and she innocent:  
 But when inflam'd with ev'ry charming Face, 445  
 Her Leudness still maintain'd an equal Pace.  
*Chryses*, as Fame had told her, pray'd in vain,  
 Nor could by Gifts his Captive Girl obtain;  
 Mournful *Bristis*, thy Complaints she heard,  
 And how his Lust the tedious War deferr'd. 450  
 This tamely heard, but with Resentment view'd  
 The Victor by his beauteous Slave subdu'd:  
 With Rage she saw her own neglected Charms,  
 And took *Agisthus* to her injur'd Arms.  
 To Lust and Shame by his Example led, 455  
 Who durst so openly profane her Bed.

What you conceal, her more observing Eye  
 Perhaps betrays: with Oaths the Fact deny,  
 And boldly give her Jealousy the Lye;

Book II. OVID'S *Art of Love*. 91

Not too submissive seem, nor over kind; 455  
These are the Symptoms of a guilty Mind :  
But no Caresses, no Endearments spare,  
Enjoyment pacifies the angry Fair.

There are, that strong provoking Potions praise,  
And Nature with pernicious Med'cines raise : 460  
Nor Drugs, nor Herbs will what you fancy prove,  
And I pronounce 'em pois'nous all in Love.  
Some Pepper bruis'd with Seeds of Nettles join,  
And Clary steep in Bowls of mellow Wine:  
*Venus* is most averse to forc'd Delights, 465  
Extorted Flames pollute her genial Rites.  
With Fishes Spawn thy feeble Nerves recruit,  
And with *Eringo's* hot salacious Root:  
The Goddess worship'd by th' *Erycian* Swains,  
*Myra's* white Shallot, so faint, disdains. 470  
New Eggs they take, and Honey's liquid Juice,  
And Leaves and Apples of the Pine infuse.  
Prescribe no more, my Muse, nor Med'cines give,  
Beauty and Youth need no Provocative.

You that conceal'd your secret Crimes before, 475  
Proclaim them now, now publish each Amour.  
Nor tax me with Inconstancy; we find  
The driving Bark requires a veering Wind :  
Now Northern Blasts we court, now Southern Gales,  
And ev'ry Point befriends our shifted Sails. 480  
Thus Chariot Drivers with a flowing Rein  
Direct their Steeds, then curb them in again.  
Indulgence oft corrupts the faithless Dame,  
Secure from Rivals she neglects your Flame :

The



92 OVID'S *Art of Love*. Book II.

The Mind without Variety is cloy'd, 485  
 And nauseates Pleasures it has long enjoy'd.  
 But as a Fire, whose waked Strength declines,  
 Converts to Ashes, and but faintly shines;  
 When Sulphur's brought, the spreading Flames return,  
 And glowing Embers with fresh Fury burn: 490  
 A Rival thus th' ungrateful Maid reclaims,  
 Revives Desire, and feeds her dying Flames.  
 Oft make her jealous, give your Fondness o'er,  
 And tease her often with some new Amour.  
 Happy, thrice happy Youth, with Pleasures blest, 495  
 Too great, too exquisite to be express'd!  
 That view'st the Anguish of her jealous Breast.  
 Whene'er thy Guilt the slighted Beauty knows,  
 She swoons; her Voice, and then her Colour goes.  
 Oft would my furious Nymph, in burning Rage, 500  
 Assault my Locks, and with her Nails engage;  
 Then how she'd weep, what piercing Glances cast!  
 And vow to hate the perjur'd Wretch at last.  
 Let not your Mistress long your Falshood mourn:  
 Neglected Fondness will to Fury turn. 505  
 But kindly clasp her in your Arms again,  
 And on your Breast her drooping Head sustain:  
 Whilst weeping kifs, amidst her Tears enjoy,  
 And with Excess of Bliss her Rage destroy.  
 Let her awhile lament, a while complain, 510  
 Then die with Pleasure, as she dy'd with Pain.  
 Enjoyment cures her with its powerful Charms,  
 She'll sign a Pardon in your active Arms.  
 First Nature lay an undigested Mass,  
 Heaven, Earth and Ocean wore one common Face: 515  
 Then

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Then vaulted Heav'n was fram'd, Waves Earth inclos'd,  
And *Chaos* was in beauteous Forms dispos'd ;  
The Beasts inhabit Woods, the Birds the Air,  
And to their Floods the scaly Fry repair.

Mankind alone enjoy'd no certain Place, 520

On Rapine liv'd, a rude unpolish'd Race :  
Caves were their Houses, Herbs their Food and Bed,  
Whilst each a Savage from the other fled.

Love first disarm'd the Fierceness of their Mind,  
And in one Bed the Men and Women join'd. 525

The Youth was eager, but unskill'd in Joy,  
Nor was the unexperienc'd Virgin coy :  
They knew no Courtship, no Instructor found,  
Yet they enjoy'd, and bless'd the pleasing Wound.

The Birds with Consorts propagate their kind, 530  
And sporting Fish their finny Beauties find :

In am'rous Folds the wanton Serpents twine,  
And Dogs with their salacious Females join.  
The lusty Bull delights his frisking Dames,  
And more lascivious Goat her Male inflames. 535

Mares furious grow with Love, their Eo and'ries force,  
Plunging thro' Waves to meet the neighing Horse.

Go on, brave Youth, thy gen'rous Vigour try,  
To the resenting Maid this Charm apply :

Love's soft'ning Pleasures ev'ry Grief remove, 540  
There's nothing that can make your Peace like Love.

From Drugs and Philters no Redress you'll find,  
But Nature with your Mistress will be kind.

The Love that's unconstrain'd will long endure,  
*Macbaon's* Art was false, but mine is sure. 545

Whilst

94 OVID'S *Art of Love* Book II.

Whilst thus I sung, inflam'd with nobler Fire,  
 I heard the great *Apollo's* tuneful Lyre:  
 His Hand a Branch of spreading Laurel bore,  
 And on his Head a Laurel Wreath he wore;  
 Around he cast diffusive Rays of Light, 560  
 Confessing all the God to human Sight.  
 Thou Master of lascivious Arts, he said,  
 To my frequented Fane thy Pupils lead:  
 And there inscrib'd in Characters of Gold,  
 This celebrated Sentence you'll behold. 555  
 First know your self; who to himself is known,  
 Shall love with Conduct, and his Wishes crown.  
 Where Nature has a handsome Face bestow'd,  
 Or graceful Shape, let both be often show'd:  
 Let Men of Wit and Humour Silence shun, 560  
 The Artist sing, and Soldier bluster on:  
 Of long Harangues ye Eloquent take heed,  
 Nor thy damn'd Works thou teasing Poet read.  
 Thus *Phæbus* spake: A just Obedience give,  
 And these Injunctions from a God receive. 565  
 I Mysteries unfold; to my Advice  
 Attend, ye vulgar Lovers, and grow wise.  
 The thriving Grain in Harvest often fails,  
 Oft prosp'rous Winds turn adverse to our Sails:  
 Few are the Pleasures, tho' the Toils are great; 570  
 With Patience must submissive Lovers wait.  
 What Hares on *Atbos*, Bees on *Hybla* feed,  
 Or Berries on the circling Ivy breed?  
 As Shell on sandy Shores, as Stars above,  
 So num'rous are the sure Fatigues of Love. 575  
 The

Book II. OVID'S *Art of Love.* 95

The Lady's gone Abroad, you're told; tho' seen,  
Distrust your Eyes, believe her not within.  
Her Lodgings on the promis'd Night are close,  
Resent it not, but on the Earth repose.

Her Maid will cry with an insulting Tone, 580  
What makes you faunter here? you *Sot* be gone.  
With moving Words the cruel Nymph intreat,  
And place your Garland on the bolted Gate.

Why do I light and vulgar Precepts use?  
A nobler Subject now inspires my Muse: 585  
Approaching Joys I sing, ye Youths draw near,  
Listen ye happy Lovers, and give Ear:  
The Labour's great, and daring is my Song.  
Labours and great Attempts to Love belong.

As from the sacred Oracles of *Jove* 590  
Receive these grand mysterious Truths in Love.  
Look down when she the ogling Spark invites,  
Nor touch the conscious Tablets when she writes.

Appear not jealous, tho' she's much from home, 595  
Let her at Pleasure go, unquestion'd come.

This crafty Husbands to their Wives permit,  
And learn, when she's engag'd, to wink at it.

I my own Frailties modestly confess;  
And blushing, give these Precepts I transgress. 600

Shall I, with Patience, the known Signal hear,  
Retire, and leave a happy Rival there!

What, tamely suffer the provoking Wrong,  
And be afraid to use my Hands or Tongue!

*Corinna's* Husband kiss'd her in my sight; 605  
I beat the saucy Fool, and seiz'd my Right.



96 OVID's *Art of Love*. Book II.

I, like a Fury, for my Nymph engage,  
And like a Mad-man, when I miss her, rage.  
My Passion still prevails, convinc'd I yield!  
He that submits to this is better skill'd.

610

Expose not, tho' you find her guilty Flame,  
Lest she abandon Modesty and Shame:  
Conceal her Faults, no secret Crimes upbraid;  
Nothing's so fond as a suspected Maid.  
Discover'd Love increases with Despair,  
When both alike the Guilt and Scandal share:  
All Sense of Modesty they lose in time,  
Whilst each encourages the other's Crime.

615

In Heav'n this Story's fam'd above the rest,  
Among'st th' immortal Drolls a standing Jest:  
How *Vulcan* two transgressing Lovers caught,  
And ev'ry God a pleas'd Spectator brought.  
Great *Mars* for *Venus* felt a guilty Flame,  
Neglected War, and own'd a Lover's Name:  
To his Desires the Queen of Love inclin'd;  
No Nymph in Heav'n's so willing, none so kind.  
Oft the lascivious Fair, with scornful Pride,  
Would *Vulcan's* Foot, and sooty Hands deride:  
Yet both with Decency their Passion bore,  
And modestly conceal'd the close Amour.  
But by the Sun betray'd in their Embrace,  
(For what escapes the Sun's observing Rays?)  
He told th' affronted God of his Disgrace.  
Ah foolish Sun! and much unskill'd in Love,  
Thou hast an ill Example set above!  
Never a fair offending Nymph betray,  
She'll gratefully oblige you ev'ry way:

620

625

630

635

The

Book II. OVID'S *Art of Love*. 97

The crafty Spouse around his Bed prepares  
 Nets that deceive the Eye, and secret Snares :  
 A Journey feigns, th' impatient Lovers met, 640  
 And naked were expos'd in *Vulcan's* Net.  
 The Gods deride the Criminals in Chains,  
 And scarce from Tears the Queen of Love refrains :  
 Nor could her Hands conceal her guilty Face,  
 She wants that Cover for another Place. 645  
 To surly *Mars* a gay Spectator said,  
 Why so uneasie in that envy'd Bed ?  
 On me transfer your Chains ; I'll freely come  
 For your Release, and suffer in your room.  
 At length, kind *Neptune*, freed by thy Desires, 650  
*Mars* goes for *Crete*, to *Paphos* she retires,  
 Their Loves augmented with revengeful Fires ;  
 Now conversant with Infamy and Shame,  
 They set no Bounds to their licentious Flame.  
 But honest *Vulcan*, what was thy Pretence, 655  
 To act so much unlike a God of Sense ?  
 They sin in Publick, you the Shame repent,  
 Convinc'd that Loves increase with Punishment.  
 Tho' in your Power, a Rival ne'er expose,  
 Never his intercepted Joys disclose : 660  
 This I command, *Venus* commands the same,  
 Who hates the Snares she once sustain'd with Shame.  
 What impious Wretch will *Ceres'* Rites expose,  
 Or *Juno's* solemn Mysteries disclose !  
 His witty Torments *Tantalus* deserves, 665  
 That thirsts in Waves and viewing Banquets starves.

But *Venus* most in Secrecy delights;  
 Away, ye Bablers from her silent Rites!  
 No Pomp her Mysteries attends, no Noise,  
 No sounding Brass proclaims the latent Joys! 670  
 With folded Arms the happy Pair possess,  
 Nor should the fond betraying Tongue confess }  
 Those Raptures, which no Language can express.  
 When naked *Venus* casts her Robes aside,  
 The Parts obscene her Hands extended hide: 675  
 No Girl on propagating Beasts will gaze,  
 But hangs her Head, and turns away her Face.  
 We darken'd Beds and Doors for Love provide;  
 What Nature cannot, decent Habits hide:  
 Love Darkness courts, at most a glimm'ring Light, 680  
 To raise our Joys, and just oblige the Sight.  
 Ere happy Men beneath the Roof were laid,  
 When Oaks provided them with Food and Shade;  
 Some gloomy Cave receiv'd the wanton Pair;  
 For Light too modest, and unshaded Air! 685  
 From publick View they decently retir'd,  
 And secretly perform'd what Love inspir'd.  
 Now scarce a modish Pop about the Town,  
 But boasts with whom, how oft, and where 'twas done:  
 They taste no Pleasure, relish no Delight, 690  
 'Till they recount what pass'd the happy Night.  
 But Men of Honour always thought it base,  
 To prostitute each kinder Nymph's Embrace:  
 To blast her Fame, and vainly hurt his own,  
 And furnish Scandal for a lewd Lampoon. 695

And

Book II. OVID's *Art of Love.* 99

And here I must some guilty Arts accuse,  
 And disingenuous Shifts that Lovers use,  
 To wrong the Chaste, and Innocent abuse.  
 When long repuls'd, they find their Courtship vain,  
 Her Character with Infamy they stain: 700  
 Deny'd her Person, they debauch her Fame,  
 And brand her Innocence with publick Shame.  
 Go, jealous Fool, the injur'd Beauty guard,  
 Let ev'ry Door be lock'd, and Window barr'd!  
 The suff'ring Nymph remains expos'd to Wrong, 705  
 Her Name's a Prostitute to ev'ry Tongue;  
 For Malice will with Joy the Lye receive,  
 Report, and what it wishes true, believe.

With Care conceal whate'er Defects you find,  
 To all her Faults seem like a Lover blind. 710  
 Naked *Andromeda* when *Perseus* view'd,  
 He saw her Faults, but yet pronounc'd them good.  
*Andromache* was tall, yet some report  
 Her *Hector* was so blind, he thought her short.  
 At first what's nauseous, lessens by degrees. 715  
 Young Loves are nice, and difficult to please.  
 The Infant Plant that bears a tender Rind,  
 Reels to and fro with ev'ry Breath of Wind:  
 But shooting upward to a Tree at last,  
 It stems the Storm, and braves the strongest Blast. 720  
 Time will Defects and Blemishes indear,  
 And make them lovely to your Eyes appear:  
 Unusual Scents at first may give Offence;  
 Time reconciles them to the vanquish'd Sense.



100 OVID's *Art of Love*. Book II.

Her Vices soften with some kinder Phrase; 725  
 If she is swarthy as the Negro's Face,  
 Call it a graceful Brown, and that Complexion praise.  
 The ruddy Lads must be like *Venus* fair,  
 Or like *Minerva* that has yellow Hair.  
 If pale and meagre, praise her Shape and Youth, 730  
 Active when small, when gross she's plump and smooth.  
 Ev'ry Excess by soft'ning Terms disguise,  
 And in some neighb'ring Virtue hide each Vice.  
 Nor ask her Age, consult no Register,  
 Under whose Reign she's born, or what's the Year! 735  
 If fading Youth chequers her Hair with white,  
 Experience makes her perfect in Delight;  
 In her Embrace sublimer Joys are found,  
 A fruitful Soil, and cultivated Ground!  
 The Hours enjoy whilst Youth and Pleasures last, 740  
 Age hurries on, and Death pursues too fast.  
 Or plough the Seas, or cultivate the Land,  
 Or wield the Sword in thy advent'rous Hand:  
 Or much in Love thy nervous Strength employ,  
 Embrace the Fair, the grateful Maid enjoy; 745  
 Pleasure and Wealth reward thy pleasing Pains,  
 The Labour's great but greater far the Gains.  
 Add their Experience in Affairs of Love,  
 For Years and Practice do alike improve:  
 Their Arts repair the Injuries of Time, 750  
 And still preserve them in their charming Prime;  
 In vary'd Ways they act the Pleasure o'er,  
 Not pictur'd Postures can instruct you more.

They

Book II. OVID'S *Art of Love*. FOR

They want no Courtship to provoke Delight,  
 But meet your Warmth with eager Appetite : 755  
 Give me Enjoyment, when the willing Dame  
 Glows with Desires, and burns with equal Flame.  
 I love to hear the soft transporting Joys,  
 The frequent Sighs, the tender murm'ring Voice :  
 To see her Eyes with vary'd Pleasures move, 760  
 And all the Nymph confess the Pow'r of Love.  
 Nature's not thus indulgent to the Young,  
 These Joys alone to riper Years belong ;  
 Who Youth enjoys, drinks crude unready Wine,  
 Let Age your Girl and sprightly Juice refine, 765 }  
 Mellow their Sweets, and make the Taste divine.  
 To *Helen* who'd *Hermione* prefer,  
 Or *Gorge* think beyond her Mother fair :  
 But he that covets the experienc'd Dame,  
 Shall crown his Joys, and triumph in his Flame. 770

One conscious Bed receives the happy Pair :  
 Retire, my Muse ; the Door demands thy Care.  
 What charming Words, what tender Things are said,  
 What Language flows without the useless Aid !  
 There shall the roving Hand Employment find, 775  
 Inspire new Flames, and make e'en *Virgins* kind.  
 Thus *Hector* did *Andromache* delight,  
*Hector* in Love victorious, as in Fight.  
 When weary from the Field *Achilles* came,  
 Thus with delays he rais'd *Briset's* Flame. 780  
 Ah, could those Arms, those fatal Hands delight !  
 Inspire kind Thoughts, and raise thy Appetite !

102 OVID'S *Art of Love*. Book II.

Cou'dst thou, fond Maid, be charm'd with his Embrace,  
Stain'd with the Blood of half thy royal Race?

Nor yet with Speed the fleeting Pleasures waste, 785  
Still moderate your Love's impetuous Haste:

The bashful Virgin, tho' appearing coy,  
Detains your Hand, and hugs the proffer'd Joy.  
Then view her Eyes with humid Lustre bright,  
Sparkling with Rage, and trembling with Delight: 790

Her kind Complaints, her melting Accents hear,  
The Eye she charms, and wounds the list'ning Ear.

Defer not then the clasping Nymph's Embrace,  
But with her Love maintain an equal Pace:  
Raise to her Heights the Transports of your Soul, 795  
And fly united to the happy Goal.

Observe these Precepts when with Leisure blest,  
No threatening Fears your private Hours molest;  
When Danger's near, your active Force employ,  
And urge with eager Speed the hasty Joy. 800

Then ply your Oars, then practise this Advice,  
And strain, with Whip and Spur, to gain the Prize.

The Work's compleat, triumphant Palms prepare,  
With flow'ry Wreaths adorn my flowing Hair.  
As to the Greeks was *Podalirius'* Art, 805

To heal with Med'cines the afflicted Part:

*Nestor's* Advice, *Achilles'* Arms in Field,

*Automedon* for Chariot-driving skill'd;

As *Chalcas* cou'd explain the mystick Bird,  
And *Telamon* cou'd wield the brandish'd Sword: 810

Such to the Town my fam'd Instructions prove,  
So much am I renown'd for Arts of Love.

Book II. OVID'S *Art of Love*. 103

Me ev'ry Youth shall praise, extol my Name,  
And o'er the Globe diffuse my lasting Fame.

I Arms provide against the scornful Pair,

815

Thus *Vulcan* arm'd *Achilles* for the War.

Whatever Youth shall with my Aid o'ercome,

And lead his *Amazon* in Triumph home;

Let him that conquers, and enjoys the Dame,

In Gratitude for his instructed Flame,

820 }

Inscribe the Spoils with my auspicious Name.

The tender Girls my Precepts next demand,  
Them I commit to a more skilful Hand.

*The End of the Second Book.*







# NOTES

On the SECOND BOOK of

OVID's Art of LOVE.



*ND* none the soft Chaonian Bird molests.  
*Quasque colat turre Chaonis ales habet.*  
 The Chaonian Bird is the Dove. Ovid makes use of the Particular for the General. Chaonia is part of Epirus, so call'd from the Fate of Chaon a Trojan, as Virgil says in his 3d *Æneid*:

— *Qui Chaonios cognomine campos,  
 Chaoniamque omnem, Trojano à Chaone dixit.*

There was a Temple of Dodonian Jupiter, where Doves dispens'd the sacred Oracles with human Voices. Propertius speaks of these Doves in the 9th Elegy of his first Book:

*Non me Chaonia vincant in amore columbæ.*

In the Forest of Dodona in Epirus, not far from the Temple, there were Doves that prophesy'd. From whence, says Servius, comes the Fable that Peliades, in the Thessalian Tongue, signifies Prophet and Dove; which he grounds on this Verse of the 9th Eclogue of Virgil:

*Chaonias dicunt aquilâ veniente columbas.*

And

## NOTES on the Second Book. 105

And thence certainly the same *Virgil* says elsewhere,

*Atque habitæ Graiis oracula quercus.*

*Pausanias*, in his *Acbaicks*, reports, That these Doves gave Answers from the *Dodonean Oaks*. But *Herodotus*, in his *Euterpe*, writes, That these Doves were prophesying Women: Upon which *Beroaldus* observes abundance of Things, too long to be inserted here.

He needs not, that *Presents, my useless Art*. That is, Riches will do all things, and Interest easily gains a Woman's Heart, because the Sex is generally covetous.

And *Lions*, &c. In some Editions, 'tis *Tumidosque Leones*; in some, *Numidasque Leones*; the former does as well as the latter. For 'tis certain, no Creature is so stately and fierce as a Lion; who, when he's hunted by Dogs and Huntsmen in the open Field, seems to despise his Pursuers, and flies slowly from them; but when he's in the Woods, and thinks his Shame may be sav'd by Flight, he runs with great Speed to avoid them. The first that ever tam'd a Lion, was a Noble *Carthaginian*, whose Name was *Hanno*; and he was condemn'd for that very Reason: The *Carthaginians* not thinking their Liberty cou'd be secure, while a Person liv'd who was able to tame so fierce an Animal.

*Fiercely Atlanta o'er the Forest rovd*. The Poet makes use of the Example of *Atalanta*, to shew there's nothing so wild, but may be made gentle. He speaks of her in the 3d Book:

*Milanon humeris Atalantæ crura ferebat.*

And in the 2d Elegy of the 3d Book of his *Amorum*:

*Talia Milanion Atalantæ crura fugacis*

*Optavit manibus sustinuisse suis.*

And *Propertius* says the same thing in other Words in his first Elegy:

*Milanon nullos fugiendo, Tulle, labores,*

*Sævitiæ duræ contudit Iasidos.*

And what follows relates entirely to the same thing. The Antients wrote *Melanion*, and not *Milanion*: And by *Iasi-*

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dos is meant *Atalanta*, Daughter of *Iafus*; as *Apollodorus* writes in his 3d Book. There were two *Atalanta's*: She who is spoken of here, whom the Poet calls *Nonacrina*, that is, of *Arcadia*; and another who was so famous at the Races. *Parthenopeus* was the Son of the *Arcadian Atalanta*, the youngest and handsomest of the seven Captains who were in the War of *Thebes*. See what *Statius* writes upon this Subject, in several places of his *Thebaides*. *Hyleus* and *Melanion* were in Love with this *Atalanta*; but *Melanion* only enjoy'd her, as *Propertius* observes in the before-cited Verses.

When she's at Cards, or rattling Dice she throws. *Seu ludet, numerosque manu jactabit eburnos*. *Merula* explains these *numeros eburnos* thus: *Tesseræ quæ alio nomine quadrantalæ, græcè vero cubos appellamus*; which, properly speaking are Dice, or things made like Dice, of cubical Figures, with different Numbers mark'd upon each Cube. We must own however, that there's nothing more difficult, than to explain the ancient Gaming, especially to make it any way agree with the Modern. There was a sort of Dice among the Romans which they call'd *Talus*; and *Ovid* makes mention of them in this place.

*Seu jacies talos, victam ne pœna sequatur,  
Damnosi facito sent tibi sæpe Canes.*

*Pliny* describes the *Talus* thus: *Rectus est in Articulo pedis Venter eminens in Vertebra ligatus*. The Greeks call'd it *Astragal*; and *Pliny* gives those that play'd with it, the Name of *Astragalizontes*. *Plato*, in his *Phædo*, writes, That *Theuth*, who was an old *Persian* God, invented it, as well as computing by Numbers, *Geometry* and *Astronomy*. On the contrary *Herodotus* affirms, the *Lydians* were the first Inventors of this, and several other sorts of Gaming, as Dice and Billiards, &c. By *Ovid's* *Damnosi Canes*, Dangerous Dogs, we must understand a Dice that had the Figure of a Dog on one of its Cubes, and it serv'd instead of an Ace with us: On the other Cubes were represented Vultures, and one had the Figure of *Venus* upon it, and was as good as 7. Two others were call'd *Chiis* and *Senio*; this went for four, and the other for three:

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three: But the Play is quite out of use. The Dog always lost, and therefore 'tis call'd *Damnifus*; But the *Senio* was lucky; as *Isidorus* observes on the Word *Tessera*. And *Persius* in his 3d Satyr writes thus:

——— *Quid dexter senio ferret,  
Scire erat in voto; damnosa Canicula quantum  
Raderet; angustæ collo non fallier oræ.*

*Martial*, in the 1st Epigram of his 13th Book, touches on the same thing:

*Senio nec nostrum cum canis quassat ebur.*

And *Propertius* in his 9th Elegy, Book the 4th:

*Et mihi per Talos Venerem quærente secundas,  
Damnosi semper subfluere Canes.*

*Ovid* in the 11th Book of his *Tristibus*:

*Quid valeant Tali; quo possis plurima jactu  
Figere, damnosos effugasque Canes.*

To this Purpose writes *Delrio*, in his Comment on the mad *Hercules* of *Seneca*, p. 243. *Junius* in the 4th Chapter of his 11th Book. *Swinebius* in the 27th Book. *Cassaubon* upon *Suetonius*, p. 152. n. 24. *Raderus* upon the 11th and 12th Epigram of the 4th Book of *Martial*.

*Ovid* speaks of another Play in use among the Romans.

*Sive Latrocinii sub imagine Calculus ibit:*

The *Latrocinii Calculus* has been translated *Chest*. The *Calculus* of the Ancients is certainly the same thing; which they call also *Latrones Pelles*, to play with like our Men. They had a diminutive for them, *Latrunculi*, and the vulgar call'd this Play *Scacchis* or *Scachis* *Chests*. *Polydorus*, in his Book of the Inventors of things, Chapter the 13th, treats of this Matter. And that admirable Poet, *Jerome Vida*, calls this Play *Scacchis*. We find in *Cicero*, *Quintilian*, and the *Plinies*, That the Ladies and Persons of Quality us'd this Game very much: And the great *Pliny* even reports, There were Monkeys that play'd at *Chests*.



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*Chefs.* The Men were made of Glass, precious Stones or other Materials of different Colours, that they might not be confounded one with another. Upon which our Poet writes,

*Fac pereat vitreo miles ab hoste tuus.*

And *Martial*, in the 20th Epigram of his 14th Book;

*Insidiosum si ludis bella Latronum,  
Gemmeus iste tibi Miles & Hostis erit.*

That is, one on one side, and t'other on the other; but nevertheless of different Colours, as I have hinted. *Lucan* says the same thing in his Poem to *Piso*; *Vitreo pugnantur milite bella*: And again,

*Callidior modo tabula variatur aperta  
Calculus, & vitreo peraguntur milite bella.*

*Petronius* says,

*Calculos in tabula nobile ducit opus.*

And that they were made of Silver and Gold, *Prosper*, in his Treatise of the *Glory of the Saints*, writes, There were some white and some red. *Candidos & purpureos*, alluding, without doubt, to playing at Chefs, *Martial*, in the 18th Epigram of his 12th Book, paints this Matter very lively.

*Hec mihi bisseño numeratur tessera puncto,  
Calculus hic gemino discolor hoste perit.*

And in the 34th Epigram of the 12th Book:

*Et si calculos omnis huc & illuc  
Diversus bicolorque digeratur,  
Vincet candida turba nigriorem.*

And in the 4th Book of the old Epigrams cited by *Savaronius*:

*Discolor ancipiti sub jactu calculus adstat,  
Decertantque simul candidus atque proventus.*

*Sidonius Apollinaris* in the 12th Epistle of his 8th Book to *Trigotius*, speaks of it very distinctly, writing thus to his Friend; *hic te edificatus culcitis thorax, hic tabula Calculis strata bicoloribus, hic tessera frequens eboratis resultatura Pyrgorum*

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*Pyrgorum gradibus expectat.* Several have observ'd that this Play was a Representation of War, and that *Pyrrhus* King of *Epirus* learn'd the Military Art by playing at Chess. For many learned Men have made no difficulty to suppose that the Game of Chess, which *Jerome Vida*, whom I have mention'd, wrote an excellent Poem upon, was the same which the Ancients call'd *Latruncula's*, if I may be allow'd to use that Word which *Calcagninus* has learnedly made out in the Book he wrote *de ludo talorum, tesserarum, & Calculorum*. We must not forget what *Martial* says to *Paulus* in the 71st Epigram of the 7th Book:

*Sic vincas Noviumque Publiumque  
Mandris, & vitreo latrone Clausos:  
Sic Palmam tibi de trigone nudo  
Unctæ det favor arbiter Coronæ.*

Which also is a good Image of a Game at Chess. By these Pieces of Glass spoken of here, as well as in *Ovid*, some think the Colour of the Men are only meant, being blueish, or rather of a Sea-green Colour, as *Bullinger* remarks in his Treatise of the *Cirque*, Chapter 48. The foregoing Observations on Chess, and other *Roman* Plays, are taken almost entirely from the *French*, and the Author has explain'd the Original with equal Learning and Clearness.

*In heat, with an Umbrella ready stand.* *Ovid* says, *ipse tene distincta tuis umbracula virgis*; and our Word *Umbrella* comes near the *Latin* *Umbris*; the *French* has no relation to it, *Parasol* being not at all to be made out of *Umbracula*, from *Umbra*, Shade; but the *French* comes from a *Spanish* Word, signifying to defend one from the Sun. This is noted to shew that in some things we take our Words directly from the *Latin*, before they have pass thro' the hands of the *French*, which however is very rare. Upon the same Occasion *Martial* writes in the 18th Epigram of his 14th Book.

*Accipe quæ nimios vincant umbracula soles,  
Sit licet & ventus, te tua vela tegerent.*

They

## FIO    NOTES on the Second Book.

They were commonly in use at the Theatres or in Walks, to keep off the heat of the Sun, the Rain, and the Wind. Sometimes they were made of Feathers; for, according to most Commentators, by *Vergis* here we must understand Feathers, sew'd or otherwise fasten'd together. *Ovid* advises the Lover not only to hold an Umbrella over his Mistress, but to descend to meaner Offices, to pull off or put on her Shoes or Slippers.

*Et tenero soleam deme, vel adde, pedi.*

The Word *Solea* implies here any thing that is worn on the Leg and Foot, tho' in particular it means only a Pair of Slippers.

*And grasp the Distaff with obedient Hands:* Speaking of *Hercules*, who for the Love of *Omphale* us'd the Distaff and Basket according to the Fashion of the *Ionian* Damsels: Upon which *Terence*, in his *Eunuch*, Act the 5th, Scene 8. makes *Thraso* say, *qui minus, quam Hercules servavit Omphale?* to shew there's no Valour so great, but may be conquer'd by the Delights of Love.

*And well deserv'd that Heav'n whose weight he bore;* speaking still of *Hercules*? Who having learn'd Astrology of *Atlas* King of *Mauritania*, as *Diodorus* says, the Poets feign'd he help'd the same *Atlas* to bear up the Sky.

*If she's at Law. Jussus adesse foro.* The Forum was the Place where the Judges sat to hear Causes; and answers to our *Westminster-Hall*, &c.

*Fame says that Phœbus kept Admetus' Herd.* That was, after he was degraded of his Divinity, for the Death of the *Cyclops*: Upon which he fled to *Theffaly*, and submitted to keep *Admetus* the King's Sheep. *Macrobius* interprets this Fable by the Sun's pregnation all the Productions of the Earth. While *Apollo* was a Shepherd, he fell in Lovewith *Isis*, a Daughter of *Macareus* and the Nymph *Oenone*; others write he was enamour'd of *Alceste*, Daughter of *Pelias* and Wife to *Admetus*.

*Thus thro' the boist'rous Seas Leander mov'd.* The Fable of *Hero* and *Leander* is as well known as any in *Ovid*, he treats of it in his Epistles; we find it also in *Museus's* Poem, and in *Martial's* Epigrams.

*When*

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*When Servants merry make, &c.* This has Allusion to a Festival celebrated at *Rome* by the Servants in remembrance of a great piece of Service their Predecessors had done the *Romans*, soon after the Invasion of the *Gauls*; the time of celebrating it was in *July*. 'Twas done in Honour of *Juno Caprotina*, according to *Macrobius* in his *Saturnalia*, Book 1. Chap. 11. The Free Maidens and Servants, says the same Author, sacrific'd on that Day to *Juno*, under a wild Fig-tree, call'd in *Latin* *Caprificus*, in Memory of that complaisant Virtue which inspir'd the Servant-Maids to expose themselves to the Lust and Revenge of the Enemy, for the Preservation of the Publick Honour. For after the *Gauls* had taken the City, and were driven out again, when things were restor'd to their former Order, the neighbouring Nations, believing the *Romans* were very much weaken'd by the late Invasion, Siege, and Sack, took hold of that Opportunity to invade them, choosing *Publius Livius* of *Fidenes* for their Chief, and demanded of the Senate, That if they would preserve their City and Authority, they should send them their Wives and Daughters. The Senators taking the Matter into Consideration, could not tell what Answer to return. They knew their own Weakness, and the Strength of their Enemies; and in this uncertainty a Servant-Maid call'd *Tutela* or *Philotis*, offer'd to go with some other Maids of the same Condition to the Enemy. This proposal was generally lik'd, and accordingly the Maids were dress'd like the Wives of Senators, and the Daughters of Free Citizens, and went weeping to put themselves into the Hands of the Invaders. *Livius* order'd them to be dispers'd into several Quarters; and as they had agreed among themselves, they tempted their new Husbands to drink, pretending that Day ought to be celebrated as a Festival; and when they were almost dead drunk, they gave the *Romans* a Signal from the Top of a Fig-tree to fall on. The latter were encamp'd not far off, and at this Signal they assaulted and easily master'd the Enemy's Camp, putting most of them to the Sword. The Senate, to reward this important Service, order'd that the Servants should be made Free, that they should have Portions paid them out of the Publick Treasury,



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fury, and allow'd them to wear the Ornaments they had taken. The Day on which this happy Expedition was executed, was call'd the *Caprotine* Nones, from the wild Fig-tree *Caprificus*, from whence the Signal was given to the *Romans* to sally out and gain so glorious a Victory, in remembrance of which Action the Servants sacrific'd every Year under this or some other Fig-tree. *Plutarch* relates the same Story in the Life of *Camillus*.

*Tho' stale, and in the Suburb Market bought.* This gives us a better Idea of *Ovid's* Thought than a literal Translation would have done. He speaks of the Fruits sold in the *Holy street*, or *Via Sacra*, as *Varro* writes in his Treatise of Country Affairs, and *Propertius* in the 24th Elegy of the 2d Book :

*Quæque nitent sacra vilia dona via.*

And *Ovid* himself, in the 8th Elegy of his 1st Book *Amorum*, says ;

*Munera præterea, videat, quæ miserit alter ;*

*Si tibi nil dederit, sacra roganda via est.*

And we find the same in an Epigram upon the *Priapus's*.

*Hæc quacunq; tibi posui vernacula poma,*

*De sacra nulli dixeris esse via.*

This Street was call'd *Holy* because 'twas the Place where *Romulus* and *Tatius* enter'd into an Alliance

With *Chestnuts*, *Melons*, &c. In *Ovid* 'tis, with *Chestnuts* which *Amaryllis* loves. *Macrobius* in the 18th Chapter of his 8th Book calls them *Heracleotiques*; according to *Oppian*, whom he honours with the Title of Learned, and who speaks of them in the Book he says he wrote of wild Trees. *Virgil* mentions these *Chestnuts* in his first Eclogue.

*Castaneasque nuces mea quas Amaryllis amabat.*

And when *Ovid* wrote these Verses,

*Afferat aut Uvas, aut quas Amaryllis amabat :*

*At nunc Castaneas, nunc amat illa Nuces.*

It seems very probable he had seen that Eclogue, and remember'd *Amaryllis's* *Chestnuts*. He speaks of other  
Nuts.

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Nuts also, of which *Macrobius* in the abovemention'd Place names several sorts, and the Passage is very curious.

Some larger Fish or choicer Fowl present, *Ovid* names the Bird. *Turdoque licet missaque corona*. The *Turdi* were our Thrushes, and *Martial* thought them one of the finest Dishes that could come at a Table.

*Inter aves, turdus, si quis me judice certet.*

They were sent in Bunches made up in the Shape of a Crown; and to shew how much the same Poet valu'd them, I will repeat this little Epigram.

*Texta rosis fortasse tibi, vel divite nardo;*

*At mihi de turdis facta Corona placet.*

'Tis with this Art the Childless Miser's caught; Thus future Legacies are basely bought. The Translation very well expresses the Meaning of the Original, and *Juvenal* has said enough on this Subject in his Satyr, when he falls upon such as flatter the Rich, in hopes of being put in their Wills for good Legacies.

But *who, alas!* of late are mov'd by Verse. In the Original the Expression is a little more significant. Indeed what *Ovid* complains of in his time, may with much more Reason be exclaim'd against now; for the Muses are not only neglected but despis'd: However, the Poets are reveng'd of those that despise them, by believing there are more who do it out of Ignorance and Envy, than out of real Contempt; for such a one must be a Monster, insensible of Harmony and Wit, Reason and Eloquence. But 'tis too true that Learning of all sorts is not in that Esteem which it was in *Augustus's* Days; and if there are a few Men who write good Books, there are fewer still who read them. Nor are we singular in our Fortune in *England*, since the *French* Author makes the same Complaint, and we doubt not 'tis generally all over the World; for if *Ovid* had Reason to say this in the politest Court and Age that ever was known, 'tis no wonder the Ages in their Depravity should give much more occasion for such a Scandal. What the Poet writes of the little Esteem Verse was in, is very agreeable, and one may see he speaks from the Abundance of his Heart. Who is there who cannot as heartily join with him?

*Purple*

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*Purple commend.* 'Tis Tyrian Purple in the Original, that being the finest Dye. It took its Name from an Island called Tyre, which afterwards by the Magnificence of Alexander the Great was join'd to the Continent, for 'twas very near before. Ovid mentions a particular Robe which the Lover was to praise, *Gausapa si sumpsit, gausapa sumpta proba*. The French Author translates *Gausapa* a Cymar; 'twas a Winter Gown and furr'd, of which Martial says,

*Is mihi candor inest, villorum gratia tanta est,  
Ut me vel media sumere mense velis.*

Or when she combs, or when she curls her Hair. We may perceive that either the Ladies were not so nice in managing their Hair before their Lovers, in Ovid's Time; or, that the Ladies he speaks of, were not the nicest. They curl'd their Hair with a Bodkin, and sometimes with a hot Iron, as in our Days; but they shew'd more of it, than 'tis the Fashion with the Modern Ladies.

The next Care Ovid recommends to the Lover is the Complaisance he is to observe towards his Mistress when she is sick; and the Poet here sacrifices his Delicacy to his Tendernefs.

*Think nothing nauseous in her loath'd Disease,  
But with your ready hand contrive to please.  
Weep in her Sight, then sonder Kisses give,  
And let her burning Lips your Tears receive.*

*Et sicco Lacrymas combibat ore tuas.* But there is one Passage which could not so elegantly be express'd in English, *Lustrat anus lectumque locumque*, alluding to a Ceremony practis'd by the Romans of purifying the Bed; an Office which belong'd to the Nurse. And this was done with Sulphur and Eggs; a sort of Religious Worship, when Vows were made for the Health and Rest of the Patient. Apuleius, in his first Book of his *Golden Ass*, makes mention of a like Purification; so does Juvenal:

— *Metuique jubet Septembris & austri  
Adventum, nisi se centum lustraveris ovīs.*

And

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And *Propertius* Elegy 9. Book 4.

*Terque meum tetigit sulfuris igne caput.*

For the Number of Three was always Mysterious; and as to Sulphur of which he speaks here, as well as *Ovid*; it was thought to have great Virtue in Purifications. Upon which see the 15th Chapter of the 35th Book of *Pliny*. *Ovid*, in the 4th Book *de Fastis*. *Tibullus* Elegy 5. Book 1. And *Servius* upon this Verse in the 6th *Æneid*:

*Alia panduntur inanes, &c.*

*The dreadful Bull.* This and the following Similes are taken from Country Affairs, which have an agreeable Effect on this Occasion, when the Poet speaks of the Tendency of every living thing to Love.

*When Sparta's Prince.* *Menelaus* was then absent in *Crete*, whither he and his Brother *Agamemnon* went to divide the Estate left them by their Father *Atreus*.

*Nor Drunkard by th' Aonian God possesst.* *Aonia* is taken here for *Bæotia*, of which *Thebes* was the Capital, where *Bacchus* was born; and the Fury that transports People when they are drunk, is very well compared to that of wild Beasts and Vipers.

*Her Offspring's Blood enrag'd Medea spilt.* *Medea*, to be reveng'd of *Jason* for his Inconstancy, murder'd her own Children after they had liv'd together ten Years with *Creon* King of *Corinth*: She did this when *Jason* left her to marry *Creusa*; or, as *Diodorus* names her, *Glauca*, the King's Daughter: From thence he fled to *Thebes*; and thence to *Ægeus*, King of *Athens*, who banish'd her. Some Authors write that she burnt *Jason* and *Creusa*, by setting their Palace on Fire. What is more certain is, that *Euripides* has written a very fine Tragedy on this Subject; and 'tis said *Ovid* did the same.

*And Progne's unrelenting Fury proves.* *Progne* Wife of *Tereus* King of *Thrace*, who kill'd her own Daughters, and presented them to her Husband, because he had ravish'd her Sister *Philomela*. The Fable is reported at large in the 6th Book of the *Metamorphoses*.

*While*



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*While with a Wife Atrides liv'd content. Agamemnon,*  
Son of *Atræus*, whose Wife *Ovid* thinks would not have been so impudent, if he himself had been constant, and had not ravish'd *Briseis* and *Cassandra*. See the first Book of *Homer's Iliads*, *Ovid's Heroical Epistles*, and *Seneca's Agamemnon*. *Briseis* was the Daughter of the King of *Lyrnessi*, a City on the Frontiers of *Troas*, over-against *Lesbos*.

*And took Ægisthus to her injur'd Arms. Ægisthus* the Son of *Thyestes* and *Pelopeia*, his own Daughter, kill'd his Uncle *Atræus* and his Son *Agamemnon*, whose Wife *Chytemnestra* he had debauch'd, and was himself kill'd by her Son *Orestes*, to revenge the Death of *Agamemnon* his Father.

*Some Pepper bruis'd, with Seeds of Nettles join,*

*And Clary steep.* This makes the Sense of the Author plain, by the infamous Use of such Draughts. *Ovid* calls it *Saturea*, or Savoury. Others give it the Term of *Satureia*; and *Pliny* and *Columella* of *Thymbra*, because it tasted very much of *Thyme*. Some imagine 'twas call'd *Saturea* of *Satyrs*; others derive it from *Saturitate*. The Quality of this Plant is very hot, according to the several Observations of *Dioscorides*; and his Commentator *Matthiæolus*. *Martial* also mentions it:

*Sed nil erucæ faciunt bulbique salaces,*

*Improba nec profunt jam saturea tibi.*

As for the Pepper, its Nature is hot and dry, and mix'd with Nettle and Linseed is good for the Pain in the Side; 'tis proper to add Hyssop also, according to *Pliny's* Observation.

*The Goddess worshipp'd by th' Erycian Swains,*

*Megara's white Shallot, so fam'd, disdains.* Mount *Eryx* in *Sicily* was so call'd from *Eryx* a Son of *Venus*; who having taken a certain King call'd *Bula* to her Arms, had this Child by him. He built a Temple here to his Mother, when he arriv'd to Man's Estate, who from thence had the Name of *Erycinian*, or *Erycina*: We have made bold to use the Word *Erycian* of *Eryx* for the sake of the Measure. *Venus Erycina*, or *Erycinian*, is often met with

## NOTES on the Second Book. 117

with in the Writings of the Ancient Poets; as in the 5th *Æneid*.

*Tunc vicina Astris Erycino in vertice sedes.*

We have translated *Candidus Alcathei qui mittitur Urbe Pelasga*, Megara's white Shallot, as *Merula* and *Mycillus* interpret it. *Alcatheus*, Son of *Pelops*, gave *Megara*, the Name of *Alcathei*; for he returning from *Elis* after the Death of *Nisus*, his Father-in-law, King of *Megara* succeeded him, and built a Fort, which he call'd by his own Name; as *Pausanias* in his *Atticks* witnesses. But here *Ovid* certainly speaks of a Bulbous Plant that grew in the Territory of *Megara*, which had a hot Quality, and provok'd to Lust; as all the Naturalists confess, and among others *Columella*.

*Spargite quæque vires acuunt, armantque Puellas:*

*Jam Megaris veniant genitalia semina Bulbi,*

*Et qui sicca legit Getulis obruta glebis.*

Which also gave occasion to this Epigram of *Martial*:

*Quum sit anus conjunx, & sint tibi mortua membra;*

*Nil aliud, bulbis quam satur esse potes.*

*New Eggs they take.* Especially Hens and Partridges, which, as *Almanzor* teaches, are wonderfully Provocative; *Pliny* says they are very nourishing, if not eaten to Excess. *Horace*, Satyr 4. Book 1. prefers your longish Eggs to those that are round.

*And Honey's liquid Juice.* The Poet says Honey of *Hymetta*, from a Hill in *Attica*, where Flowers grew continually, and excellent Honey was made, as *Strabo* witnesses, as well as *Pliny* and several others. The Honey of *Hybla*, in *Sicily* was also in great Esteem. That of *Narbonne* in *France*, and *Hampshire* in *England* has as good a Name as the *Hymetian* or *Hyblæan* Honey. The Kernels of the Pine apple and Pistachos are mention'd by the Author, as Provocatives; and *Pliny* observes, they strengthen the Reins. *Martial* writes of the Pine-apples.

*Poma sumus Cybeles, procul hinc discede Viator;*

*Ne cadat in miserum nostra ruina caput.*

*First*

## 118 NOTES on the Second Book.

*First Nature lay an undigested Mass.* The following Verses are almost the same with the beginning of his *Metamorphoses*; and the only Fault of this Poet seems to be his using the same Thought too frequently. In which he is the more faulty, because we may see plainly he was of an abounding Genius. His undigested Mass is what we call *Chaos*; but not according to the Opinion of some Persons, who, as *Diodorus* reports, said the World was uncreated and uncorruptible, and that Mankind had no Origin. Not to enter into that Dispute, it appears very probable, that the great and principal Parts of which the World is compos'd, let it be made when it will, are as young and vigorous as ever. The Sun, the Stars, the Earth, the Seas, Fire and Air, are not weary of the Labour, and pregnate continually with the Vicissitudes which have been in all Times observ'd.

*Machaon's Art, &c.* An admirable Physician, of whom *Homer* speaks in the 2d *Iliad*. And *Diodorus* writes, that *Æsculapius* left two Sons, who were both Physicians, and as famous as himself, *Machaon* and *Podalirius*, who accompany'd *Agamemnon* to the Siege of *Troy*, and cur'd Wounds almost to a Miracle.

*First know yourself.* This was a Saying of *Chilo* the *Lacedæmonian*, who was one of the seven wise Men of *Greece*. *Pliny* mentions him; and this Saying was so highly esteem'd, that 'twas written in Letters of Gold in the Temple as *Delphos*, *noscere se quemque*. But, according to *Juvenal*, it came from Heaven, as well as that other *Too much of nothing*; to which he adds, *Comitemque æris alieni ac litis esse miseriam*.

*What Hares on Athos, Bees on Hybla feed.* *Athos* is a Mountain in *Macedonia*, or *Thrace*, according to *Stephanus*; which *Xerxes*, as *Pliny* tells us, divided 1500 Paces from the Continent; 'tis so high, that its Top is above the Region of the Clouds. *Herodotus* speaks of it in his 7th Book, and *Statius* in his *Sylvæ*.

— *Ingenti tellurem proximus umbra*  
*Vestit Athos, nemorumque obscurat imagine pontum.*

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Our Poet says here, this Mountain was full of Hares of some sort or other; for there are several kinds of them. *Hyblea* or *Hybla*, in *Sicily*, has been spoken of before. *Thucydides* informs us, it took its Name from a King call'd *Hyblus*, and that 'twas afterwards nam'd *Megara*; there were abundance of Bees in the Country about it, and thence it became so famous for Honey, as *Ovid* takes notice more than once.

*What makes you santer here? &c.* There is a very difficult Passage in the Original, omitted therefore in the Translation.

*Effugere hinc non est quare tibi possit amica  
Dicere, non omni tempore sensus abest.*

It should be, says the French Translator, *Sensus abest*, and not *Sensus abest*. *Merula* reads them thus,

*Effuge dehinc non est quare tibi possit amica  
Dicere, non omni tempore sensus abest.*

Others read *adest*, and others *abest*; 'Tis obscure every way, and there seems to be an Error in the Text. The Commentators generally puzzle the Cause, when they endeavour to explain it, so 'tis left as 'twas found, without espousing one Opinion or another.

*For what escapes the Sun's observing Rays?* The Sun sees all things, and nothing can avoid being seen by it, any more than it can dispense with being warm'd by it. *Virgil*, at the end of his *Georgicks*, Book the 1<sup>st</sup>, says,

*Falsum quis dicere solem audeat?*

*A Journey seigns.* To *Lemnos*, as the Poet says, an Island in the *Aegean Sea*, over-against Mount *Athos*, according to *Pliny*. *Ephæstia* and *Myrine* were two Cities in it, in ancient Times, whither, during the Solstice, the Mountain us'd to send its Shade. 'Twas in this Isle that *Vulcân* fell, when his Father *Jupiter* flung him from Heaven; and he thence became a Cripple, as we find in *Valerius Flaccus*, Book 11.

To *Paphos* she retires. *Paphos* is a City in *Cyprus* sometimes call'd *Paphos*, sometimes *Palæpaphos*, or ancient *Paphos*. 'Twas consecrated to *Venus*; and she was for that reason



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reason nam'd *Paphian* and *Palæpaphian Venus*. Ovid gives her also the Name of *Diana*, who was the Daughter of *Oceanus* and *Tethys*, and begat *Venus* by *Jupiter*, wherefore she goes by that Nymph her Mother's Name.

*Never his intercepted Joys disclose.* He means intercepting a Rival's Letter, and discovering the Contents. To intercept Letters, and divulge a Secret, was a Crime punishable by the Laws, by Banishment, or Interdiction of Fire and Water, by which was understood Exile.

*What impious Wretch will Ceres' Rites expose.* This is a Simile, and shews us, 'twas not lawful to reveal the Mysteries of *Ceres*. *Macrobius* in the 11th Chapter of his 1st Book upon *Scipio's* Dream, writes, That the Philosopher *Numenius*, being too curious to know the Secrets of hidden things, incurr'd the Wrath of the Gods, by divulging the *Eleusinian* Mysteries which were the same with those of *Ceres*.

Or *Juno's* solemn Mysteries, &c. In Latin, *Magnaque Threicia sacra reperta Samos? Samos* in *Thrace*, or *Samothrace*, where the sacred Mysteries of *Ceres* were celebrated, as *Diodorus* writes in his 6th Book. *Samothrace* was an Island, call'd before that *Dardania*. A Queen of the *Amazons*, whose Name was *Myrrhina*, having conquer'd several Islands, was in danger of perishing in a Storm; out of which escaping, she vow'd a Sacrifice to the Mother of the Gods, and arriv'd in this Island, which was then desert. Here she was warn'd in a Dream, to consecrate it to that Goddess, which she did, built a Temple, and celebrated Feasts in her Honour, calling the Island by the Name of *Samothrace*. Some Historians however write, that it was at first call'd *Samos* by the People of the Country, and afterwards *Samothrace* by the *Thracians*, who came to inhabit it.

*His witty Torments Tantalus deserves.* He proves by the Example of *Tantalus*, that no Man should reveal Secrets. *Tantalus*, so *Diodorus* tells us, was the Son of *Jupiter* and the Nymph *Plota*, equally Rich and Renown'd. He dwelt in *Paphlagonia*, and was favour'd by the Gods for the Dignity of his Birth; but having been told some of their Secrets, and divulging them to Mortals, he was  
thrown

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thrown into Hell for his Crime, where his Punishment was what Ovid tells us,

*Poma pater Pelopis presentia querit; & idem  
Semper eget liquidis, semper abundat aquis.*

And Tibullus,

*Tantalus est illic, & circum flamma, sed acron  
Jamjam poturi deserit unda sitim.*

'Tis easy to see that by the Fable of *Tantalus*, the Ancients meant Misers, whose Desires after Riches are insatiable; and 'tis in this Sense *Horace* takes notice of it in his first Satire to *Mecænas*.

But boasts with whom, &c. And who is there so ignorant as not to know, the Fops of our Age are exactly like those in *Ovid's*.

*Naked Andromeda when Perseus view'd,  
He saw her Faults, &c.* That is, she was Black, as this Poet elsewhere says,

*Andromede patricæ fusca colore sue.*

She was Swarthy, or had not a good Skin and Complexion, yet *Perseus* lik'd her, deliver'd her from the Sea Monster, and married her. This Fable every body knows.

*Andromache was tall.* The Poet means she was very tall, and so much that 'twas rather a Disadvantage than a Beauty, yet *Hector* thought she was of a moderate height. This Princess was the Daughter of *Ætion* King of *Thebes*, and *Hector's* Wife. *Ovid* is not the only Author who takes notice of her Tallness. *Juvenal* in his 6th Satire, wherein he rallies a Lady in his time, who dress'd her Head very high, says she affected to have the Air of *Andromache*.

*If she is Swarthy.* Blacker than *Illyrian* Pitch, says *Ovid*, by which we find *Illyria* was famous for it. The Greeks call'd the People who liv'd above *Macedonia* and *Thrace*, as far as *Chadonia* and *Thesprotus* to the *Danube*, *Illyrians*, according to *Appian*; which Name was given them from *Illyrius* the Son of *Phyphemus* and *Galeata*.

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*Not pictur'd Postures, &c.* He speaks of obscene Pictures representing Nudities, and different Postures, such as *Carraccio's* and *Aretin's* in latter Days. For there was as bad in old Times compos'd by *Elephantis*, from which *Tiberius* took the Figures that were painted in his Bed-chamber and Closet. There is an ancient Epigram that mentions some such Picture, which a certain *Lalagus* presented to the God of the *Hellepont*.

*Obscenas rigido Deo tabellas  
Ducens ex Elephantidos libellis,  
Dat donum Lalagus, rogatque tentes  
Si pictas opus edat figuras.*

There are too many of these infamous Paintings in our own time, and 'tis pity the use of Snuff has given occasion to introduce them into some Companies, where such things should be held in Detestation. Enough of this Bestiality.

*Give me enjoyment, &c.* From this and the following Verses we may perceive our Poet abhorr'd the Galantry too much practis'd among the *Romans* then, and *Italians* now, as well as in the Eastern Countries.

Indeed we find nothing like it in all his Writings, which can hardly be said of any of his Contemporary Poets, or scarcely in one of their Authors at all, before or after him, 'till the *Romans* embraced Christianity. He says 'tis true, he is only less touch'd with that beastly Passion; but by that is to be understood he was not touch'd at all.

*Retire, my Muse, &c.* *Ovid*, who was advanc'd a little too far, checks his Muse, and bids her give back. 'Tis certain he ought to have stopp'd here; but he could not forbear telling what he had in his Head. He, however, says but a little, and 'tis not necessary to explain it: The Subject is too well known already. If our Moralizing was convenient at any time; it must be now, for fear our Imagination should out-run the Poet's. As *Ovid* tells his Muse here, so every Man should tell himself, even in the most excellent Things; when we are arrived at a certain Point, we should abstain from saying any more, we should enjoy

## NOTES on the Second Book 123

enjoy the Charms of Philosophy retir'd, and by our selves; for as the way of the World is now, 'tis scandalous in some Companies to talk of it, and there are Men even so stupid, as always to turn it into Ridicule. I shall be glad if my Author's Arguments have the effect he pretends to on this Occasion.

*As Calchas could explain the Mystick Bird.* As he could observe the Flights of Birds, or the Entrails of Beasts. *Calchas* was the Son of *Thestor*, as *Homer* writes in his first *Iliad*, famous for his Skill in the Art of Divination, which he learnt of *Apollo*. He accompanied the *Greeks* to the Siege of *Troy*, tho' he was himself a *Trojan*, if we may believe *Diety's Cretensis*; but, says he, 'twas by *Apollo's* Order. And *Servius* informs us, that finding *Mopsus* excell'd him in his own Art, he died of Grief, *Ovid*, from this, and several other Examples, shews us he was perfectly Master of the *Art of Love*.

*And lead his Amazon in Triumph home.* This he speaks by way of Metaphor for some Lady hard to be overcome, as if all Lovers were *Warriors*: From whence he says a little before that Love is a sort of *Warfare*; and in an Epistle, which he wrote to *Atticus*, in his Books *de Ponto*,

*Militat omnis amans, & habet sua castra Cupido:  
Attice, crede mihi, militat omnis amans.*





Book 3. p. 125.



F. Albane inv:

Sam. Gribelin Junior Sculp.

Book 3.



O V I D's  
ART of LOVE,

---

BOOK III.

---

Translated by Mr. CONGREGVE.

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HE Men are arm'd, and for the Fight  
prepare;

And now we must instruct and arm the Fair.  
Both Sexes, well appointed, take the Field,  
And mighty Love determine which shall  
yield.

Man were ignoble, when, thus arm'd, to show  
Unequal Force against a naked Foe:

126 OVID'S *Art of Love*. Book III.

No Glory from such Conquest can be gain'd,  
And Odds are always by the Brave disdain'd.

But, some exclaim, what Phrensy rules your Mind?  
Would you increase the Craft of Woman-kind! 14

Teach them new Wiles and Arts! As well you may

Instruct a Snake to bite, or Wolf to prey.

But sure too hard a Censure they pursue,  
Who charge on all, the Failings of a few.

Examine, first, impartially each Fair, 15

Then, as she merits, or condemn, or spare.

If *Menelaus*, and the King of Men,

With Justice of their Sister-Wives complain;

If false *Eriphyle* forsook her Faith,

And for Reward procur'd her Husband's Death; 20

*Penelope* was Loyal still, and Chaste,

Tho' twenty Years her Lord in Absence pass'd.

Reflect how *Laodamia's* Truth was try'd,

Who, tho' in Bloom of Youth, and Beauty's Pride,

To share her Husband's Fate, untimely dy'd. 25

Think how *Alceste's* Piety was prov'd,

Who lost her Life, to save the Man she lov'd.

Receive me, *Capaneus*, *Evadne* cry'd;

Nor Death it self our Nuptials shall divide:

To join thy Ashes, pleas'd I shall expire. 30

She said, and leap'd amidst the Fun'ral Fire.

Virtue herself a Goddess we confess,

Both Female in her Name and in her Dress;

No wonder then, if to her Sex inclin'd,

She cultivates with Care a Female Mind. 25

But.

Book III. OVID's *Art of Love*. 127

But these exalted Souls exceed the Reach  
 Of that soft Art, which I pretend to teach.  
 My tender Bark requires a gentle Gale,  
 A little Wind will fill a little Sail.  
 Of sportful Loves I sing, and shew what Ways 40  
 The willing Nymph must use, her Bliss to raise,  
 And how to captivate the Man she'd please.  
 Woman is soft, and of a tender Heart,  
 Apt to receive, and to retain Love's Dart ;  
 Man has a Breast robust, and more secure, 45  
 It wounds him not so deep, nor hits so sure.  
 Men oft are false ; and, if you search with Care,  
 You'll find less Fraud imputed to the Fair.  
 The faithless *Jason* from *Medea* fled,  
 And made *Creusa* Partner of his Bed. 50  
 Bright *Ariadne*, on an unknown Shore,  
 Thy Absence, perjur'd *Theseus*, did deplore.  
 If then the wild Inhabitants of Air  
 Forbore her tender lovely Limbs to tear,  
 It was not owing, *Theseus*, to thy Care. 55  
 Inquire the Cause, and let *Demophoon* tell,  
 Why *Phyllis* by a Fate untimely fell.  
 Nine times, in vain, upon the promis'd Day,  
 She sought th' appointed Shore, and view'd the Sea :  
 Her Fall the fading Trees consent to mourn,  
 And shed their Leaves round her lamented Urn.  
 The Prince so far for Piety renown'd,  
 To thee, *Eliza*, was unfaithful found ;  
 To thee forlorn, and languishing with Grief,  
 His Sword alone he left, thy last Relief, 65



128 OVID'S *Art of Love*. Book III.

Ye ruin'd Nymphs, shall I the Cause impart  
Of all your Woes? 'Twas want of needful Art,  
Love, of it self, too quickly will expire;  
But pow'rful Art perpetuates Desire.  
Women had yet their Ignorance bewail'd, 70  
Had not this Art by *Venus* been reveal'd.

Before my Sight the Cyprian Goddess shone,  
And thus she said; *What have poor Women done?*  
*Why is that weak, defenceless Sex expos'd;*  
On ev'ry Side, by Men well-arm'd, inclos'd? 75  
*Twice are the Men instructed by thy Muse,*  
*Nor must she now to teach the Sex refuse.*  
*The Bard who injur'd Helen in his Song,*  
*Recanted after, and redress'd the Wrong.*

*And you, if on my Favour you depend,* 80  
*The Cause of Women, while you live, defend.*  
This said, a Myrtle Sprig, with Berries bore,  
She gave me (for a Myrtle Wreath she wore.)  
The Gift receiv'd, my Sense enlighten'd grew,  
And from her Presence Inspiration drew. 85

Attend, ye Nymphs, by Wedlock unconfin'd,  
And hear my Precepts, while she prompts my Mind.  
E'en now, in Bloom of Youth, and Beauty's Prime,  
Beware of coming Age, nor waste your Time:  
Now, while you may, and rip'ning Years invite, 90  
Enjoy the seasonable, sweet Delight:

For rolling Years, like stealing Waters, glide;  
Nor hope to stop their ever ebbing Tide:

'Think not, *hereafter* will the Lofs repay;

For ev'ry Morrow will the Taste decay,  
And leave less Relish than the former Day. 95

I've

Book III. OVID's *Art of Love*. 129

I've seen the time, when, on that wither'd Thorn,  
 The blooming Rose vy'd with the blushing Morn.  
 With fragrant Wreaths I thence have deck'd my Head,  
 And see how leafless now, and how decay'd! 100  
 And you, who now the Love-sick Youth reject,  
 Will prove, in Age, what Pains attend Neglect.  
 None, then, will press upon your Midnight Hours,  
 Nor wake, to strew your Street with Morning Flow'rs.  
 Then nightly Knockings at your Doors will cease, 105  
 Whose noiseless Hammer, then, may rust in Peace.

Alas, how soon a clear Complexion fades!  
 How soon a wrinkled Skin plump Flesh invades!  
 And what avails it, tho' the Fair one swears  
 She from her Infancy had some gray Hairs? 110  
 She grows all hoary in a few more Years,  
 And then the venerable Truth appears.  
 The Snake his Skin, the Deer his Horns may cast,  
 And both renew their Youth and Vigour pass'd:  
 But no Receipt can Human kind relieve, 115  
 Doom'd to decrepit Age, without Reprieve.  
 Then crop the Flow'r which yet invites your Eye,  
 And which, ungather'd, on its Stalk must die.  
 Besides, the tender Sex is form'd to bear,  
 And frequent Births too soon will Youth impair: 120  
 Continual Harvest wears the fruitful Field,  
 And Earth it self decays, too often till'd.  
 Thou didst not, *Cynthia*, scorn the *Latmian* Swain;  
 Nor thou, *Aurora*, *Cephalus* disdain;  
 The *Paphian* Queen, who, for *Adonis'* Fate 125  
 So deeply mourn'd, and who laments him yet,

130 OVID's *Art of Love*. Book III.

Has not been found inexorable since;  
 Witness *Harmonia*, and the *Dardan* Prince.  
 Then take Example, Mortals, from above,  
 And like Immortals live, and like 'em love. 130  
 Refuse not those Delights which Men require,  
 Nor let your Lovers languish with Desire.  
 False tho' they prove, what Loss can you sustain?  
 Thence let a thousand take, 'twill all remain.  
 Tho' constant Use, e'en Flint and Steel impairs, 135  
 What you employ no Diminution fears.  
 Who would, to light a Torch, their Torch deny?  
 Or who can dread drinking an Ocean dry?  
 Still Women lose, you cry, if Men obtain:  
 What do they lose, that's worthy to retain? 140  
 Think not this said to prostitute the Sex,  
 But undeceive whom needless Fears perplex.

Thus far a gentle Breeze supplies our Sail,  
 Now lanch'd to Sea, we ask a brisker Gale.  
 And, first, we treat of Dress. The well-dress'd Vine 145  
 Produces plumpest Grapes, and richest Wine;  
 And plenteous Crops of golden Grain are found,  
 Alone, to grace well-cultivated Ground.  
 Beauty's the Gift of Gods, the Sex's Pride!  
 Yet to how many is that Gift deny'd? 150  
 Art helps a Face; a Face, tho' heav'nly fair,  
 May quickly fade for want of needful Care.  
 In ancient Days, if Women slighted Dress,  
 Then Men were ruder too, and lik'd it less.  
 If *Hector's* Spouse was clad in stubborn Stuff, 155  
 A Soldier's Wife became it well enough.

*Ajax,*

Book III. OVID's *Art of Love*. 131

*Ajax*, to shield his ample Breast, provides  
Seven lusty Bulls, and tans their sturdy Hides;  
And might not he, d'ye think, be well caress'd,  
And yet his Wife not elegantly dress'd? 160  
With rude Simplicity *Rome* first was built,  
Which now we see adorn'd, and carv'd, and gilt.  
This Capitol with that of Old compare;  
Some other *Jove* you'd think was worshipp'd there.  
That lofty Pile where Senates dictate Law, 165  
When *Tatius* reign'd, was poorly thatch'd with Straw:  
And where *Apollo's* Fane refulgent stands,  
Was heretofore a Tract of Pasture-lands.  
Let ancient Manners other Men delight;  
But me the modern please, as more polite. 170  
Not, that Materials now in Gold are wrought,  
And distant Shores for Orient Pearls are sought:  
Nor for, that Hills exhaust their Marble Veins,  
And Structures rise whose Bulk the Sea restrains:  
But, that the World is civiliz'd of late, 175  
And polish'd from the Rust of former Date.  
Let not the Nymph with Pendants load her Ear,  
Nor in Embroid'ry, or Brocard, appear;  
Too rich a Dress may sometimes check desire,  
And Cleanliness more animate Love's Fire: 180  
The Hair dispos'd, may gain or lose a Grace,  
And much become, or misbecome the Face.  
What suits your Features, of your Glass enquire,  
For no one Rule is fix'd for Head-Attire.  
A Face too long shou'd part and flat the Hair, 185  
Left, upward comb'd, the Length too much appear:



132 OVID'S *Art of Love*. Book III.

So *Laodamia* dress'd. A Face too round  
Shou'd shew the Ears, and with a Tour be crown'd.  
On either Shoulder, one, her Locks displays;  
Adorn'd like *Phæbus*, when he sings his Lays: 195

Another, all her Tresses ties behind;  
So dress'd, *Diana* hunts the fearful Hind.  
Dishevell'd Locks most graceful are to some;  
Others, the binding Fillets more become:  
Some plat, like spiral Shells, their braided Hair, 195  
Others, the loose and waving Curl prefer.

But, to recount the several Dresses worn,  
Which artfully each sev'ral Face adorn,  
Were endless, as to tell the Leaves on Trees,  
The Beasts on *Alpine* Hills, or *Hybla's* Bees. 200

Many there are, who seem to slight all Care,  
And with a pleasing Negligence insnare;  
Whole Mornings, oft, in such a Dress are spent,  
And all is Art, that looks like Accident.

With such Disorder *Iole* was grac'd, 205  
When great *Alcides* first the Nymph embrac'd.  
So *Ariadne* came to *Bacchus'* Bed,  
When with the Conqueror from *Crete* she fled.

Nature, indulgent to the Sex, repays  
The Losses they sustain, by various ways. 210  
Men ill supply those Hairs they shed in Age,  
Lost, like Autumnal Leaves, when North-winds rage.

Women, with Juice of Herbs, gray Locks disguise,  
And Art gives Colour which with Nature vyes:  
The well-wave Tours they wear, their own are thought,  
But only are their own, as what they've bought. 216

Nor

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Nor need they blush to buy Heads ready dress'd,  
And choose at publick Shops, what suits 'em best.

Costly Apparel let the Fair one fly,

Enrich'd with Gold, or with the *Tyrian Dye*, 220

What Folly must in such Expence appear,

When more becoming Colours are less dear!

One, with a Dye is ting'd of lovely Blue,

Such as, thro' Air serene, the Sky we view,

With yellow Lustre see another spread, 225

As if the Golden Fleece compos'd the Thread.

Some, of the Sea-green Wave the Cast display;

With this, the Nymphs their beauteous Forms array:

And some, the Saffron Hue will well adorn;

Such is the Mantle of the blessing Morn. 230

Of Myrtle-berries, one, the Tincture shows;

In this, of Amethysts, the Purple glows,

And that, more imitates the paler Rose.

Nor *Thracian* Cranes forget, whose silv'ry Plumes

Give Patterns, which employ the mimic Looms. 235

Nor Almond, nor the Chestnut Dye disclaim,

Nor others, which from Wax derive their Name.

As Fields you find, with various Flow'rs o'erspread,

When Vineyards bud, and Winter's Frost is fled;

So various are the Colours you may try, 240

Of which the thirsty Wooll imbibes the Dye.

Try ev'ry one, what best becomes you, wear;

For no Complexion all alike can bear.

If fair the Skin, black may become it best,

In black the lovely fair *Bristis* dress'd: 245

If

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If brown the Nymph, let her be cloath'd in white,  
*Andromeda* so charm'd the wond'ring Sight.

I need not warn you of too pow'rful Smells,  
 Which, sometimes Health, or kindly Heat expels.  
 Nor, from your tender Legs to pluck with Care 250  
 The casual Growth of all unseemly Hair.

Tho' not to Nymphs of *Caucasus* I Sing,  
 Nor such who taste remote the *Myſian* Spring;  
 Yet, let me warn you, that, thro' no Neglect,  
 You let your Teeth disclose the least Defect. 255

You know the use of *white* to make you fair,  
 And how, with *red*, lost Colour to repair;  
 Imperfect Eye-brows you by Art can mend,  
 And Skin, when wanting, o'er a Scar extend;  
 Nor need the Fair one be aſham'd, who tries, 260  
 By Art, to add new Luſtre to her Eyes.

A little Book I've made, but with great Care,  
 How to preſerve the Face, and how repair.

In that, the Nymphs, by Time or Chance annoy'd,  
 May ſee, what Pains to pleaſe 'em I've employ'd. 265

But ſtill beware, that from your Lover's Eye  
 You keep conceal'd the Med'cines you apply:

Tho' Art aſſiſts, yet muſt that Art be hid,  
 Left, whom it would invite, it ſhould forbid.

Who would not take Offence, to ſee a Face 270  
 All dawb'd, and dripping with the melted Greafe?

And tho' your Unguents bear th' *Athenian* Name,  
 The Wool's unfav'ry Scent is ſtill the ſame.

Marrow of Stags, nor your *Pomatus* try,  
 Nor clean your furry Teeth, when Men are by; 275

For

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For many things, when done, afford Delight,  
Which yet, while doing, may offend the Sight.  
Even *Myro's* Statues, which for Art surpass.  
All others, once were but a shapeless Mass;  
Rude was that Gold which now in rings is worn, 280  
As once the Robe you wear was Wool unshorn.  
Think, how that Stone rough in the Quarry grew,  
Which, now, a perfect *Venus* shews to View.  
While we suppose you sleep, repair your Face;  
Lock'd from Observers, in some secret Place: 285  
Add the last Hand, before your selves you show;  
Your need of Art, why should your Lover know?  
For many things, when most conceal'd, are best;  
And few of strict Inquiry bear the Test.

Those Figures which in Theatres are seen, 290  
Gilded without, are common Wood within.  
But no Spectators are allow'd to pry,  
'Till all is finish'd, which allures the Eye.

Yet, I must own, it oft affords Delight  
To have the Fair one comb her Hair in sight; 295  
To view the flowing Honours of her Head  
Fall on her Neck, and o'er her Shoulders spread.  
But let her look, that she with care avoid  
All fretful Humours, while she's so employ'd;  
Let her not still undo, with peevish Haste, 300  
All that her Woman does, who does her best.  
I hate a Vixen, that her Maid assails,  
And scratches, with her Bodkin or her Nails;  
While the poor Girl in Blood and Tears must mourn,  
And her Heart curses, what her Hands adorn. 305

Let



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Let her who has no Hair, or has but some,  
Plant Centinels before her Dressing-room:  
Or in the Fane of the good Goddess dress,  
Where all the Male-kind are debarr'd Access.

'Tis said, that I (but 'tis a Tale devis'd) 310  
A Lady at her Toilet once surpriz'd;  
Who starting, snatch'd in haste the Tour she wore,  
And in her hurry plac'd the hinder Part before.

But on our Foes fall ev'ry such Disgrace,  
Or barb'rous Beauties of the *Parthian* Race. 315  
Ungraceful 'tis to see without a Horn  
The lofty Hart, whom branches best adorn,  
A Leaf-less Tree, or an unverdant Mead;  
And as ungraceful is a hair-less Head.

But think not, these Instructions are design'd 320  
For first-rate Beauties, of the finish'd Kind:  
Not to a *Semele*, or *Leda* bright,  
Nor an *Europa*, these my Rules I write;  
Nor the fair *Helen* do I teach; whose Charms  
Stir'd up *Atrides*, and all *Greece* to Arms: 325  
Thee to regain, well was that War begun,  
And *Paris* well defended what he won;  
What Lover or what Husband, would not fight  
In such a Cause, where both are in the right?

The Croud I teach, some homely and some fair; 330  
But of the former Sort the larger Share.  
The handsom least require the Help of Art,  
Rich in themselves, and pleas'd with Nature's Part.  
When calm the Sea, at ease the Pilot lies,  
But all his Skill exerts when Storms arise. 335

Faults

Book III. OVID's *Art of Love.* 137

Faults in your Person, or your Face, correct ;  
And few are seen that have not some Defect.  
The Nymph too short, her Seat should seldom quit,  
Lest when she stands, she may be thought to sit ;  
And when extended on her Couch she lies, 340  
Let length of Petticoats conceal her Size.  
The Lean, of thick-wrought Stuff her Clothes should choose,  
And fuller made, than what the Plumper use.  
If Pale, let her the Crimson Juice apply ;  
If Swarthy, to the *Pharian* Varnish fly. 345  
A Leg too lank, tight Garters still must wear ;  
Nor should an ill-shap'd Foot be ever bare.  
Round Shoulders, bolster'd, will appear the least ;  
And lacing strait, confines too full a Breast.  
Whose Fingers are too fat, and Nails too coarse. 350  
Should always shun much Gesture in Discourse.  
And you whose Breath is touch'd, this Caution take,  
Nor fasting, nor too near another, speak.  
Let not the Nymph with Laughter much abound,  
Whose Teeth are black, uneven, or unsound. 355  
You'd hardly think how much on this depends,  
And how a Laugh, or spoils a Face, or mends.  
Gape not too wide, lest you disclose your Gums,  
And lose the Dimple which the Cheek becomes.  
Nor let your Sides too strong Concussions shake, 360  
Lest you the Softness of the Sex forsake.  
In some, Distortions quite the Face disguise ;  
Another laughs, that you would think she cries.  
In one, too hoarse a Voice we hear betray'd,  
Another's is as harsh as if she bray'd. 365  
What

138 OVID's *Art of Love*. Book III.

What cannot Art attain ! Many, with ease,  
 Have learn'd to weep, both when and how they please.  
 Others, thro' Affectation, lisp ; and find,  
 In Imperfection, Charms to catch Mankind.  
 Neglect no Means which may promote your Ends ; 370  
 Now learn what way of Walking recommends.  
 Too Masculine a Motion shocks the Sight ;  
 But Female Grace allures with strange Delight.  
 One has an artful Swing and Jut behind,  
 Which helps her Coats to catch the swelling Wind ; 375  
 Swell'd with the wanton Wind, they loosely flow,  
 And ev'ry Step and graceful Motion show.  
 Another, like an *Umbrian's* sturdy Spouse,  
 Strides all the Space her Petticoat allows.  
 Between Extremes, in this, a Mean adjust, 380  
 Nor shew too nice a Gate, nor too robust.

If snowy white your Neck, you still should wear  
 That, and the Shoulder of the left Arm, bare ;  
 Such Sights ne'er fail to fire my am'rous Heart,  
 And make me pant to kiss the naked Part. 385

*Sirens*, tho' Monsters of the stormy Main,  
 Can Ships, when under Sail, with Songs, detain :  
 Scarce could *Ulysses* by his Friends be bound,  
 When first he listen'd to the charming Sound.  
 Singing insinuates: Learn all ye Maids ; 390  
 Oft, when a Face forbids, a Voice persuades.  
 Whether on Theatres loud Strains we hear,  
 Or in *Ruelles* some soft *Egyptian* Air.  
 Well shall she sing, of whom I make my Choice,  
 And with her Lute accompany her Voice. 395

The

Book III. OVID's *Art of Love*. 139

The Rocks were stirr'd, the Beasts to listen staid,  
When on his Lyre melodious *Orpheus* play'd  
Even *Cerberus* and Hell that Sound obey'd.

}

And Stones officious were, thy Walls to raise,  
O *Thebes*, attracted by *Amphion's* Lays.

408

The Dolphin, dumb itself, thy Voice admir'd,  
And was, *Arion*, by thy Songs inspir'd.

Of sweet *Callimachus* the Works rehearse,

And read *Philetas* and *Anacreon's* Verse,

*Terentian* Plays may much the Mind improve;

405

But softest *Sappho* best instructs to Love.

*Propertius*, *Gallus*, and *Tibullus* read,

And let *Varronian* Verse to these succeed.

Then mighty *Maro's* Work with Care peruse;

Of all the *Latian* Bards the noblest Muse.

410

Even I, 'tis possible, in After-days,

May scape Oblivion, and be nam'd with these.

My labour'd Lines, some Readers may approve,

Since I've instructed either Sex in Love.

Whatever Book you read of this soft Art,

415

Read with a Lover's Voice, and Lover's Heart.

Tender Epistles too, by me are fram'd,

A Work before unthought of, and unnam'd.

Such was your sacred Will, O tuneful Nine!

Such thine, *Apollo*, and *Lycaeus*, thine!

420

Still unaccomplish'd may the Maid be thought,

Who gracefully to Dance was never taught:

That active Dancing may to Love engage,

Witness the well-kept Dancers of the Stage.

Of



140 OVID'S *Art of Love*. Book III.

Of some odd Trifles I'm ashamed to tell, 425  
 Tho' it becomes the Sex to trifle well;  
 To raffle prettily, or slur a Dye,  
 Implies both Cunning and Dexterity.  
 Nor is't amiss at Chess to be expert, 429  
 For Games most thoughtful, sometimes, most divert.  
 Learn ev'ry Game, you'll find it prove of Use;  
 Parties begun at Play, may Love produce,  
 But easier 'tis to learn how bets to lay,  
 Than how to keep your Temper while you play.  
 Unguarded then, each Breast is open laid, 435  
 And while the Head's intent, the Heart's betray'd.  
 Then base Desire of Gain, then Rage appears,  
 Quarrels and Brawls arise, and anxious Fears;  
 Then Clamours and Revilings reach the Sky,  
 While losing Gamesters all the Gods defy. 440  
 Then horrid Oaths are utter'd ev'ry Cast;  
 They grieve, and curse, and storm, nay weep at last.  
 Good *Jove* avert such shameful Faults as these,  
 From ev'ry Nymph whose Heart's inclin'd to please.  
 Soft Recreations fit the Female kind; 445  
 Nature, for Men, has rougher Sports design'd:  
 To wield the Sword, and hurl the pointed Spear;  
 To stop, or turn the Steed, in full Career.  
 Tho Martial Fields ill sute your tender Frames,  
 Nor may you swim in *Tiber's* rapid Streams; 450  
 Yet when *Sol's* burning Wheels from *Leo* drive,  
 And at the glowing Virgin's Sign arrive,  
 'Tis both allow'd and fit, you should repair  
 To pleasant Walks, and breathe refreshing Air.

To

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To *Pompey's* Gardens, or the shady Groves 455  
Which *Cæsar* honours and which *Phæbus* loves:  
*Phæbus*, who sunk the proud *Ægyptian* Fleet,  
And made *Augustus'* Victory compleat.  
Or seek those Shades, where Monuments of Fame  
Are rais'd, to *Livia's* and *Octavia's* Name; 460  
Or, where *Agrippa* first adorn'd the Ground,  
When he with Naval Victory was crown'd.  
To *Isis'* Fane, to Theatres resort;  
And in the *Circus* see the noble Sport.  
In ev'ry publick Place, by turns, be shown; 465  
In vain you're Fair, while you remain unknown.  
Should you, in singing, *Thamyra* transcend;  
Your voice unheard, who could your Skill commend?  
Had not *Apelles* drawn the Sea-born Queen,  
Her Beauties, still, beneath the Waves had been. 470  
Poets inspir'd, write only for a Name,  
And think their Labours well repay'd with Fame.  
In former Days, I own, the Poets were  
Of Gods and Kings the most peculiar Care:  
Majestic Awe was in the Name allow'd, 475  
And, they, with rich Possessions were endow'd.  
*Ennius* with Honours was by *Scipio* grac'd,  
And, next his own, the Poet's Statue plac'd.  
But now their Ivy Crowns bear no Esteem,  
And all their Learning's thought an idle Dream. 480  
Still there's a Pleasure, that proceeds from Praise:  
What could the high Renown of *Homer* raise,  
But that he sung his *Iliad's* deathless Lays? }

Who

142 OVID'S *Art of Love*. Book III.

Who cou'd have been of *Danae's* Charms assur'd,  
Had she grown old, within her Tow'r immur'd? 485  
This, as a Rule, let ev'ry Nymph pursue,  
That 'tis her Int'rest oft to come in View.

A hungry Wolf at all the Herd will run,  
In hopes, thro' many to make sure of one.  
So, let the Fair the gazing Croud assail, 490  
That over one, at least, she may prevail.  
In ev'ry Place to please, be all her Thought;  
Where, sometimes, least we think, the Fish is caught.  
Sometimes, all Day, we hunt the tedious Foil,  
Anon, the Stag himself shall seek the Toil. 495

How cou'd *Andromeda* once doubt Relief,  
Whose Charms were heighten'd and adorn'd by Grief?  
The widow'd Fair, who sees her Lord expire,  
While yet she weeps, may kindle new Desire, }  
And *Hymen's* Torch relight with fun'ral Fire. 500 }

Beware of Men who are too sprucely dress'd;  
And look, you fly with speed a Fop profess'd.  
Such Tools, to you, and to a thousand more,  
Will tell the same dull Story o'er and o'er.  
This way and that, unsteadily they rove, 505  
And never fix'd, are Fugitives in Love.  
Such flutt'ring things all Women sure should hate,  
Light, as themselves, and more Effeminate.  
Believe me; all I say is for your Good;  
Had *Priam* been believ'd, *Troy* still had stood. 510

Many, with base Designs, will Passion feign,  
Who know no Love, but sordid Love of Gain.

But

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But let not powder'd Heads nor essenc'd Hair,  
Your well-believing, easy Hearts ensnare.  
Rich Clothes are oft by common Sharpers worn, 515  
And Diamond Rings felonious Hands adorn.  
So, may your Lover burn with fierce Desire  
Your Jewels to enjoy, and best Attire.  
Poor *Chloe* robb'd runs crying thro' the Streets;  
And as she runs, Give me my own repeats. 520  
How often, *Venus*, hast thou heard such Cries,  
And laugh'd amidst thy *Appian* Votaries?  
Some so notorious are their very Name,  
Must ev'ry Nymph whom they frequent, defame.  
Be warn'd by Ills which others have destroy'd, 525  
And faithless Men with constant Care avoid.  
Trust not a *Theseus*, fair *Athenian* Maid,  
Who has so oft th' attesting Gods betray'd.  
And thou, *Demophon*, Heir to *Theseus*' Crimes,  
Hast lost thy Credit to all future Times. 530

Promise for Promise, equally afford,  
But once a Contract made, keep well your Word.  
For, she for any Act of Hell is fit,  
And undismay'd may Sacrilege commit;  
With impious Hands cou'd quench the Vestal Fire, 535  
Poison her Husband, in her Arms, for Hire,  
Who, first, to take a Lover's Gift complies,  
And then defrauds him and his Claim denies.

But hold, my Muse, check thy unruly Horse,  
And more in sight pursue th' intended Course. 540

If Love Epistles, tender Lines impart,  
And *Billet-doux* are sent, to sound your Heart,

Let



144 OVID'S *Art of Love*. Book III.

Let all such Letters, by a faithful Maid,  
Or Confident, be secretly convey'd.  
Soon from the Words you'll judge, if read with Care,  
When feign'd a Passion is, and when sincere. 546

Ere in return you write, some time require;  
Delays, if not too long, increase Desire:  
Nor let the pressing Youth with Ease obtain,  
Nor yet refuse him with too rude Disdain. 550  
Now let his Hopes, now let his Fears increase,  
But by degrees, let Fear to Hope give place.

Besure avoid set Phrases, when you write,  
The usual way of Speech is more polite.  
How have I seen the puzzl'd Lover vex'd, 555  
To read a Letter with hard Words perplex'd!  
A Stile too coarse takes from a handsome Face,  
And makes us wish an uglier in its place.

But since (tho' Chastity be not your Care)  
You from your Husband still wou'd hide th'Affair, 560  
Write to no Stranger 'till his Truth be try'd;  
Nor in a foolish Messenger confide.

What Agonies that Woman undergoes,  
Whose Hand the Traitor threatens to expose;  
Who rashly trusting, dreads to be deceiv'd, 565  
And lives for ever to that Dread enslav'd!  
Such Treachery can never be surpass'd,  
For those Discov'ries, sure as Light'ning, blast.

Might I advise, Fraud thou'd with Fraud be paid;  
Let Arms repel all who with Arms invade. 570

But since your Letters may be brought to Light,  
What if in sev'ral Hands you learn'd to write?

My

Book III. OVID's *Art of Love*. 145

My Curse on him who first the Sex betray'd,  
And this Advice so necessary made.

Nor let your Pocket-Book two Hands contain, 575

First rub your Lover's out, then write again,

Still one Contrivance more remains behind,

Which you may use as a convenient Blind;

As if to Women writ, your Letters frame, 579

And let your Friend, to you subscribe a Female Name.

Now, greater things to tell, my Muse prepare,

And clap on all the Sail the Bark can bear.

Let no rude Passions in your Looks find place;

For Fury will deform the finest Face:

It swells the Lips, and blackens all the Veins, 585

While in the Eye a *Gorgon* Horror reigns.

When on her Flute divine *Minerva* play'd,

And in a Fountain saw the Change it made,

Swelling her Cheek: She flung it quick aside,

*Nor is thy Musick so much worth, she cry'd.* 590

Look in your Glass when you with Anger glow,

And you'll confess, you scarce your selves can know.

Nor with excessive Pride insult the Sight,

For gentle Looks alone to Love invite.

Believe it as a Truth that's daily try'd, 595

There's nothing more detestable than Pride.

How have I seen some *Mis* Disgust create,

*" Like things which by Antipathy we hate!*

Let Looks with Looks, and Smiles with Smiles be paid,

And when your Lover bows, incline your Head. 600

So, Love preluding, plays at first with Hearts,

And after wounds with deeper-piercing Darts.

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Nor me a melancholy Mistress charms;  
 Let sad *Tecmessa* weep in *Ajax*' Arms.  
 Let mournful Beauties, fullen Heroes move; 605  
 We chearful Men like Gaiety in Love.

Let *Hector* in *Andromache* delight,  
 Who, in bewailing *Troy*, wastes all the Night.  
 Had they not both born Children (to be plain)  
 I ne'er cou'd think they'd with their Husbands lain.  
 I no Idea in my Mind can frame, 611

That either one or t'other doleful Dame,  
 Could toy, cou'd fondle, or cou'd call their Lords  
 My Life, my Soul; or speak endearing Words.

Why from Comparisons shou'd I refrain, 615  
 Or fear small things by greater to explain?  
 Observe what Conduct prudent Gen'ral's use,  
 And how their sev'ral Officers they choose;  
 To one, a Charge of Infantry commit,  
 Another, for the Horse, is thought more fit. 620

So you your sev'ral Lovers shou'd select,  
 And, as you find 'em qualify'd, direct.  
 The wealthy Lover store of Gold should send;  
 The Lawyer shou'd, in Courts, your Cause defend.  
 We, who write Verse, with Verse alone shou'd bribe;  
 Most apt to Love is all the tuneful Tribe. 626

By us, your Fame shall thro' the World be blaz'd;  
 So *Nemesis*, so *Cynthia*'s Name was rais'd.  
 From East to West, *Lycoris*' Praises ring;  
 Nor are *Corinna*'s silent, whom we sing. 630  
 No Fraud the Poet's sacred Breast can bear;  
 Mild are his Manners, and his Heart sincere.

Nor

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Nor Wealth he seeks, nor feels Ambition's Fires,  
But shuns the Bar: and Books and Shades requires.  
Too faithfully, alas! we know to Love, 635  
With Ease we fix, but we with Pain remove:  
Our softer Studies with our Souls combine,  
And, both, to Tenderness our Hearts incline.  
Be gentle, Virgins, to the Poet's Pray'r,  
The God that fills him, and the Muse reveres: 640  
Something Divine is in us, and from Heaven  
Th' inspiring Spirit can alone be giv'n.  
'Tis Sin, a Price from Poets to exact;  
But 'tis a Sin no Woman fears to act:  
Yet hide, howe'er, your Avarice from Sight, 645  
Lest you too soon your new Admirer fright.

As skilful Riders rein, with different force,  
A new-back'd Courser, and a well-train'd Horse:  
Do you, by different Management, engage  
The Man in Years, and Youth of greener Age. 650  
This, while the Wiles of Love are yet unknown,  
Will gladly cleave to you, and you alone:  
With kind Caresses oft indulge the Boy,  
And all the Harvest of his Heart enjoy.  
Alone, thus bless'd, of Rivals most beware: 655  
*Nor Love, nor Empire, can a Partner bear:*  
Men more discreetly love, when more mature,  
And many things, which Youth disdains, endures;  
No Windows break, nor Houses set on Fire,  
Nor tear their own, or Mistresses Attire. 660  
In Youth, the boiling Blood gives Fury vent,  
But Men in Years more calmly Wrongs resent.



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As Wood when green, or as a Torch when wet,  
They slowly burn, but long retain their Heat.  
More bright is youthful Flame, but sooner dies; 665  
Then swiftly seize the Joy that swiftly flies.

Thus, all betraying to the beauteous Foe,  
How surely to enslave our selves, we show.  
To trust a Traitor, you'll no Scruple make,  
Who is a Traitor only for your sake. 670

Who yields too soon, will soon her Lover lose;  
Wou'd you retain him long? then long refuse.  
Oft at your Door make him for Entrance wait,  
There let him lie, and threaten and intreat.

When cloy'd with Sweets, Bitters the Taste restore;  
Ships, by fair Winds, are sometimes run ashore. 676  
Hence springs the Coldness of a marry'd Life,  
The Husband, when he pleases, has his Wife.

Bar but your Gate, and let your Porter cry  
*Here's no Admittance, Sir; I must deny:* 680  
The very Husband, so repuls'd, will find  
A growing Inclination to be kind.

Thus far with Foils you've fought; those laid aside,  
I, now, sharp Weapons for the Sex provide;  
Nor doubt, against my self, to see 'em try'd. 685

When, first, a Lover you design to charm,  
Beware, lest Jealousies his Soul alarm;  
Make him believe, with all the Skill you can,  
That he, and only he's the happy Man.

Anon, by due degrees, small Doubts create, 690  
And let him fear some Rival's better Fate.  
Such little Arts make Love its Vigour hold,  
Which else wou'd languish, and too soon grow old.

Then

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Then streins the Courser to out-strip the Wind,  
When one before him runs, and one he hears behind.  
Love, when extinct, Suspitions may revive; 695

I own, when mine's secure, 'tis scarce alive,  
Yet, one Precaution to this Rule belongs;  
Let us at most suspect, not prove our Wrongs.  
Sometimes, your Lover to incite the more,  
Pretend your Husband's Spies beset the Door: 700

Tho' free as *Thais*, still affect a Fright;  
For, seeming Danger heightens the Delight.  
Oft let the Youth in thro' your Windows steal;  
Tho' he might enter at the Door as well.

And, sometimes, let your Maid Surprize pretend, 705  
And beg you, in some Hole to hide your Friend.  
Yet, ever and anon, dispel his Fear,  
And let him taste of Happiness sincere;  
Lest, quite dishearten'd with too much Fatigue,  
He shou'd grow weary of the dull Intrigue. 710

But I forget to tell, how you may try  
Both to evade the Husband, and the Spy.

That Wives shou'd of their Husbands stand in awe,  
Agrees with Justice, Modesty, and Law:  
But, that a Mistress may be lawful Prize, 715  
None, but her Keeper, I am sure, denies.

For such fair Nymphs, these Precepts are design'd,  
Which ne'er can fail, join'd with a willing Mind.  
Tho' stuck with *Argus*' Eyes your Keeper were,  
Advis'd by me, you shall elude his Care. 720

When you, to wash or bathe retire from Sight,  
Can he observe what Letters then you write?

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Or, can his Caution against such provide,  
Which, in her Breast, your Confidence may hide?  
Can he the Note beneath her Garter view, 725  
Or that, which, more conceal'd, is in her Shoe?  
Yet, these perceiv'd, you may her Back undress,  
And, writing on her Skin, your Mind express.  
New Milk, or pointed Spires of Flax, when green,  
Will Ink supply, and Letters mark unseen. 730  
Fair will the Paper shew, nor can be read,  
Till all the Writing's with warm Athes spread.

*Acrifus* was, with all his Care, betray'd!  
And in his Tow'r of Brass a Granfire made.

Can Spies avail, when you to Plays resort, 735  
Or in the Circus view the noble sport?  
Or, can you be to *Iffs*' Fane pursu'd,  
Or *Cybele's*, whose Rights all Men exclude?  
Tho' watchful Servants to the Bagnio come,  
They're ne'er admitted to the Bathing room. 740  
Or, when some sudden Sickness you pretend,  
May you not take to your Sick-bed a Friend?  
False Keys a private Passage may procure,  
If not, there are more Ways besides the Door.

Sometimes with Wine your watchful Follow'r treats; 745  
When drunk you may with ease his Care defeat:  
Or, to prevent too sudden a Surprise,  
Prepare a sleeping Draught, to seal his Eyes:  
Or let your Maid, still longer time to gain,  
An Inclination for his Person feign; 750  
With faint Resistance let her drill him on,  
And, after competent Delays, be won.

But,

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But, what need all these various doubtful Wiles,  
Since Gold the greatest Vigilance beguiles?  
Believe me, Men and Gods with Gifts are pleas'd; 755  
Ev'n angry *Jove* with Off'rings is appeas'd.  
With Presents Fools and Wife alike are caught,  
Give but enough, the Husband may be bought.  
But let me warn you, when you bribe a Spy,  
That you for ever his Connivance buy; 760  
Pay him his Price at once, for with such Men  
You'll know no End of giving now and then.

Once I remember, I with Cause complain'd  
Of Jealousy occasion'd by a Friend.  
Believe me, Apprehensions of that kind, 765  
Are not alone to our false Sex confin'd.  
Trust not, too far, your She-companion's Truth,  
Lest she sometimes shou'd intercept the Youth:  
The very Confident that lends the Bed,  
May entertain your Lover in your stead. 770  
Nor keep a Servant with too fair a Face,  
For such I've known supply her Lady's Place.

But, whither do I run with heedless Rage,  
Teaching the Foe unequal War to wage?  
Did ever Bird the Fowler's Net prepare! 775  
Was ever Hound instructed by the Hare?  
But all Self-ends and Int'rest set apart,  
I'll faithfully proceed to reach my Art.  
Defenceless and unarm'd expose my Life,  
And for the *Lemnian* Ladies, whet the Knife. 780

Perpetual Fondness of your Lover feign,  
Nor will you find it hard, Belief to gain:



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Full of himself, he your Design will aid !  
 To what we wish, 'tis easy to persuade.  
 With dying Eyes, his Face and Form survey, 785  
 Then sigh, and wonder he so long cou'd stay :  
 Now drop a Tear, your Sorrows to assuage,  
 Anon, reproach him, and pretend to rage.  
 Such Proofs as these, will all Distrust remove,  
 And make him pity your excessive Love. 790  
 Scarce to himself will he forbear to cry,  
*How can I let this poor fond Creature die ?*  
 But chiefly, one such fond Behaviour fires,  
 Who courts his Glass, and his own Charms admires.  
 Proud of the Homage to his Merit done, 795  
 He'll think a Goddess might with ease be won.

Light Wrongs, be sure, you still with Mildness bear,  
 Nor straight fly out, when you a Rival fear.  
 Let not your Passions o'er your Sense prevail,  
 Nor credit lightly ev'ry idle Tale. 800  
 Let *Procris*' Fate a sad Example be  
 Of what Effects attend Credulity.

Near, where his purple Head *Hymettus* shows  
 And flow'ring Hills, a sacred Fountain flows,  
 With soft and verdant Turf the Soil is spread, 805  
 And sweetly-smelling Shrubs the Ground o'ershade.  
 There, Rosemary and Bays their Odours join,  
 And with the fragrant Myrtle's Scent combine.  
 There, Tamarisks with thick-leav'd Box are found,  
 And Cytisus, and Garden-Pines, abound. 810  
 While through the Boughs, soft Winds of *Zephyr* pass,  
 Tremble the Leaves, and tender Tops of Grass.

Hither:

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Hither would *Cephalus* retreat to rest,  
 When tir'd with Hunting, or with Heat oppress'd:  
 And, thus, to *Air*, the panting Youth wou'd pray, 815  
*Come, gentle Aura, come, this Heat allay,*  
 But some Tale-bearing too officious Friend,  
 By chance, o'erheard him as he thus complain'd;  
 Who, with the News to *Procris* quick repair'd,  
 Repeating Word for Word what she had heard. 820  
 Soon, as the Name of *Aura* reach'd her Ears,  
 With Jealousy surpriz'd, and fainting Fears,  
 Her rosy Colour fled her lovely Face,  
 And Agonies like Death, supply'd the place;  
 Pale she appear'd as are the falling Leaves, 825  
 When first the Vine the Winter's Blast receives.  
 Of ripen'd Quincees, such the yellow Hue,  
 Or, when unripe, we Cornel-berries view.  
 Reviving from her Swoon; her Robes she tore,  
 Nor her own faultless Face to wound, forbore. 830  
 Now, all dishevel'd, to the Wood she flies,  
 With *Bacchanalian* Fury in her Eyes.  
 Thither arriv'd; she leaves, below, her Friends;  
 And, all alone, the shady Hill ascends.  
 What Folly, *Procris*, o'er thy Mind prevail'd? 835  
 What Rage, thus, fatally, to lie conceal'd?  
 Whoe'er this *Aura* be. (such was thy Thought)  
 She, now, shall in the very Fact be caught.  
 Anon, thy Heart-repents its rash Designs,  
 And now to go, and now to stay inclines. 840  
 Thus, Love, with Doubts perplexes still thy Mind,  
 And makes thee seek, what thou must dread to find.

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But, still, the Rival's Name rings in thy Ears,  
And more suspicious still the Place appears:  
But more than all, excessive Love deceives, 845  
Which, all it fears too easily believes.

And, now, a Childess runs thro' ev'ry Vein,  
Soon as she saw where *Cephalus* had lain,  
'Twas Noon, when he again retir'd, to shun  
The scorching Ardour of the Mid-day's Sun: 850  
With Water, first, he sprinkled o'er his Face,  
Which glow'd with Heat; then sought his usual Place.

*Procris*, with anxious but with silent Care,  
View'd him extended, with his Bosom bare: 854

And heard him, soon, th' accusom'd Words repeat,  
*Come Zephyr, Aura come, allay this Heat.*

Soon as she found her Error, from the Word,  
Her Colour and her Temper were restor'd.

With Joy she rose, to clasp him in her Arms:  
But *Cephalus* the rustling Noise alarms; 860

Some Beast he thinks he in the Bushes hears,  
And straight, his Arrows and his Bow prepares,  
Hold! hold! unhappy Youth! — I call in vain,  
With thy own Hand thou hast thy *Procris* slain.

*Me, me, (she cries) thou'st wounded with thy Dart: 865*  
*But Cephalus was wont to wound this Heart.*

*Yet, lighter on my Ashes, Earth will lie,*  
*Since, tho' untimely, I unriual'd die!*

*Come, close with thy dear Hand my Eyes in Death,*  
*Jealous of Air, to Air I yield my Breath. 870*

Close to his heavy Heart her Cheek he laid,  
And wash'd, with streaming Tears, the Wound he made:.

At:

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At length, the Springs of Life their Currents leave,  
And her last Gasp her Husband's Lips receive.

Now to pursue our Voyage we must provide, 875  
Till, safe to Port our weary Bark we guide.

You may expect, perhaps, I now shou'd teach  
What Rules, to Treats and Entertainments reach.

Come not the first, invited to a Feast;  
Rather, come last, as a more grateful Guest: 880

For, that, of which we fear to be depriv'd,  
Meets with the surest Welcome, when arriv'd.

Besides, Complexions of a coarser kind,  
From Candle-light no small Advantage find.

During the time you eat, observe some Grace, 885  
Nor let your unwip'd Hands besmear your Face;

Nor, yet, too squeamishly your Meat avoid,  
Lest we suspect you were in private cloy'd.

Of all Extremes in either kind, beware,  
And still, before your Belly's full, forbear. 890

No Glutton-Nymph, however fair, can wound,  
Tho' more than *Helen* she in Charms abound.

I own, I think, of Wine the moderate use  
More suits the Sex, and sooner finds Excuse;

It warms the Blood, adds Lustre to the Eyes, 895  
And Wine and Love have always been Allies.

But, carefully from all Intemperance keep,  
Nor drink 'till you see double, lisp, or sleep;

For in such Sleeps, Brutalities are done,  
Which, tho' you loath, you have no Pow'r to shun. 900

And now th' instructed Nymph from Table led,  
Shou'd next be taught, how to behave in Bed.

Butt



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But Modesty forbids: Nor more, my Muse,  
With weary Wings, the labour'd Flight pursues;  
Her purple Swans unyeak'd, the Chariot leave, 905  
And needful Rest (their Journey done) receive.

Thus, with impartial Care, my Art I show,  
And equal Arms, on either Sex bestow:  
While Men and Maids, who by my Rules improve,  
*Ovid*, must own, their Master is in Love. 910

*The End of the Third Book.*



NOTES



# NOTES

On the THIRD BOOK of

*OVID's Art of Love.*

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**I**F Menelaus, and the King of Men. *Agamemnon* and *Menelaus*, two Brothers, marry'd two Sisters, *Clytemnestra* and *Helena*, Daughters of *Tyndarus* King of *Lacedæmon*: The Story is well known. Both the Sisters preferr'd Gallants to their Husbands Beds; and if *Helena* had her *Paris*, *Clytemnestra* had her *Ægistheus*.

*If false Eriphyle forsook her Faith.* *Eriphyle*, Daughter of *Talaon* King of *Argos*, and Wife of *Amphiaraus*, being covetous of a Gold Chain, which *Venus* had given *Hermione*, and which *Polynice's* Wife had receiv'd as a Present from that unfortunate Prince, he gave it her on condition she oblig'd her Husband to go to the *Theban* War, in which he knew he would perish; and she prevail'd with him to go. This Princess being thus the Occasion of her Husband's Death, is often represented as an Instance of the Falshood and Vanity of the Sex. The Story is elegantly told in *Statius Thebais*.

*Penelope was loyal.* *Penelope*, Daughter of *Icarus* and *Polycasta*. Her Chastity is often mention'd to the Reputation of the Fair.

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*To share her Husband's Fate.* *Protesilaus*, *Laodamia's* Husband, was the first Greek that was kill'd in the *Trojan War*, to which he went with 40 Ships; as *Homer* tells us in his 2d *Iliad*. When his Wife *Laodamia*, *Acastus's* Daughter, heard the News, she passionately desir'd to see his Ghost; which being granted her by the Gods, she embrac'd it so closely that she perish'd in its Embraces. *Ovid* has written an Epistle from *Laodamia* to *Protesilaus*, and *Propertius* speaks of her in the 10th Elegy of his 1st Book. *Protesilaus* was Grandson of *Phylacus*, for which Reason he is also call'd *Phylacides*: *Phylacus* was King of *Phylaca* in *Thessaly*, as *Apollodorus* writes in his 1st Book, and *Strabo* in his 9th. The Father of *Protesilaus* was *Iphiclus*; and that he was the first Grecian who was kill'd in the *Trojan War*, we learn in *Ovid's Metamorphoses*.

— *Hectoria primus fataliter hasta*  
*Protesilae cadis.* —

And *Ausonius*,

*Protesilae tibi nomen sic fata dederunt,*  
*Hostia quod Trojae prima futurus eras.*

*Catullus*, in his Elegy to *Mamilius*, gives a History of it after these Verses.

*Quam jejuna pium desideret ara cruorem,*  
*Docta est amisso Laodameia viro.*

*Ovid*, in the 6th Elegy of the 1st Book of his *Amorum*,  
*Tristia Phylacidae Therfites funera vidit.*

He speaks also of him in his *Remedy of Love*, and in the 18th Elegy of the 2d Book of his *Amorum*.

Think how *Alceftis's* Piety was prov'd. *Alceftis*, *Admetus's* Wife, who offer'd to die to lengthen her Husband's Life: She was a *Thessalian*, and Daughter of *Pelias*. *Admetus* was Son of *Pheres*; we have spoken of him already.

Receive me, *Capaneus*, *Evadne* cry'd. There were three famous Ladies of this Name: The first Daughter of *Neptune* and *Pilanes*, who was bred upon the Banks of the *Eurotas*. The second was Daughter of King *Pelias*, whom *Jafon* gave in Marriage to *Oeneus*, Son of *Cephalus* King.

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King of the *Phoceans*; and the third, Daughter of *Iphias*. She marry'd *Capaneus*, who signaliz'd himself in the *Theban War*, of which the Poet speaks here.

*Virtue her self a Goddess we confess.* She was represented at *Rome* in a Woman's Habit, and a Temple and Altars were dedicated to her. The Poet vindicates the Sex by this Saying in a very high degree, as if *Virtue*, by being a Goddess, was more the Ladies than the Mens. In the 7th Book of *Livy's* second *Punick War*, and in *Valerius Maximus*, we find Mention made of a Temple to *Virtue*, built by *Marcellus*.

*Why Phyllis by a Fate untimely fell.*

*Nine times, &c. Phyllis*, Daughter of *Eurygus* King of *Thrace*, despairing of the Return of *Demophoon* Son of *Thebes*, to whom she had granted her last Favours, was about to hang her self; when, as the Fable says, the Gods, in Compassion to her, turn'd her to an Almond-Tree without Leaves: *Demophoon* some time after this returning, went and embrac'd his metamorphos'd Mistress, and the Tree afterwards put forth Leaves, hence called Φύλλα, but formerly Πέραλα. *Nine times*, to shew that she as often went to the Sea-side, expecting to meet him.

*The Prince so far, &c. Aeneas and Dido.* The pious Hero excus'd his Falshood by the Injunction of the Gods.

*The Bard who injur'd Helen.* The Poet *Staphorus*, on whose Lips a Nightingale sung when he was a Child, a sure Prognostick of his being a famous Poet. *Pliny* writes this of him. He wrote a bitter Satyr against *Helen*, for which her Brothers *Castor* and *Pollux* pluck'd out his Eyes; but some time after he was restor'd to his Sight, having recanted in his *Palinodia*, a Poem quite contrary to the former, of which *Horace* speaks in his 27th Epode. *Plato* mentions the same Story in his *Phædo*; but instead of *Sparta*, *Ovid* writes *Therapne*, speaking of *Helen*, for she is said to be born in that Town in *Laconia*, whence she was call'd *Therapneia*. *Rure Therapneio nata puella*, says this Poet in another place; yet others affirm she was born at *Amyclea* near *Lacedæmon*.

*And bear my Precepts while she prompts my Mind.* There was no occasion of giving another Turn to the Original, tho'



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tho' the nearer the Version comes to it, perhaps it would give the more Offence: But if we resum'd the Allegory we have already spoken of, 'tis certain that none can make too much haste to acquire the good Graces of Philosophy and fine Learning; for which, Youth, Genius, and the Strength of Maturity are necessary.

*The blooming Rose ay'd with the blushing Morn.* Tho' Ovid has not gone very far out of the Way for his Simile, yet in this place it has a good Effect; as also in another, where he says,

*Nec semper viola, nec semper lilia florent,  
Et riget amissa spina relicta rosa.*

*None, then, will press upon your Midnight Hours,  
Nor wake, to strew your Street with Morning Flow'rs.*

The Expression is gallant, and we easily comprehend what the Author means by the first Verse. Horace has a Thought very like it, Ode 15. Book 1.

*Parcius junctas quatiant fenestras  
Ictibus crebris juvenes protervi;  
Nec tibi somnos adimunt, amatque  
janua limen.*

When a fair Lady has out-liv'd her Charms, who will be at the Pains of breaking her Windows or Doors out of Rage and Despair? The second Verse alludes to a Piece of Gallantry in Use among the Roman Lovers, to strew Flowers before the Doors of their Mistresses. Propertius speaks of it more largely in the 6th Elegy of his 1st Book, which begins,

*Quæ fueram magnæ olim patefacta triumphis janua.*

Lucretius, in his 4th Book, paints it thus:

*At lacrymans exclusus amator limina sæpe  
Floribus & sertis operit, postesque superbo  
Ungit amaracino.*

Ovid himself, in the 6th Elegy of the 1st Book of his *Amorum*,

*At tu, non lætis detracta corona capillis,  
Dura super totâ limina nocte jace:*

And

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And in his *Remedy of Love*.

*Effice nocturna frangatur janua rixa,*

*Et tegat ornatas multa corona fores.*

*Tibullus*, *Elegy 2. Book 2.* expresses himself in much the same manner,

*Te meminisse decet quæ plurima voce peregi*

*Supplice, cum post florida ferta darem.*

*Catullus*, in his *Atys*,

*Mibi floridis corollis redimita domus erat.*

And *Virgil*, in his 4th *Æneid*, *Et variis florentia limina fertis*. For the Ancients us'd to hang Garlands at their Doors on several Occasions; but here he speaks only of the Folly of Lovers, and those chiefly who have made too merry before they visit their Mistresses.

*Thou didst not, Cynthia, scorn the Latmian Swain: Endymion*, with whom, according to that Fable, the Moon fell in Love, and descended to converse with him on Mount *Lamos* in *Caria*; because, as *Pliny* says, he was the first who observ'd the Motion of that Planet. There's a very fine Description of it in *Buchanan's Astrological Poem*; and *Ovid* has already spoken of this Fable.

*Witness Harmonia, and the Dardan Prince. Harmonia* or *Hermione*, Daughter of *Mars* and *Venus*, was marry'd to *Cadmus*. *Diodorus*, who calls her *Harmonia*, makes her the Daughter of *Jupiter* and *Eletra*, but agrees that she was *Cadmus's* Wife.

*Still Women lose, you cry, &c.*

*Det tamen ulla viro mulier non expedit, inquis.*

*Quid, nisi quam sumis, dic mihi, perdis aquam?*

These Verses are not barely translated to the literal Sense which is conceiv'd to be in them; but paraphras'd according to the Interpretation of *Heinsius*, who seems truly to understand the Text, tho' differing in his Conjecture from *Scaliger*, and other Commentators. If any Reader is curious enough to consult the Commentary of *Heinsius* on this Place, he will find by other Instances cited from *Ovid*, that *aquam sumere* was a Phrase appropriated to a par-

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particular Time and Custom among Women. This had not been insisted on here, had it not been the only Passage in this Book, which all other Commentators but *Heinsius* have render'd unintelligible; for otherwise the Verses are not very considerable: And the most which *Ovid* says in this Place, is no more than if speaking of eating he had said, *Why should any one scruple to use their Hands, when it can cost them nothing but a little Water to wash them afterwards, which is not worth saving?*

If *Hector's Spouse*, &c. *Andromache* is always represented as a plain sort of a Woman; *tunica valentes* here means coarse and thick Stuff, which the Version hits very well.

*Seven lusty Bulls.* *Ajax's Shield* *Homer* describes in his 7th *Iliad*, and says *Tychius* who made it gave it the Shape of a Tower. *Ovid*, in the 13th Book of his *Metamorphoses*, makes *Ulysses* speak thus of this Shield,

*Quæ nisi fecissem, frustra Telamone creatus  
Gestasset læva taurorum vergora septem.*

*Virgil*, towards the end of the 12th *Æneid*, describes *Turnus's Shield* in the same manner.

*Which now we see adorn'd, and carv'd, and gilt. Aurea Roma.* Some think he alludes to the Capitol only, which was gilt, but the Version renders the true Meaning of the Original; where the Poet wou'd only say, *Rome* was then opulent and magnificent, as indeed it was, especially if compared to *Rome* in *Romulus's Days*, as the Poet intimates.

*This Capitol with that of old compare.* The Capitol was a Hill in *Rome*, so call'd from a Man's Head which was found there as the *Romans* were digging the Foundation of the Temple of *Jupiter*. So *Livy* and *Dionysius* write. It first went by the Name of *Saturnian*, and afterwards by that of *Tarpeian*, from the Name of the Vestal *Tarpeia*, who was crush'd to Death with the Weight of the Arms of the *Sabines* that were thrown upon her, after she deliver'd the Place to them on Condition those Arms shou'd be given her. *Tarquin* built a Temple there, which was dedicated by the Consul *Horatius*. This Edifice being, as

*Appian*

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*Appian* Writes, destroy'd in the Civil Wars. *Sylla* rebuilt it, and *Catullus* dedicated it. *Vespasian* restor'd it after he had put an end to the War against the *Vitellians*, or the Party of *Vitellius*: 'Twas not many Years before 'twas burnt, and *Domitian* rebuilt it again, as *Tacitus* reports in his 10th Book.

*That lofty Pile where Senates dictate Law.* *Varro* writes there were two sorts of Courts in the Capitol; One for the delivering sacred Matters, and the other for Affairs of State. Both the one and the other were call'd *Curia*, a *curando*, from the Care that was taken there: One went by the Name of *Hospitalia*, from *Hospitalis*, the fourth King of *Rome*; and before this were the *Rostres*; which took their Names from the Heads of Ships that were hung up there, as may be seen in the 8th Book of *Livy*, and here was the Tribunal for the Pleaders. *Pedanius* observes it join'd the Court of which *Ovid* speaks.

*And where Apollo's Fane resurgent stands.* Meaning the Temple *Augustus* built near his Palace, and joining to the famous Library of Greek and Latin Books which *Propertius* so well describes, Book 2. Elegy 31. and *Ovid* mentions in the 1st Book of this Treatise.

*But, to recount the several Dresses worn.* By this we perceive the Roman Ladies were as fond of Fashions, as the French, or the English, too much their Imitators. See *Plautus* in his *Epidicus*, Act 2. Scene 11. *Quid iste quæ vestis quotannis nomina inveniunt nova.*

*With such Disorder Iole was grac'd.* *Iole*, Daughter of *Buryus* King of *Oechalia*, and *Hercules's* Wife. He took her from her Father by force, because the King wou'd not consent to it, when he return'd from *Ætolia*, where he had married *Deianira*. This Story is made sufficiently known by the first Act of *Seneca's Hercules* upon Mount *Oeta*.

*Men ill supply those Hairs, &c.* Whereas *Pliny* observes that Women rarely shed their Hair, Eunuchs not at all; and no body, if we may believe him, *ante Veneris usum*, neither on the hind part of the Heads, nor about their Temples and Ears; for there is no Animal that turns bald, except Man. Those that are naturally bald, cannot be said to turn so.

Wo.



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*Women, with Juice of Herbs, &c.* They dy'd their Hair with the Juice of Herbs, according to the Fashion of the Germans, who make use of certain Herbs to black their Hair, or dye them of any other Colour to disguise their Age, and appear young. *Tibullus* writes thus of it.

*Tum studium formæ est, coma quum mutatur, ut annos  
Diffimulet viridi cortice tincta nucis.*

The Gauls made use of an Herb which is call'd *Guesde* or *Woad*, as *Cæsar* reports in the 3d Book of his Commentaries.

Or with the Tyrian Dye. The Tyrian Scarlet was the finest Dye in the World, preferable to that of *Amyclea* near *Sparta*, tho' that was also excellent. This Scarlet is often confounded with Purple, of which there were two Sorts, one of a Pomegranate Colour, as the *African*, and the other of the reddish Scarlet, as the *Tyrian*. *Tibullus* speaks of them distinctly.

*Illa selectos certent præbere colores,  
Africa puniceum, purpureumque Tyros.*

As if the Golden Fleece, &c. The Colour like that of *Phryxus's* Ram. He was the Son of *Athamas* King of *Thebes*, and to avoid the Anger of *Ino*, his Mother-in-law, fled with his Sister *Helle* upon a Ram with a Golden Fleece. His Sister tumbling into the Sea, gave it the Name of *Hellepont*, but he arriving at *Colchos* sacrific'd the Ram to *Mars*, who plac'd it in the Zodiack, and hung up his Golden Fleece in the Temple, consecrating it to *Mars*, under the keeping of a Dragon. *Nephele*, his Mother, gave him his Golden Ram, which *Eusebius* interprets to be a Ship call'd the *Ram*, with the Figure of that Animal represented in the Stern.

Of *Amethysts*, the Purple glows, &c. This Colour some call Violet, and others erroneously *Hyacinthus*. *Martial* writes thus of the *Amethyst* Colour;

*Ebria Sidonia cum sim de sanguine conchæ,  
Non video quare sobria lana vocer.*

And Book 1. Epig. 97.

*Qui coccinatos non putat viros esse,  
Amethystinasque mulierum vocat vestes, &c.*

Aa

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As much as to say fine Scarlet.

*Nor Almond, nor the Chestnut Dye disclaim.* He alludes to this Verse of *Virgil*, *Castaneasque nuces, mea quas Amaryllis amabat.*

*Tho' not to Nymphs of Caucasus I sing.* *Caucasus* is a Mountain, which stretches itself from the *East-Indies* to Mount *Taurus*, and goes by several Names, according as 'tis inhabited by several Nations; but being always cover'd with Snow in some Places, 'tis call'd *Caucasus*, which in the Oriental signifies White, as *Ptolemy* witnesses.

*A little Book I've made.* He means his Book *de Medicamine Faciei*, of which we have but a Fragment, and what we have is by some Criticks thought not to be genuine, tho' generally the Learned think the contrary.

*Even Myro's Statues.* *Pliny* writes there were two famous Statuaries of this Name; one a *Lycian*, *Polycetes's* Disciple, who flourish'd in the 87th *Olympiad*; the other a Native of *Eleuthera*, *Ageladis's* Disciple, who made that admirable *Brasen Cow*, of which so much is said, and several other Pieces of Sculpture which are mightily prais'd by Antiquity.

*Which, now a perfect Venus, &c.* 'Tis thought he means that *Venus* of which *Pliny* speaks, and which was in *Octavio's Portico* in the Temple of *Jupiter*. See the 36th Book, Chap. 5. where he describes her rising out of the Sea with her Hair still wet, such as *Apelles* painted her.

*Or in the Fane of the good Goddess dress, &c.* Where no Man was allow'd to enter. This Goddess is the same that the *Greeks* call'd *Gyneceia*; she was worshipp'd at *Rome*, and the *Romans* nam'd her *Dryades*, the Wife of *Faunus*. 'Tis of her that *Propertius* speaks, *Elegy 10, Book 4.*

*Interdicta viris metuenda lege piatur,*

*Qua se sumnota vindicat ara casa.*

*Macrobius*, in the 12th Chapter of the first Book of his *Saturnalia*, says, this Good Goddess is the same as the Earth; and that others call her *Fame*, *Opis*, *Fauna*, *Semele*, *Hecate* and *Medea*, whose Temple all Mankind were forbidden

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hidden to enter. *Juvenal* in his 6th Satire tells us, the Mysteries of this Good Goddess were known; *nota bene secreta Deæ*: And *Tibullus* Book 1, Elegy 6, *sacra bonæ enaribus non adcunda Dea*. *Plutarch* in the Life of *Cæsar* says She was the Mother of *Midas*, and *Bacchus's* Nurse.

Not to a *Semele*, or *Leda* bright. There are few Fables better known than those of *Semele* or *Leda*. This Poet often makes mention of them. *Semele* was Daughter of *Cadmus*, and Mother of *Bacchus* by *Jupiter*; whom having the Curiosity to enjoy in all his Celestial Majesty, she was burnt by Lightning. *Leda* was the Daughter of *Thestius*, and Mother of *Castor* and *Pollux*, *Clytemnestra* and *Helena*. *Castor* and *Clytemnestra* by her Husband *Tyndarus*, King of *Oebalia*, and *Pollux* and *Helena* by *Jupiter*, who in the shape of a Swan enjoy'd her, as she bath'd in the River *Eurotas*: She was afterwards deliver'd of an Egg, whence they both proceeded.

Nor an *Europa*, those my Rules I write. The *Sidonian Europa*, Daughter of *Agenor*, King of *Phœnicia*, whom *Jupiter* fell in love with, and ravish'd her in the shape of a Bull: He carried her to *Crete*, and she there brought him three Sons, *Minos*, *Rhadamanthus*, and *Sarpedon*. After that *Asterius* having no Children, married her, adopted *Jupiter's* Sons, and left his Kingdom to them, as *Diodorus* informs us. *Europa* is call'd the *Sidonian*, from the City *Sidon*, built by the *Phœnicians*, and who, according to *Justin*, call'd it *Sidon*, from *Sidone*, which signifies Fish, there being great plenty of it in that City.

Nor thee, fair *Helen*, &c. The Story of *Paris* and *Helen*, and the Trojan War is so common, we shall say no more of it: Nor of *Agamemnon* and *Menelaus*, Sons of *Atreus*, who were the Chiefs of it.

If Pale, let her the Crimson Juice apply. The *Vermilion*, *purpureis virgis*. *Merula* is against this Interpretation. Some think it alludes to the *Sandix*, of which *Pliny* speaks in the 6th Chapter of his 35th Book. This is properly *Red Arsenick*, or *Vermilion*; tho' *Virgil*, in his 4th Eclogue, seems to take the *Sandix* for a kind of Herb, when he says,

*Sponte sua Sandyx pascentes vestiet agnos.*

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*Merula* takes it to be the *Vaccinium* mentioned by *Pliny*, as a Shrub growing in *Gaul*; which bears red Flowers proper for dying, such as *Woad* may be. See the 18th Chapter of the 16th Book of *Pliny* upon it.

If *Swarthy*, to the *Pharian Varnish* fly. *Pharos* was a little Island at the Mouth of the *Nile*, near the Port of *Alexandria*, where anciently stood a high stately Tower, reckon'd one of the seven Wonders of the World. *Ptolemy Philadelphus* spent 800 Talents in building it: We read of it in *Cæsar's Commentaries*. In this Island were abundance of *Crocodiles*, the Entrails of which were excellent to take off Freckles or Spots in the Face, and whiten the Skin; as *Pliny* observes; *Potes etiam de stercore Crocodili intelligere, quo puellæ utebantur ad cutis nitorem*. And *Horace* in his 12th Epode,

— Neo illi  
Jam manet humida creta, colorque  
Stereore fucatus *Crocodili*. —

Round Shoulders bolster'd up, &c. *Analeides*, little Bolsters of Flocks. The same Invention is us'd in our Days, both for this defect in Women, and in calv'd Stockings for the Men. And 'tis satisfactory to the Curious to know the Fashion is 1800 Years old.

Another, like an *Umbrian's sturdy Spouse*. The *Umbrians* inhabited a Country joining to the *Apennine Hills*, which runs from *Savona*, on the Coast of *Genoa* to the *Sicilian Straits*. This Nation were reckon'd as Rustick in their Manners, as strong in Bodies, and stout of Heart. The Poet gives us, in an *Umbrian Woman*, a just Idea of a modern Peasant's Wife.

*Sirens, the Monsters, &c.* *Ovid* here advises the Ladies to learn to Sing, and takes his Comparisons from the *Sirens*, Daughters of *Achæolus*, and the Muse *Calliope*, or *Terpsichore*, according to others. They were three in Number, *Parthenope*, *Leucosia* and *Legia*, half Women and half Fish; one made use of her Voice, another of her Lyre, and another of her Flute. Their Haunt was on the Coasts of *Sicily*, where they charm'd Voyagers by their Singing, but *Ulysses* escap'd them. See the 6th and 14th Book



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Book of the *Metamorphoses*. Ovid, instead of *Ulysses*, says *Sisyphides*, the Son of *Sisyphus*; for that of *Autolice*, *Laertes's* Wife, and *Ulysses's* Mother, was debauch'd by *Sisyphus*, and bore *Ulysses* by him. This Poet in his *Metamorphoses*, Book 13, makes *Ajax* say,

— *Quid sanguine cretus*  
*Sisyphio, furtisque, & fraude simillimus illi,*  
*Inferis Hæcidæ alienæ nomina genti?*

*Some soft Egyptian Air.* Those *Airs* were a sort of *Sarabands*, in vogue among the *Egyptians* and *Gades*. The Movement was dissolute and provoked to Lust, as one may see by *Martial*:

*Cantica qui Nili, qui Gaditana susurrat.*  
And elsewhere,

*Edere lascivos, & Batica crumata gestus,*  
*Et Gaditanis ludere docta modis.*

Something like the Movements with *Castanets*, of which *Juvenal* speaks in his 11th *Satire*. — *Audiat ille, Testarum crepitus cum verbis, &c.*

*When on his Lyre melodious Orpheus play'd,*  
*Even Cerberus and Hell that Sound obey'd.* *Orpheus* of Mount *Rhodope*, that is, of *Thrace*; from whence he is so often call'd *Threicius*: For he was a *Thracian*, Son of *Oeagrus* and *Calliope*, as *Diodorus* writes: He was so skilful in playing upon the *Lyre*, that 'tis said he drew after him Trees and wild Beasts. From whence *Horace* in his Letters to the *Pisos* says,

*Sylvestres homines sacer interpretque Deorum*  
*Cædibus, & victu sædo deterruit Orpheus,*  
*Diæus ob hoc lenire tigres, rapidosque leones.*

As to the Fable of his Descent into Hell, see the end of *Virgil's* 4th *Georgic*; the 2d and 3d Chorus of *Seneca's Medea*; the 3d Chorus of his *Hercules* on Mount *Oeta*. For in all these Places 'tis very elegantly describ'd: And some Moderns have treated of it happily.

*Ob Thebes attracted by Amphion's Lays.* He means the Walls of *Thebes* built by the Sound of *Amphyon's* *Lyre*.

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Lyre. He was the Son of *Jupiter* and *Antiope*, and Brother of *Zethus*. The two Brothers were famous for the difference of their Humours. *Horace* in his *Art of Poetry*, says, of *Amphion's* building the Walls of *Thebes* by the Sound of his Lyre,

*Diſtus & Amphion Thebanæ conditor arcis  
Saxa movere ſono teſtudinis, & prece blanda  
Ducere quò vellet. —*

And *Seneca*, in the 3d Act of his *Oedipus*,

*— Manuque ſuſtinet læva Chelym,  
Qui ſaxa dulci traxit Amphion ſono.*

And elſewhere,

*— Muros natus Amphion Jove  
Struxit canoro ſaxa modulatu trabens.*

As alſo in the laſt Act of his *Thebais*,

*— — Poteris has Amphionis  
Quaſſare moles? Nulla quas ſtruxit manus  
Stridente tardum machina ducens onus,  
Sed convocatus vocis & citharæ ſono  
Per ſe ipſe turres venit in ſummas lapidis.*

*Eusebius* writes that *Amphion* reign'd at *Thebes*, and made Rocks move with the Sound of his Lyre; for that he was at laſt hearken'd to by his Subjects, who were a ſtubborn ſort of People: And thus the greateſt part of the ancient Fables may be reconcil'd to Truth of Hiſtory.

And was, *Arion*, &c. *Arion* was a celebrated Muſician of Antiquity, of whom *Herodotus*, *Higinus*, *Pliny*, *Solinus*, *Aulus Gellius*, and *Ovid* in the 2d Book of his *Faſti*, make mention; ſe alſo the 13th Book of *Strabo*. Some ſay he was a Poet and Muſician of *Lesbos*, and invented *Dithyrambicks* for Praise of Wine and *Bacchus*. Having got a great deal of Money, and returning from his Travels home by Sea, the Sailors robb'd him and threw him over-board; when a *Dolphin*, charm'd with his Muſick convey'd him ſafe to *Peloponeſus*; where he procur'd *Periander* to put the Sailors to Death. The Poet, by all theſe

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Instances of the Power of Musick, wou'd persuade the Ladies to learn it, as the Version tells us.

*And with her Lute accompany her Voice.* Ovid calls this Instrument *Nablium*, or *Naulium*, which is a Foreign Word, as *Strabo* observes in his 10th Book; and *Suidas* writes, 'tis the *Psalterion*, which is also call'd *Naula*. The Lute answers to it very well.

*Of sweet Callimachus the Works rehearse.* *Callimachus* was a considerable Poet, and, according to *Quintilian*, the first that wrote Elegies in Greek. He was the Son of *Battus*, who built *Cyrene*. For which Reason he is call'd *Battiades*, as in the last Elegy of the first Book of *Ovid's Amorum*.

*Battiades semper toto cantabitur orbe;  
Quamvis ingenio non valet, arte valet.*

*Propertius* in his second Elegy says, he was not swelling or fluid in his Stile.

*Et non inflati somnia Callimachi.*

*Cyrene*, where *Callimachus* liv'd, was in *Africa*; and he was look'd upon to be one of the wittiest and politest Men of his Age.

*And read Philetas and Anacreon's Verse.* *Philetas* was a Native of the Island of *Cos* in the *Aegean Sea*; a celebrated Poet and Writer of Elegies, and flourish'd under *Philip* and his Son *Alexander the Great*. *Quintilian* places him among the Elegiac Poets of the Second Order, and indeed he's almost always nam'd with *Callimachus*, as in the Beginning of the first Elegy of the 3d Book of *Propertius*;

*Callimachi Manes & Coi sacra Philetæ.*

And our *Ovid*, in his *Remedy of Love*;

*Et cum Callimacho tu quoque Coe noces.*

*Statius* also in *Stella's Epithalamium* joins them together.

— *Hunc ipse choro plaudente Philetas  
Callimachusque senex.*

*Ovid*

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*Ovid* calls *Anacreon* the old Man of *Teios*, who lov'd drinking so well: He was a Lyrick Poet, and *Pliny* tells us, he choak'd himself with a Grape-stone as he was drinking. *Horace* sometimes designs him by the *Teian* Muse, as in the 17th Ode of his first Book,

*Et fide Teia, dices laborantes in uno  
Penelopen, vitreamque Circen.*

And in the 14th Epode.

*Non aliter Samio dicunt arsisse Bathylli  
Anacreonta Teium.*

*Terentian Plays* may much the Mind improve. He who represents a Father, receiv'd by his Servant *Geta*. He means *Terence*, and his *Phormio* in particular, where *Chremes* and *Dimiphon*, two old Men, are deceiv'd by *Geta*. The Ancients us'd to call their Servants by the names of the Countries from whence they came, as *Lydus*, *Syrus*, *Dacus*, from *Lydia*, *Syria* and *Dacia*; so *Geta* comes from the Country of the *Getæ*. The French to this Day do the same, and call their Footmen *Champagne*, *le Picard*, *le Gascon*, *le Bourignon*, &c. And Sir George *Etheridge* in his *Sir Fopling Flutter*, the *Hampshire*, &c. speaking to his Valet, imitates this Custom.

But softest *Sappho* best instructs to Love. *Sappho* is made famous by almost all the Poets of Antiquity, as well as by her own Writings. She was born at *Mitylene*, in the Isle of *Lesbos*; and was Contemporary with *Alceus*. She writ nine Books of Elegy, and several Epigrams and Satyrs. The *Sapphick* Verses took their Name from her. There's nothing of her Compositions extant, besides a Hymn to *Venus*, and an Ode to a young Girl whom she lov'd. According to some Authors, she flung her self into the Sea, because *Phaon* neglected her. Her Sentiments were very tender in her Verses; wherefore *Ovid* advises Lovers to read them here, and in his *de Tristibus*, where he says of her,

*Lesbia quid docuit Sappho nisi amare puellas?*

*Propertius*, &c. *Sextus Aurelius Propertius* was a Native of *Umbria*, that rude part of *Italy*; so that we find



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Genius and Politeness are not confin'd to Places. He was very much esteem'd by *Mæcenas*, and his Works are still extant.

*Gallus*, &c. *Cornelius Gallus Foro-Julienfis*, who translated the *Euphorion* of the Greeks into Latin, and wrote four Books for a freed Woman of *Volumnius*, with whom he was in Love. *Servius* calls her *Cytheris*. He was the first who commanded in Egypt under *Augustus*. He was Proconsul, according to *Eusebius*. *Quintilian* says, his Style was rougher than *Propertius* and *Tibullus*. His Conduct in his Government was not much for the Reputation of the Muses.

*Tibullus*. Every Body who is the least acquainted with Antiquity, knows he was one of the finest Wits of the *Augustan* Age, and a Man of Gallantry and Profusion, wasting his Estate, even while he was in his Youth, on his Extravagancies and Pleasures. *Horace* speaks of him as his Friend; and *Ovid* reckons him amongst the best Writers of his Time. What is extant of his Writings justifies, that *Ovid* has not put him out of his Place.

And let Varronian Verse. *Publius Terentius Varro Atacinus*, of the Province of *Gallia Narbonensis*, who, when he was thirty five Years old, learn'd Greek, and translated *Apollonius Rhodius's* four Books of the Conquest of the *Argonauts*. From whence *Quintilian* calls him the Interpreter of another Man's Writings. He celebrated a Lady whom he lov'd, and whose Name was *Leucadia*, in his Writings, as *Propertius* informs us in the last Elogy of his second Book,

*Hæc quoque profecto laudabat Jasone Varro,  
Varro Leucadiæ maxima flamma suæ.*

Some have mistaken *Marcus Terentius Varro*, the Philosopher and Poet, whom *Quintilian* calls the most learned Man of the Romans, for this *Varro*. The Picture of the other was placed in his Life-time, as an extraordinary Person, in *Asinius Pollio's* Library.

Witness the well kept Dancers of the Stage. The Romans were great Encouragers of their Dancers and Mimes; some of them grew very Eminent, as *Roscius Amerinus*,  
for

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for whom *Cicero* pronounc'd that fine Oration; some of them also grew prodigiously Rich, as *Clodius Æsopus*, of whose Luxury *Pliny* makes mention: And *Horace*, in the 3d Satyr of his 2d Book, speaks of the Son of this *Æsopus*, who swallowed a Pearl of great Price in one of his Frolicks.

*Filius Æsopi detractam ex aure Metellæ,  
Scilicet ut decies solidum exorberet, aceto  
Diluit insignem baccam.*

And Book the 2d, Epistle the 1st, to *Augustus*, he says of *Roscius's* Father,

*Quæ gravis Æsopus, quæ doctus Roscius egit.*

Nor is't amiss at Chess, &c. *Latronum prælia* ludet, is the same which the Version renders Chess; but what the *Tessara Missa* of which we have spoken is, none of the Criticks are clear in; those that come nearest suppose them to be Billiard Balls. *Merula's* Explanation is very obscure: Nor is *Mycillus's* much clearer. The *Latronum prælia* is with more certainty interpreted to be Chess. Nor is't amiss at Chess to be expert. There's another Play mention'd by the Poet, *Reticuloque*, &c. which none of the Commentators have explain'd clearly; but the *Ternos lapillos* is by all of them agreed to be what we call Metills, a Boyish Game which *Ovid* describes so well, there's no doubt but 'tis the same. The Die spoken of here, is suppos'd to refer to a Game like the Modern Trick-Track.

Nature, for Men, has rougher Sports design'd. *Pila, jaculumque, trochique, Armaque, & in gyros ire coactus equus*; as Tennis, to sling the Dart, Quoits, Fencing, and ride the great Horse, or manage Horses. Of the Tennis-Ball *Martial* speaks, Book 7, Epigram 32:

*Non pila, non follis, non te paganica.*

And *Horace*, Book 2, Satyr 2:

——— *Seu pila velox  
Molliter austerum studio fallente laborem;  
Seu te discus agit.*

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One might make a very large Comment on this Subject: The *Trochi* are said to be Tops which Boys whip. Thus *Acro*, upon *Horace* and *Martial*, *Epig.* 168. Book 14.

*Inducenda rota est: das nobis utile munus,  
Iste trochus pueris, at mihi cantus erit.*

And afterwards,

*Garrulus in laxo cur annulus orbe vagatur,  
Cedat ut argutis obvia turba trochis.*

Upon which *Raderus* writes, the Word *Trochus* is Greek, and so is the Play. That it is a Hoop or Wheel, as the *Lexicon* has it. *Trochus rotæ genus ad ludum*, and elsewhere *ludentum rota*. See what this Commentator says further. As also *Ammianus Marcellinus*, Book 25. *Turnebus*, Book 27. Chap. 33. *Mercurialis* in his *Gymn.* Book 3. Chap. 8. and *Horace* in his Art of Poetry.

*Ludere qui nescit, campestribus abstinet armis,  
Indoctusque pilæ, Disciue, Trochiue quiescit.*

And Ode 24. Book 3.

*Venarique timet, ludere doctior,  
Sæu Græco jubeas trocho,  
Sæu malis vetita legibus ælea.*

As also *Propertius*, Book 3. *Eleg.* 14.

*Cum pila veloces fallit per brachia jactus  
Increpat, & versi clavus adunca trochi.*

And *Martial*, in his 2d Book, lets us know it made a Noise. So that one cannot be certain 'twas Tops or Quoits: But those Plays seem to come nearest to it; the true one is disus'd. We find in *Ammianus*, that when *Julian* the Apostate was at *Paris*, he diverted himself at this Game, which is describ'd by *Turnebus*, and *Mercurialis*. Of the managing the Horse, *Horace* makes mention, Book 1. Ode 8.

*Cur neque militaris  
Inter aequalis equitet: Gallica nec lupatis  
Temperet ora franis.*

'Twas

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'Twas reckon'd a great piece of Horsemanship to make the Horse turn round *in gyros*. See *Virgil* in his 3d *Georgick*.

*Carpere mox gyrum incipiat, gradibusque sonare  
Compositis, sinuetque alterna volumina crurum.*

Yet when *Sol's* burning wheels from *Leo* drive. The Sun is the Matter Planet, and *Leo* the fifth Sign in the *Zodiack*, by Astronomers call'd the House of the Sun, who therein causes the greatest Heats.

And at the glowing *Virgin's* Sign arrive. *Virgo* is the 6th Northern Sign of the *Zodiack*, next to the Autumnal Equinox: By Nature, say the Artists, cold and dry, the House and Exaltation of Mercury. The Poet means the Summer Season, when the Sun passes thro' *Cancer*, *Leo* and *Virgo*. See *Hyginus*.

To *Pompey's* Gardens, &c. They were the most noted in *Rome*, and in the Field of *Mars*.

*Phœbus*, who sunk, &c. 'Tis said *Phœbus* descended at the Battle of *Actium*, and was present on the *Romans* side when *Augustus* beat *Mark Antony*.

Are rais'd, to *Livia's* and *Octavia's* Name. Speaking of *Octavia's* Portico, which was built near *Marcellus's* Theatre.

Or, where *Agrippa* first adorn'd the Ground,

When he with Naval Victory was crown'd. *Agrippa* marry'd *Julia*, *Augustus's* Daughter by *Scribonia*, and his Father-in-Law honour'd him with a Naval Crown after he beat *Pompey* in *Sicily*. One of the Porticos in *Rome*, was built or nam'd by *Agrippa*.

To *Ilis' Fane*, &c. Of this Fane and these Porticos we have spoken in the Notes on the first Book.

Should you, in singing, *Thamyras* transcend. *Thamyras*, Son of *Philamon*, of whom 'tis said, that as he return'd from the City of *Ætolia* he met with the *Muses* by the way, and was so proud of his Singing, he fancy'd he could out-do them in that Art; at which the Daughters of *Jupiter* were so enrag'd, that in Revenge they depriv'd him of the use of his Reason, as *Homer* writes in his 2d *Iliad*. *Diodorus* says, they only took away his Voice.



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and his Art of playing on the Lyre. The *Latins* say, they struck him blind.

*Had not Apelles drawn the Sea-born Queen.* Every one has heard of *Apelles*, the famous Painter. He was a Native of *Cos*, or as others write of *Ephesus*, and born in the 112th *Olympiad*, about the 422d Year of *Rome*. For his great Skill in his Art he was call'd the Prince of Painters; and so industrious, that *Nulla dies sine linea*, is his known Motto. *Alexander* forbid any Painter but him to draw his Picture. His Master-piece was reckon'd the *Venus* rising out of the Sea, of which *Ovid* speaks, and which the Emperor *Augustus* dedicated in the Temple of his Father, *Julius Caesar*. This Piece was at last ruin'd by Time, and *Nero* put another in its Place, drawn by *Dorotheus*. *Apelles* had begun another *Venus* for the Inhabitants of *Cos*, which would have excell'd the first, but he was hinder'd by Death from finishing it, and after him none had the Boldness to put the last hand to it, as *Pliny* informs us. *Merula* cites an excellent Epigram of *Ausonius* on this Subject, which he says, he found in his time at *Milan*.

*Emersum pelagi nuper genialibus undis  
Cyprin, Apellei cerne laboris opus.*

*Ut complexa manu madidos salis aquore crines  
Humidulis spumas stringit utraque comis.*

*Jam tibi nos, i pra, Juno, inquit, & innuba Pallas;  
Cedimus, & forme pramia deferimus.*

And *Ovid* says elsewhere on this Subject,

*Ut Venus artificis labor est & gloria Coi,  
Æquoreo madidas qua premit imbre comas.*

*In former Days, I own, the Poets were  
Of Gods and Kings the most peculiar Care.* Whatever they were in old Times, *Ovid* complains the Case was alter'd in his.

*But now their Ivy Crowns bear no Esteem, &c.* Perhaps there never was, and never will be an Age, where some Poets, and those not the worst, will not have cause to complain with *Ovid*: who liv'd in a time when Poetry was

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was favour'd with the Protection, and honour'd with the Example of *Augustus*, *Macenas*, and the Roman Court. That Poets were in Esteem of old, *Pausanias* endeavours to prove in his 1st Book; where he says, *Anacreon* was very familiar with *Polycrates* Tyrant of *Samos*, that *Æschylus* and *Simonides* were in favour with *Hiero* King of *Sicily*, and *Philoxenus* *Antagoras* of *Rhodes*, and *Aratus* were highly esteem'd by *Antigonus* Prince of *Macedon*. Upon which *Horace* writes in his Art of Poetry,

*Sic honor, & nomen divinis vatibus atque  
Carminibus venit.*

And again,

*Et vita monstrata via est: & gratia Regum  
Pieris tentata modis, ludusque repertus.*

*Ennius* with Honours was by *Scipio* grac'd. *Ennius* was a Native of *Calabria*, born at *Rudii*, in the 515th Year of *Rome*. *Silius* in his 12th Book tells us he was of *Rudii*;

*Miserunt Calabri, Rudii genere vetusta.*

He was the first Roman that wrote Annals in Heroick Verse. *Aulus Gellius* says, his Subject was the Wars of *Italy*, and particularly the 2d *Punick* War, which he did to compliment his Patron and Friend *Scipio*; who carry'd him with him into *Asia*, and he was in *Ætolia* with *Fulvius Nobilior*. He dy'd in the seventieth Year of his Age, having been cruelly afflicted with the Gout, according to *Eusebius*, caus'd by his Intemperance in Wine, which he drank to Excess. He was bury'd in *Scipio's* Tomb, in the *Via Appia*, as *Cicero* writes. *Pliny* observes that he had a Statue near *Scipio's*, which shews how highly he was honour'd.

What could the high Renown of *Homer* raise. *Homer's* Name, and the Contention of seven Cities for him, are so well known that there's no need of saying much about it; he was so call'd from his Blindness. He was the most famous of all the Greek Poets, but poor to the Extremity of Begging: His *Iliads* and *Odysseys* are to this Day in

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the first Rank of Heroick Poems, and the *Æneid* only dispute with them the Preeminence.

*Who could have been of Danae's Charms assur'd.* Danae, Daughter of Acrisius King of Argos; who having consulted the Oracle, and being told that he should be kill'd by her Son, shut her up in a Brazen Tower to prevent it. But *Jupiter* transforming himself into a Golden Shower, brib'd her Keepers, and got her with Child; which, being born, was the renown'd *Perseus*. Her Father commanded both the Babe and his Mother to be thrown into the Sea; but being fortunately cast ashore on one of the Islands call'd *Cyclades*, the King of the Island marry'd the Mother; and *Perseus* when he was grown up, unwittingly kill'd his Grandfather.

*How could Andromeda.* This Story has been often mention'd in these Books. She was the Daughter of *Cepheus*, King of *Arcadia*, and for her Mother's Pride, in comparing her Beauty to that of the *Nereids*, was expos'd to a horrible Sea-Monster, from whom she was deliver'd by the above nam'd *Perseus*: who by a Look of *Medusa's* Head turn'd the Monster into a Stone: 'Tis so easy to explain this Fable, and that of *Danae's*, the Reader will do it himself, as he passes them over.

*Had Priam been believ'd, Troy still had stood.* Priam, King of *Troy*, and Father of *Paris*, who stole *Helen*, was for restoring her to the *Greeks* when they demanded her by their Ambassadors; but other Counsels prevailing, the War ensu'd, which ended in the Destruction of *Troy*, and the Death of *Priam*, who was kill'd by *Pyrrhus*, Son of *Achilles*, after 40 Years Reign.

*But let not powder'd Heads, nor essenc'd Hair.* The meaning of the Original is intirely taken in, *Nec comas ves fallat liquida nitidissima Nardo*. The *Nardus* or *Nard* was a Plant brought from *India* or *Syria*, from which a precious Ointment was extracted, and put to the same uses as the modern *Beaux* and *Belles* do their Essences.

*How often, Venus, hast thou heard such Cries,*

*And laugh'd amidst thy Appian Votaries?* The Temple of *Venus* stood in the *Appian* way, and the gallant Women us'd to frequent it to meet their Sparks.

*Trust*

## NOTES on the Third Book. 179

*Trust not a Theseus, &c.* *Theseus's* Inconstancy to *Ariadne* has render'd him famous among the Inconstants in Story; and *Demophoon*, his Son, is no less known to have forsaken his *Phyllis*. See *Ovid's* Epistles.

*When feign'd a Passion is, and when sincere.* The Poet, in his Advice to the Men, has given them the same Caution, when they write Letters to shew their Passion, and not their Wit, which is a Rule that will last as long as Truth and Reason.

*A Stile too coarse, &c.* This is very delicate, and shews of what Importance 'tis for Beauty to be well-bred, if it would be Victorious.

*Whose Hand the Traitor threatens to expose.* A Lover, who keeps his Mistress's Letters to make his Advantage of them. Would not one think that this was written Yesterday? All this Advice about *Billets* is agreeable, and very important in the Affair of Galantry.

*When on her Flute divine Minerva play'd.* *Minerva* playing on her Flute by a River Side, and seeing in the Water what Grimaces it oblig'd her to make, she flung away the Instrument in a Passion, and curs'd it so much, that he who made use of it afterwards had cause to repent of it, as *Ovid* writes in his *de Fastis*, and in his *Metamorphoses* in the Story of *Marfias* who was fleed by *Apollo*.

*Let sad Tecmessa.* She was *Ajax's* Captive and his Mistress, by whom he had *Euryfices*, from whom descended the *Euryfidae*, one of the most noted Families of *Athens*.

*So Nemesis, so Cynthia's Name was rais'd.* *Nemesis* was the Goddess of Justice: *Adraustus* built the first Temple to her, and thence she's call'd *Adraesta*, as also *Rhamnusia* from her Temple in *Rhamnus* in *Attica*, The *Romans* invok'd her before they went to Battle, and return'd her Thanks after Victory, for revenging them on their Enemies; she had no *Latin* Name, tho' she was receiv'd into the Capitol. But this *Nemesis* here thought to be that which *Tibullus* lov'd and celebrated in his Poems; if so, 'tis probable *Cynthia* here is not the Goddess, but some Beauty, who went by that Name.

From



180 NOTES on the Third Book.

From East to West, Lycoris' Praises ring; in the Verses of the Poet Gallus.

Nor are Corinna's, &c. Ovid sung his Mistress by that Name, which is suppos'd to be a *Nom de Guerre* taken from the Grecian Poetess, who as we are told won the Prize of Poetry four or five times from *Pindar*; however those that say so, own her Beauty contributed much to that Advantage. There were two *Corinna*'s, one a *Theban*, who wrote Epigrams and Lyrick Poems, and contended with *Pindar*. The same that *Propertius* speaks of in his 2d Book, Elegy 3.

*Et sua cum antiquæ committit scripta Corinnæ.*

The other was a *Thespian*, whom some call also *Corinthia*. Ovid gave the Name of *Corinna* to his Mistress, on account of her Beauty and Wit. He says of her in another Place,

*Moverat ingenium totam cantata per urbem,  
Namine non vero dicta Corinna mihi.*

The God that fills him, &c. Meaning that Poetick Fury with which *Apollo* inspires the Bard. Perhaps 'tis for this Reason that *Ennius* calls Poets Divine, as *Cicero* writes in his Oration for *Archias*. There cannot be a finer Elogium on Poets and Poesy than what *Ovid* writes in this Place.

Nor Love, nor Empire, can a Partner bear. 'Tis a sort of Proverb, which *Lucan* in his 1st Book expresses thus:

——— *Omnisque Potestas  
Impatiens Consortis erit* ——!

Bar but your Gate. All this is very gallant. In some Editions 'tis *Claude Fores*, and in others, *Obde Forem*, Both good alike. But what follows is not so, for instead of *dicat tibi janitor ore*, it must be read *dicat nobis janitor*, &c. According to *Merula*'s and others Interpretation, the Porter should hinder the Husband. But this Version renders it better, making the Advice general; and we understand by it, the Ladies must keep out both Lovers and Husband.

## NOTES on the Third Book. 181

Husband to raise their Passion, apt to be cloy'd when Admittance is too easy.

*Tho' free as Thais, &c.* He alludes to the *Thais* of Terence in his *Eunuch*, where she makes as if she had driven *Phædria* out of Doors to receive one *Pamphila*, whom *Thraso* brought her. *Thais* was a Name given to all sort of Women of a lewd Character, who however affect Discretion.

*Tho' stuck with Argus' Eyes, &c.* The Fable of *Argus* has been spoken of before, he had a hundred Eyes, and kept *Io* from *Jupiter* by *Juno's* Order; for which *Mercury* kill'd him by command of his Father *Jove*. To make him amends, *Juno* turn'd him into a Peacock, and plac'd his Eyes in the Tail.

*New Milk, &c.* Ovid shews several ways to write Letters, so that the Writing may not be perceived; as Spires of green Flax, or writing on the Maid's Back. But upon what did they write with Milk, &c. The Poet says, *Pro charta conscia tergum*, which must be something that comes near our Paper. A Note has been already made, p. 65. on this *Charta*.

*Acrisus, &c.* Father of *Danae*, whose Story is told before.

*Or in the Circus, &c.* In the first and second Books, enough is said of Assignations in the *Circus*; in *Isis*'s Temple, and *Cybele's*.

*Sometimes with Wine, &c.* Ovid says *Spanish Wine*; and some take it to be the good, others the bad; for there were of both sorts; the bad was that of *Catalonia*, call'd *Fex Laletana*, as we may read in *Martial*, Book 1. Epigram 27. *A caupone tibi fæx Laletana petatur*. The good *Spanish Wine*, according to *Pliny*, was of the growth of *Lusitania*, *Terragona* and *Balearica*. In our Times there's also good Wine made in *Catalonia*, known by the Name of *Barcelona Wine*, and by other Names of Places near which the Vineyards are.

*And for the Lemnian Ladies, &c.* Alluding to those wicked Women, who rose against the Men, and did not spare their own Husbands.

## 181 NOTES on the Third Book.

*Let Procris' Fate.* The Poet here describes at large the Fable of *Procris* and *Cephalus*, of which he also speaks in the 7th Book of his *Metamorphoses*; she was as he tells us there, the Daughter of *Erichon*, King of *Athens*.

*Fragrant Myrtles, &c.* Black Myrtle. 'Twas dedicated to *Venus*. *Cato* makes mention of three Sorts, White, Black, and a third which he calls Conjugal, because 'twas dedicated for the Ceremonies of Marriage.

*And Cytisus, &c.* 'Tis a Shrub which fattens Sheep, and Horses prefer it to other Grain; it took its Name from one of the *Cyclades*, where it grew in abundance.

*Come, gentle Aura, &c.* This is a sort of a Song, and is well render'd, as it is in the Original, on account of the double Meaning *Procris* might take it in, either with respect to herself or the Air. *Cephalus* speaks it. He was the Son of *Mercury*, if 'tis not the same that *Ovid* mentions in his *Metamorphoses*, as the Son of *Æolus*. *Strabo* writes, he was the Son of *Dionæus*, as does *Hyginus* in the 241st Fable. *Mercury* was sometimes call'd *Dionæus*; the Island *Cephalenia* was so nam'd from him. *Dionæus* was King of *Phocis*, and his Son *Cephalus* marry'd *Procris*, but was carry'd away by *Aurora*, who fell in love with him. She could not prevail upon him to care for her; yet *Procris* was very jealous of him, and contriving to watch him as he return'd from Hunting, hid her self in the Bushes; *Cephalus* supposing it had been a Deer, shot his Dart at it, and kill'd his Wife unawares.

*Bacchanalian Fury.* The Priestesses and Priests of *Bacchus*, who celebrated the Festival of that God, did it with the Noise of Shouts, Drums, Timbrels and Cymbals, were crown'd with Ivy, Vine, &c. and carry'd a *Thyrus* or Staff weav'd with it in their Hands; they were frantick and outrageous in their Actions during this Ceremony.

*Her purple Swans unyok'd, &c.* To shew that he treats of Love-Affairs, represented by the Swans that are said to draw *Venus's* Car sometimes; tho' Doves are oftener harnest on this occasion. As to Swans, *Ovid* observes in his *Metamorphoses* that they were put to this use.

## NOTES on the Third Book. 183

*Vexa levi curru medias Cytherea per auras  
Cyproa olorinis nondum penetraverit alis.*

And Statius,

*Amycleas ad fræna citavit olores.*

They were also dedicated to *Apollo*, who is the proper God of Poesy; so that *Ovid*, as both a Poet and a Lover, might have the Privilege to put Swans to his Car, as Emblems of his being conducted by *Venus* and *Apollo*. Having finished his Work, he unyokes, and lets them take their Rest.

*Thus with impartial Care, &c.* The Reader has now gone through the *Art of Love*, and 'tis hop'd he has found nothing to shock him. He may look upon this Book as a History of the Manners and Customs of the Ancients, not to imitate them, but see *Ovid's* fine Sentiments, his Eloquence and fruitful Invention, which makes him speak agreeably of every thing.

*While Men and Maids.* Hinting again that he wrote for both Sexes, and claims of both, if they succeed in their Loves, that they should put this Inscription on the Trophy of their Victory, *Naso Magister erat.* We see *Ovid* made no scruple of calling himself *Naso*, though 'twas a Name of Distinction given him for his great Nose, but perhaps not a Name of Contempt, great Noses being more a Beauty among the *Romans* than in our Times.



OVID's





*F. Albane inv.*

*Sam. Gribelin Junior Sculp.*



OVID's  
Remedy of Love.

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Translated by Mr. FATE.

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THE Title of this Book when *Cupid* spy'd,  
Treason! a Plot against our State! he  
cry'd.  
Why should you thus your loyal Poet  
wrong,  
Who in your War has serv'd so well and long?  
So Savage and Ill bred I ne'er can prove,  
Like *Diomedes*, to wound the Queen of Love.

Others

186 OVID's *Art of Love*. Book III.

Others by Fits have felt your am'rous Flame,  
 I still have been, and still your Martyr am;  
 Rules for your Vot'rys I did late impart,  
 Refining Passion, and made Love an Art. 19  
 Nor do I now, of that or thee take Leave,  
 Nor do's the Muse her former Web unweave.  
 Let him, who loves where Love Success may find,  
 Spread all his Sails before the prosp'rous Wind;  
 But let poor Youths, who Female Scorn endure, 15  
 And hopeless burn, repair to me for Cure:  
 For why should any worthy Youth destroy  
 Himself, because some worthless Nymph is coy?  
 Love should be Nature's Friend; let Hemp and Steel  
 Hangmen and Heroes use, whose Trade's to kill. 20  
 Where fatal it would prove, let Passion cease;  
 Nor Love destroy, who should our Race increase.  
 A Child you are, and like a Child should play;  
 And gentle as your Years, should be your Sway.  
 Keen Arrows, and to wound the hardest Hearts, 25  
 You are permitted ——— but no mortal Darts.  
 Let your Step Father *Mars*, on Sword and Spear,  
 The Crimfon-Stains of cruel Conquest wear;  
 You should your Mother's milder Laws observe,  
 Who ne'er did Childless Parent's Curse deserve. 30  
 Or if you must employ your wanton Pow'r,  
 Teach Youths by Night to force their Mistress' Door:  
 How Lovers safe and secretly may meet,  
 And subtle Wives the cautious Husband cheat.  
 Let now th' excluded Youth the Gate carefs, 35  
 A thousand wheedling soothing Complaints express;  
 Then

Book III. OVID's *Art of Love*. 187

Then on th' ill-natur'd Timber vent his Spight,  
 And to some doleful Tune weep out the Night.  
 For Tears, not Blood, Love's Altar should require :  
 Love's Torch, design'd to kindle kind Desire, 40  
 Must seem profan'd, to light a Fun'ral Fire.  
 Thus I. ——— The God his purple Wings display'd,  
 And, *Forward, finish your Design*, he said.  
 To me, ye injur'd Youths, for Help repair,  
 Who hopeless languish for some cruel Fair : 45  
 I'll now unteach the Art I taught before,  
 The Hand that wounded shall your Health restore.  
 One Soil can Herbs and pois'nous Weeds disclose;  
 The Nettle oft is Neighbour to the Rose.  
 Such was the Cure th' *Arcadian* Hero found ; 50  
 The *Pelian* Spear, that wounded, made him sound.  
 But know, the Rules that I to Men prescribe,  
 In like Distress may serve the Female Tribe:  
 And when beyond your Sphere my Methods go,  
 You may, at least, infer what you should do. 55  
 When Flames beyond their useful Bounds aspire,  
 'Tis Charity to quench the threatening Fire.  
 Nine Visits to the Shore poor *Phyllis* made ;  
 Had I advis'd, the Tenth she should have paid.  
 Nor had *Demopbea*, when return'd from Sea, 60  
 For h's expected Bride, embrac'd a Tree,  
 Nor *Dido*, from her flaming Pile, by Night,  
 Discover'd her ingrateful *Trojan's* Flight.  
 Nor had that Mother dire Revenge pursu'd,  
 Who in her Offspring's Blood her Hands imbru'd. 65

Fair



188 OVID's *Art of Love*. Book III.

Fair *Philomel*, preserv'd from *Tereus*' Rape;  
Her Honour she had kept, and he his Shape.

*Pasiphaë* ne'er had felt such wild Desire:

Nor *Phædra* suffer'd by incestuous Fire.

Let me the wanton *Paris* take in Hand, 70

*Helen* shall be restor'd, and *Troy* shall stand.

My wholsom Precepts had lewd *Scylla* read,

The purple Lock had grown on *Nisus*' Head.

Learn, Youths, from me, to curb the desp'rate Force  
Of Love; and steer, by my Advice, your Course. 75

By reading me, you first receiv'd your Bane;

Now, for an Antidote, read me again:

From scornful Beauties Chains I'll set you free,

Consent but you to your own Liberty.

*Phœbus*, thou God of Physick and of Verse, 80

Assist the healing Numbers I rehearse;

Direct at once my Med'cines and my Song,

For to thy Care both Provinces belong.

While the soft Passion plays about your Heart,  
Before the tickling Venom turns to Smart, 85

Break then (for then you may) the treach'rous Dart:

Tear up the Seeds of the unrooted Ill,

While they are weak, and you have pow'r to kill.

Beware Delay: The tender-bladed Grain,

Shot up to Stalk, can stand the Wind and Rain. 90

The Tree, whose Branches now are grown too big

For Hands to bend, was set a slender Twig:

When planted, to your slightest Touch 'twould yield,

But now has fix'd Possession of the Field.

Con.

Book III. OVID's *Art of Love*. 189

Consider, ere to Love you give the Reins, 95  
If she's a Mistress worth your future Pains.  
While yet in Breath, ere yet your Nerves are broke,  
Cast from your gen'rous Neck the shameful Yoke:  
Check Love's first Symptoms, the weak Foe surprise,  
Who, once entrencht, will all your Arts despise. 100  
Think, Wretch, what you hereafter must endure,  
What certain Toil, for an uncertain Cure.  
Slip not one Minute; who defers to day,  
To-morrow will be harden'd in Delay.  
'Tis Love's old Practice, still to sooth you on. 105  
Till your Disease gets strength, and till your strength is gone.  
Rivers small Fountains have, and yet we find  
Vast Seas, of those small fountain'd Rivers join'd.  
Lockt up in Bark poor *Myrrha* ne'er had been,  
Had she the Progress of her Crime foreseen: 110  
But pleas'd with the soft kindling of Love's Fire,  
We, Day by Day, indulge the fond Desire:  
Till like a Serpent it has eat its way,  
And uncontroul'd does on our Entrails prey.  
Yet if the proper Season you have pass'd, 115  
Tho' hard the Task, I'll use my Skill at last;  
Nor see my Patient perish by his Grief,  
Because no sooner call'd to his Relief.  
When *Philætes* first receiv'd his Wound,  
The venom'd part cut off, had sav'd the Sound: 120  
Yet he, ev'n after tedious Years of Grief,  
Was cur'd, and brought the fainting *Greeks* Relief.  
Thus I who charg'd you speedy Means to use,  
Will none, in last Extremities, refuse.

Or

190 OVID'S *Art of Love*. Book III.

Or try to quench the kindling Flames, or stay 125  
 'Till their spent Fury on its self does prey.  
 While in its full Career, give scope to Rage,  
 And circumvent the Force you can't engage.  
 What Pilot would against the Current strive,  
 When with a side-course he may safely drive? 130  
 Distemper'd Minds, distracted with their Grief,  
 Take all for Foes, who offer them Relief:  
 But when the first fermenting Smart is o'er,  
 They suffer you to probe the ripen'd Sore.  
 'Tis Madness a fond Mother to dissuade 135  
 From Tears, while on his Hearse her Son is laid:  
 But when Grief's Deluge can no higher swell,  
 Declining Sorrow you'll with ease repel.  
 Cures have their Times; the best that can be try'd,  
 In flame the Wound, unseas'nably apply'd. 140  
 If therefore you expect to find Redress,  
 In the first place, take leave of Idleness.  
 'Tis this that kindled first your fond Desire,  
 'Tis this brings Fuel to the am'rous Fire.  
 Bar Idleness, you ruin *Cupid's* Game, 145  
 You blunt his Arrows, and you quench his Flame.  
 What Wine to Plain-trees, Streams to Poplars prove,  
 Marshes to Reeds, is Idleness to Love.  
 Mind Business, if your Passion you'd destroy;  
 Secure is he, who can himself employ. 150  
 Sleep, Drinking, Gaming, for the Foe make way,  
 And to Love's Ambuscade the roving Heart betray.  
 The Slothful he seeks out, and makes his Prize,  
 Surely as he the Man of Business flies.

Make

Book III. OVID'S *Art of Love*. 191

Make Business then (no matter what) your Care; 155  
 Some dear Friend's Cause may want you at the Bar :  
 Or if your Courage tempts you to the Field,  
 Love's wanton Arms to rough Campaigns will yield.  
*Parthia* fresh work for Triumph does afford,  
 Half conquer'd to your Hand, by *Cæsar's* Sword. 160  
*Cupid's* and *Parthian* Darts at once o'ercome,  
 And to your Country's Gods, bring double Trophies home.  
 Your Sword as dreadful will to Love appear,  
 As to his Mother the *Ætolian* Spear.  
 Th' adul't'rous Lust that did *Ægisthus* seize, 165  
 And brought on Murder, sprang from wanton Ease :  
 For he the only Loiterer remain'd  
 At Home, when *Troy's* long War the rest had drain'd.  
 He revell'd then at his luxurious Board,  
 And ne'er embark'd, and ne'er unsheath'd his Sword ;  
 But while the *Grecians* did for Glory rove, 171  
 He wasted all his idle Hours on Love.

Or Country-work and Tillage can disarm  
 Your am'rous Cares, for ev'ry Grief a Charm.  
 Yoke Oxen, plough the painful Field, you'll find 175  
 The wounded Earth will cure your Love-sick Mind,  
 Then trust your Grain to the new-furrow'd Soil,  
 That with large Int'rest will requite your Toil.  
 Behold what kind Returns your Fruit-trees send,  
 Down to your Hand the burden'd Branches bend. 180  
 Behold a murm'ring Brook through Pastures glide,  
 Behold the grazing Sheep on either side;  
 While in the Shade, his Pipe the Shepherd tries,  
 The watchful Dog his Master's Care supplies.

With



192 OVID'S *Art of Love*. Book III.

With loud Complaints another Grove is fill'd 185  
 Of Heifers lowing for their Firslings kill'd.  
 What pleasure 'tis with Smoke of Yew to drive  
 The murm'ring Swarm, and seize the loaden Hive.  
 All Seasons friendly to the Swain are found; 189  
 Autumn with Fruit, with Harvest Summer's crown'd:  
 The Spring's adorn'd with Flowers to charm the Eye,  
 And Winter Fires the absent Sun supply.  
 At certain times you'll see the Vintage full,  
 And for your Wine-press may choice Cloisters cull.  
 At certain times you pondrous Sheafs may bind, 195  
 Yet for the Rake leave work enough behind.  
 In mellow Ground, your Plants no wat'ring need;  
 The thirsty you from neighb'ring Springs may feed.  
 Then, Grafting, make old Stocks sprout fresh and green,  
 And various Fruits on one proud Branch be seen. 200  
 When once these Pleasures have your Mind possess'd,  
 Love soon departs like a neglected Guest.  
 Hunt, if the dull Distemper you'd remove:  
 Diana will too hard for Venus prove.  
 Through all her doubling Shifts, the Hare pursue, 205  
 Or spread your Toils upon the Mountain's Brow.  
 Ev'n when the Stag's at Bay, provoke his Rage;  
 Or with your Spear the foaming Boar engage.  
 Thus tir'd, your Rest at Night will prove so deep,  
 Dreams of your Mistress ne'er will haunt your Sleep. 210  
 'Tis easier work, yet 'twill require your Care,  
 The feather'd Game with Birdlime to ensnare;  
 Or else for Fish your bearded Hook to bait,  
 And for your Art's Success with Patience wait. 214  
 Through

OVID's *Remedy of Love.* 193

Through Sports like these you'll steal into Relief, . 215

And while your Time you cozen, cheat your Grief.

Or Travel, (tho' you find your Fetters strong;)

Set out betimes; your Journey must be long.

You'll weep at Thought of her you left behind,

And halting, to return be oft inclin'd. 220

But how much more unwilling to proceed,

Compel your Feet to so much greater Speed.

Advance, let nothing interrupt your Way,

No Wind nor Weather, nor unlucky Day.

Nor count the Miles you've past, but what remain; 225

For loit'ring nigh no fond Pretences feign.

Nor reckon Time, nor once look back on *Rome*,

But fly; and, *Parthian* like, by Flight o'ercome.

You'll call my Precepts hard; I grant they are:

But for dear Health who would not Hardship bear? 230

When sick, the bitter Potion I have ta'en;

And, for the Food I fancy'd, begg'd in vain.

Both Steel and Fire you'll patiently endure,

And Thirst, more scorching, for your Body's Cure.

Can you, who thus your earthy Part redeem, 235

For your immortal Mind have less Esteem?

Yet, for my Patient's Comfort, I must own,

When this first Stage he manfully has run,

The half, the worst half of his Task is done. }

Gall'd with the Yoke, at first the Heifer draws: 240

The Curb's first Tryal frets the Courser's Jaws.

Perhaps to leave your Father's House you'll mourn;

Yet go: And think, when tempted to return,

194 OVID's *Remedy of Love.*

Your Kindred but the false Pretence is made;  
 'Tis Absence from your Mistress does persuade. 245  
 When once set out, Diversions you will meet,  
 Fair Country Prospects, and Companions sweet.  
 Nor only Travel far, but tarry long;  
 Nor once look Homewards while your Passion's strong.  
 Rebellious Love, if he perceives you halt, 250  
 With greater Fury will renew th' Assault.  
 Half-famish'd Passion will more fiercely prey,  
 And all your Labour past be thrown away.

You'll think, when through *Hæmonian* Fields you rove,  
 That magick Arts may yield a Cure for Love. 255  
 Old Tales, of Witchcraft strange Effects rehearse;  
 The only Charm I bring is sacred Verse.  
 By my Advice, no Jargon shall be read,  
 Nor Midnight Hag, blaspheming, raise the dead;  
 No standing Crop to other Fields shall range, 260  
 No sick Eclipse the Sun's Complexion change;  
 Old *Tyber* shall his sacred Course retain,  
 And *Cynthia*, unmolested, guide her Wain.  
 No suff'ring Heart to Spells shall be oblig'd,  
 Nor Love resign, by Sulphur Streams besieg'd. 265  
 Think on *Medea* of all Hopes bereft,  
 When fled from Home, and by her Lover left.  
 And what did *Circe's* pow'rful Drugs avail,  
 When she beheld *Ulysses* under Sail?  
 She try'd her Magick, Charm on Charm renew'd; 270  
 He with a merry Gale his Course pursu'd:  
 No Force or Skill the fatal Dart removes;  
 She Raves to find she Loves, — but still she Loves.

To

OVID's *Remedy of Love.* 195

To thousand Shapes she could transform Mankind,  
No means to change her hated self could find. 275  
In these soft Terms, to her departing Guest,  
Her Passion (to detain him) was express.  
“ I now no more (as when I first receiv'd  
“ Those Hopes and you, by both alike deceiv'd)  
“ Expect that you with me should pass your Life, 280  
“ No more ambitious to be made your Wife,  
“ (Tho' sure my Pedigree you cannot scorn;  
“ The Daughter of the Sun, a Goddess born)  
“ I but entreat you for a time to stay,  
“ And urge, for your own sake, the short delay. 285  
“ The Seas are rough, which you have cause to fear;  
“ Wait but a friendlier Season of the Year.  
“ What haste? This Isle does no new *Troy* afford,  
“ No second *Rhesus* to employ your Sword.  
“ Love revels here, with peaceful Myrtle crown'd, 290  
“ And mine the only Heart that feels a painful Wound.  
She said. — His Crew the swelling Sails display,  
That bear him and her fruitless Pray'rs away.  
In vain to her Enchantments she returns,  
Tries All, yet still in hopeless Flames she burns. 295  
For *Circe's* sake, all Lovers I advise,  
That Spells, as senseless things, they wou'd despise.

The benefits of Travel I have told,  
Which, for sick Minds, the best Relief I hold.  
But if, through Business, you must still remain 300  
In Town, and near the Author of your Pain;  
Tho' 'tis a dang'rous Neighbourhood, I'll shew  
What Methods there the Lover must pursue.



196 OVID'S *Remedy of Love.*

He takes the wisest Course, who from his Heart  
Does, by meer Force, wrest out th' offensive Dart; }  
Resolv'd severely once for all to smart. 360 }

A Master of such Courage I'll admire;  
Such Patients will no more Advice require.  
Who wants this Resolution to be freed  
At once, by slower Methods must proceed. 310

To milder Remedies I'll him direct,  
Which yet, in time, will have the wish'd Effect.  
Think, 'till the Thought your Indignation move,  
What Damage you've receiv'd, by her you Love: 314

How she has drain'd your Purse; nor yet content,  
'Till your Estate's in costly Presents spent, }  
And you have mortgag'd your last Tenement. }

How she did swear, and how she was forsworn;  
Nor only false, but treated you with Scorn:  
And, since her Avarice has made you poor, 320  
Forc'd you to take your Lodgings at her Door:  
Reserv'd to you, but others she'll care;

The Fore-man of a Shop shall have Access,  
Let these Reflections on your Reason win;  
From Seeds of Anger, Hatred will begin. 325

Your Rhet'rick on these Topicks should be spent.  
Oh that your Wrongs cou'd make you Eloquent!  
But grieve, and Grief will teach you to enlarge,  
And, like an Orator, draw up the Charge.

A certain Nymph did once my Heart encline, 330  
Whose Humour wholly disagreed with mine.

(I, your Physician, my Disease confess)  
I from my own Prescriptions found Redress.

Her

OVID's *Remedy of Love.* 197

Her still I represented to my Mind,  
 With what Defects I cou'd suppose or find. 335  
 Oh how ill shap'd her Legs, how thick and short !  
 (Tho' neater Limbs did never Nymph support, )  
 Her Arms, said I, how tawny brown they are !  
 (Tho' never Ivory Statue had so fair.)  
 How low of Stature ! (yet the Nymph was tall.) 340  
 Oh for what costly Presents will she call !  
 What Change of Lovers ! ——— And, of all the rest,  
 I find this Thought strike deepest in my Breast.  
 Such thin Partitions Good and Ill divide,  
 That one for t'other may be misapply'd. 345  
 Ev'n Truth, and your own Judgment, you must strain,  
 Those Blemishes you cannot find, to feign :  
 Call her Blackmoor, if she's but lovely Brown ;  
 Monster, if plump ; if slender, Skeleton.  
 Censure her free Discourse as Confidence ; 350  
 Her Silence, want of Breeding and good Sense.  
 Discover her blind Side, and put her still  
 Upon the Task which she performs but ill.  
 Court her to Sing, if she wants Voice and Ear ;  
 To Dance, if she has neither Shape nor Air : 355  
 If Talking misbecomes her, make her talk ;  
 If Walking, then in Malice make her walk.  
 Commend her Skill when on the Lute she plays,  
 'Till Vanity her want of Skill betrays.  
 Take Care, if her large Breasts offend your Eyes, 360  
 No Dress does that Deformity disguise.  
 Ply her with merry Tales of what you will,  
 To keep her laughing, if her Teeth are ill.

198 OVID's *Remedy of Love.*

Or if Blear-ey'd, some tragick Story find,  
 'Till she has read and wept her self quite Blind. 365  
 But one effectual Method you may take:  
 Enter her Chamber, ere she's well awake:  
 Her Beauty's Art, Gems, Gold, and rich Attire,  
 Make up the Pageant you so much admire;  
 In all that specious Figure which you see 370  
 The least, least Part of her own self is she.  
 In vain for her you love, amidst such Cost,  
 You search; the Mistress in the Dress is lost.  
 Take her disrob'd, her real self surprize,  
 I'll trust you then, for Cure, to your own Eyes. 375  
 (Yet have I known this very Rule to fail,  
 And Beauty most, when stript of Art prevail.)  
 Steal to her Closet, her close Tiring Place,  
 While she makes up her artificial Face.  
 All Colours of the Rainbow you'll discern, 380  
 Washes and Paints, and what you're sick to learn.  
 I now should treat of what may pall Desire,  
 And quench, in Love's own Element, the Fire,  
 (For all Advantages you ought to make,  
 And Arms from Love's own Magazine to take:) 385  
 But Modesty forbids, at full extent  
 To prosecute this luscious Argument:  
 Which, to prevent your Blushes, I shall leave  
 For your own Fancy better to conceive.  
 For some of late censoriously accuse 390  
 My am'rous Liberty, and wanton Muse.  
 But Envy did the Wit of *Homer* blame,  
 Malice gave obscure *Zoilus* a Name.

Thus

OVID's *Remedy of Love.* 199

Thus sacrilegious Censure would destroy  
 The pious Muse, who did her Art employ 395 }  
 To settle here the banish'd Gods of *Troy*.  
 But you, who at my Freedom take Offence,  
 Distinguish right, before you speak your Sense.  
*Maonian* Strains alone can War resound,  
 No place is there for Love and Dalliance found. 400  
 The Tragick Stile requires a Tale distress,  
 And Comedy subsists of Mirth and Jest.  
 The tender Elegy is Love's delight,  
 Which to themselves pleas'd Mistresses recite.  
*Callimachus* would do *Achilles* wrong; 405  
*Cydippe* were no Theme for *Homer's* Song.  
 What mortal Patience could endure to see  
*Thais* presenting chaste *Andromache*?  
 Kind *Thais* (none of *Vesta's* Nuns) supplies  
 My Song: with *Thais* all my Bus'ness lyes: 410  
 The Actress, if my Muse performs with Art,  
 You must commend, tho' you dislike the Part.  
 Burst Envy; I've already got a Name;  
 And, writing more, shall more advance my Fame.  
 Despair not then, for, as I longer live, 415  
 Each Day fresh Fuel for your Spleen shall give.  
 Thus Fame's increasing Gale bears me on high,  
 While tir'd and groveling on the Ground you lye.  
 Soft Elegy in such Esteem I've plac'd,  
 Not *Virgil* more the *Epick* Strain has grac'd. 420  
 Censure did us to this Digression force;  
 Now, Muse, pursue thy interrupted Course.



200 OVID's *Remedy of Love.*

When first the Nymph admits your Visit, stay,  
 And take some other Beauty in your Way ;  
 More safely thus your Passion you may trust, 425  
 When you approach her Charms with fainter Gust :  
 You'll otherwise misconstrue, for Delight,  
 The Eagerness of your own Appetite.  
 Desire does All ; the *Grotto's* cool Retreat,  
 And shady Grove, relieve in Summer's Heat ; 430  
 Warm Fires in Winter : Thirst makes Water sweet. }

Now is the Time your Artifice to try,  
 Act not so much the Lover as the Spy :  
 For Vanity makes all the Fair presume  
 There's nothing which their Charms can misbecome :  
 Take this Occasion her Defects to find, 436  
 When you can fix them deeply in your Mind ;  
 In the dull Minute of your Discontents,  
 (The pensive Mood when sated Love repents,)  
 To your sick Thoughts her Blemishes display, 440  
 And, for Aversion, by those means make way.  
 These Helps you'll say are trivial ; I confess,  
 Singly they are, but join'd will have Success.  
 By one small Viper's Bite an Ox is kill'd ;  
 The Forest-Boar by a less Dog is held. 445  
 Unite my Precepts, if a-part they fail,  
 And by resistless Number you'll prevail.  
 But diff'rent Minds for diff'rent Methods call,  
 Nor what cures most, will have Effects on all.  
 Ev'n that which makes another's Flame expire, 450  
 Perhaps, may prove but Fuel to your Fire.

For one disgusted with the Nymph's Undress,  
 Grows cold and weary of her warm Caress.  
 Another from his wanton Mistress flies,  
 When he his Rival's recent Raptures spies, 455  
 Like warm Desire ! And he but little loves,  
 Whom ev'ry Trifle shocks, and nothing moves.  
 To those I write, (for my Advice they need)  
 Whose hardy Passion can unbalk'd proceed.  
 What think you of that Lover, who could lye 460  
 Conceal'd, to see what Custom must deny ?  
 I to no such undecent Means direct,  
 Not to be practis'd, tho' of sure effect,  
 If to Excess you find your Passion rise.  
 I would at once, two Mistresses advise, 465  
 Divided Care will give your Mind relief ;  
 What nourish'd One may starve the Twins of Grief.  
 Large Rivers, drain'd in many Streams, grow dry :  
 Withdraw its Fuel, and the Flame will die.  
 What Ship can safely with one Anchor ride ? 470  
 With sev'ral Cables she can brave the Tide.  
 Who can at once two Passions entertain,  
 May free himself at Will from either Chain.  
 If treated ill by her whom you adore,  
 A kinder Nymph your freedom must restore. 475  
 No sooner *Minos* did fair *Procris* view,  
 But Scandal on *Pasiphae's* Fame he threw.  
 From his first Charmer soon *Alcmaon* fled,  
*Callirhoe* once admitted to his Bed.  
*Oenone* still had *Paris's* Mistress been, 480  
 Had *Paris* fairer *Helen* never seen.

202 OVID'S *Remedy of Love.*

So *Progne's* Beauty, tho' a Wife, endear'd  
 Her *Tereus*, 'till *Philomel* appear'd.  
 But I too long on dry Examples dwell:  
 Some new Desire your former must expel. 485  
 A fruitful Mother with one Child can part,  
 (The rest surviving to support her Heart : )  
 But she's impatiently of one bereft,  
 Who has, alas ! no second Comfort left.  
 But lest you think that I new Laws decree, 490  
 (Tho' proud of the Invention I could be)  
 The same long since wise *Agamemnon* saw ;  
 (What saw he not, who held all Greece in Awe ?)  
 The beauteous Captive to himself he kept ;  
 Her Father fondly for his Daughter wept. 495  
 Why dost thou grieve, old Sot ? thy Daughter's blest,  
 A royal Whore. — But (to assuage the Pest)  
 When, with his Mistress he was forc'd to part,  
 The prudent Prince ne'er laid the Loss to Heart.  
*Achilles* keeps as fair a Lass as she, 500  
 Their Form, their very Names almost agree.  
 Let him, said he, resign her by Consent,  
 Or he shall feel my Kingly Power's Extent.  
 If to my Subjects this shall give Offence,  
 The Name of Monarch is a vain Pretence. 505  
 Rather than reign, and have my Love confin'd,  
 My Throne shall to *Thersites* be resign'd.  
 He said ; and, for a charming Mistress lost,  
 Repair'd his Suff'rings at another's cost.  
 Do you this Royal Precedent pursue, 510  
 And quench your former Passion by a new,  
 If

OVID'S *Remedy of Love.* 203

If you're a Stranger to the Sex, inquire  
 Where you may find a Mistress to admire.  
 To learn their Haunts my Books of Love peruse,  
 Where from a Swarm of Beauties you may chuse. 515  
 But if my Precepts have the least Pretence  
 To Truth, and if I speak *Apollo's* Sense,  
 Tho' *Ætna's* Fires within your Bosom glow,  
 Dissemble, and appear more cold than Snow.  
 In spite of Torture, still from Tears refrain; 520  
 Laugh when you have most reason to complain.  
 Nor do I such severe Commands impart,  
 At once to bid you tear her from your Heart:  
 But Counterfeit: You'll prove in the Event,  
 That careless Lover whom you represent. 525  
 Oft when the merry Round I would not keep,  
 I've seem'd to Nod, and, seeming, fall'n Asleep.  
 I've laugh'd at him, who fool'd away his Heart,  
 Dissembling Passion, 'till he felt the Smart.  
 Love comes by use: disuse will Love expel: 530  
 Learn to feign Health, and you will soon be well.

If she has bid you come, and fix'd the Night,  
 Tho' sure that she to mock you did invite,  
 Yet go; and if you find the Door fast-lock'd,  
 Endure the Disappointment; be not shock'd, 535  
 Nor curse the Gate, nor fond Entreaties make,  
 Nor on the Threshold a hard Lodging take:  
 And when you see her next, Complaints forbear,  
 Nor in your Looks the least Resentment wear.  
 Her Pride will stoop, and give your feign'd Neglect,  
 What she deny'd to your sincere Respect. 540  
 Nor



204 OVID's *Remedy of Love.*

Nor is't enough your Mistress thus to cheat,  
 You on yourself must put the same Deceit;  
 Acquaint not your own Thoughts with the Design,  
 Till the Work's done, and you have sprung the Mine.  
 'For else 'tis odds, but Nature in your Heart 546  
 Will Faction raise, and take your Mistress' part.  
 What you propose will soon effected be,  
 Your Progress sure, if made with Secrecy.  
 Conceal your Nets; if they are spread in sight, 550  
 The Bird you meant to take, you'll only fright.

Nor suffer her you love, so much to prize  
 Her Charming self, that she may you despise.  
 Take Courage, conscious of your Merit seem,  
 And worthy you'll appear of her Esteem. 555  
 Ev'n then when you her Door wide open spy,  
 Nay tho' call'd in, yet pass regardless by.  
 She'll offer you her Bed; refuse to take  
 The Favour or a doubtful Answer make.  
 Let Wisdom once but teach you to abstain 560  
 From what you wish, you may your Wish obtain.  
 Perhaps at my severe Advice you'll start,  
 But know, I act a Reconciler's part. 1  
 Diseases in a thousand Forms are rang'd;  
 As Tempers vary, Med'cines must be chang'd. 565  
 Some Bodies must a sharp long Course endure,  
 A single Drug on others works a Cure.  
 If your soft Nature yield to *Cupid's* Stroke,  
 And Strength is wanting to support his Yoke;  
 Forbear against the Wind and Tide to strive, 570  
 Slacken your Sail, and with the Current drive.

For

OVID's *Remedy of Love.* 205

For first the raging Thirst in which you fry  
Must be asswag'd, ere other Means you try ;  
Drink freely then ; nor can you safely trust  
To Satisfaction, drink ev'n to Disgust. 575

Visit your Mistress, keep her in your Sight,  
Lock'd up all Day, and in your Arms all Night.  
Still sit at Board, tho' Appetite decay,  
And tho' you find you could be absent, stay :  
Indulge Desire, 'till your Desires are cloy'd ; 580  
And Love by too much Plenty is destroy'd.

Ev'n Fear with Passion will some Minds inspire,  
Remove Distrust, and Passion will retire.  
Who fears some Rival should his Mistress gain,  
*Machaon's* Skill can scarce relieve his Pain. 585  
Since no fond Mother for her darling Son  
Feels greater Pangs, when to the Wars he's gone.

Near the *Salarian* Gate a Temple's plac'd,  
With *Erycinian Venus'* Worship grac'd ;  
'Tis there *Lethaean* Love cures Love's Desire, 590  
Bedews his Lamps, and Water blends with Fire ;  
There sweet Forgetfulness griev'd Lovers find,  
And injur'd Nymphs, whose Husbands prove unkind ;  
There in a Vision, (if a Vision 'twere)

I heard the *Cupid* speak, or seem'd to hear. 595  
O thou who dost sometimes teach Youth to love,  
Then Rules prescribe their Passion to remove :  
One powerful Precept more let me impart,  
Unknown to you, a Master in the Art.

Bid him who loves, and would Love's yoke reject, 600  
On his own Life's Misfortunes oft reflect :

For

206 OVID's *Remedy of Love.*

For all have Crosses, 'tis the common Lot.  
 Let him, who deeply into Debt is got,  
 Think on a Goal, and how he shall sustain  
 Confinement, more severe than *Cupid's* Chain. 605  
 Let him who serves a rigid Father's Will  
 And sees his filial Duty treated ill,  
 (Whate'er Success in other things he find)  
 Keep still his Father's angry Looks in Mind.  
 Let him who has that double Curse of Life, 610  
 At once a Shrew and Beggar to his Wife,  
 Instead of Gallantry abroad; contrive  
 Domestic Famine from his Door to drive.  
 You that are Master of a gen'rous Soil,  
 Look to your Vines, employ your careful Toil, 615 }  
 Lest sudden Frosts the hopeful Vintage spoil.  
 One has a trading Vessel homeward bound;  
 Let him imagine Storms, his Ship unsound,  
 Bulg'd, founder'd; wreck'd, and more, some barb'rous Coast  
 Enrich'd with the dear Cargo he has lost. 620  
 Fear for your Son, who serves in the Campaign,  
 And for your Daughter be in greater Pain.  
 For mortifying Cares you need not roam,  
 By thousands they will throng to you at home.  
 If, *Paris*, *Helen's* Charms you would abhor, 625  
 Behold your Brothers weltring in their Gore.  
 Thus spake the God, 'till from my Pancy's View  
 His youthful Form, Sleep from my Eyes, withdrew.  
 What shall I do, my *Palinurus* gone,  
 And left to steer through untry'd Seas alone? 630

But

OVID'S *Remedy of Love.* 207

But Solitude must never be allow'd ;  
 A Lover's ne'er so safe as in a Crowd.  
 For private Places private Grief increase ;  
 What haunts you there, in Company will cease.  
 If to the gloomy Desert you repair, 635  
 Your Mistress' angry Form will meet you there.  
 What makes the Night less chearful than the Day ?  
 Your Grievs are present, and your Friends away.  
 Nor shun Discourse, nor make your House a Cell ;  
 Despair and Darkness still together dwell. 640  
 To comfort you some *Pylades* admit,  
 Which is of Friendship the chief Benefit.  
 To Death's cold Arms what made poor *Phyllis* fly ?  
 'Twas less her Grief than want of Company.  
 Wild as a Bacchanal, her Way she took, 645  
 With Hair dishevell'd, and distracted Look ;  
 Far out to Sea she cast her prying Eyes ;  
 Now stretch'd upon the sandy Beach she lies :  
 Faithless *Demophoon* ! to deaf Waves she cry'd,  
 While Sighs her interrupted Words divide. 650  
 Hard by a lonesome Tree its Shadow cast,  
 As if for solitary Mischief plac'd :  
 'Twas now her ninth sad Visit to the shore ;  
 No Sail appears, and she'll expect no more :  
 Her Nuptial Girdle round her Waste wast'd, 655  
 Just o'er her Head a stretching Bough she spy'd ;  
 She offers, and flies back, dreads what she dares ;  
 And, thus confus'd, the fatal Knot prepares.  
 Now, wretched *Phyllis*, while this Deed was done,  
 I could have wish'd thou hadst not been alone. 660  
 Let



208 OVID's *Remedy of Love.*

Let disappointed Lovers Warning take  
By thee, and never Company forsake.

But while Society I do prescribe,  
I mean not those of your own fighting Tribe:  
For nothing sure can so injurious be 665  
To one in Love, as Lovers Company.  
A Patient, who my Orders did obey,  
And to his Cure was in a hopeful Way,  
By keeping Lovers Company one Night,  
Relaps'd, beyond my Skill to set him right. 670  
Such dang'rous Neighbourhood you must avoid:  
A Flock's by one contagious Sheep destroy'd.  
If Health you'd keep, shun those who are unsound;  
By looking on sore Eyes, our own we wound;  
Dry Lands are oft by neighb'ring Rivers drown'd. }  
Love's Pest allows no Safety but in Flight; 676  
And the infected, to infect, delight.

Another, who quite through his Course had gone,  
By living near his Mistress was undone.  
Rashly his Strength, ere well confirm'd he tries, 680  
Too weak to stand th' Encounter of her Eyes.  
She meets, and conquers with one single View,  
And all his fresh-skin'd Wounds gush forth a-new.  
To save your House from neighb'ring Fire is hard,  
Distance from Danger is the surest Guard. 685  
Avoid your Mistress' Walks, and ev'n forbear  
The Civil Offices you paid to her.  
Change all your Measures, new Affairs pursue;  
Find out (if possible) a World that's New.

# OVID's *Remedy of Love.* 209

A Table spread in view gives Appetite ; 690  
 To see a gushing Rill does Thirst excite.  
 To leap their Females in a neighb'ring Plain,  
 Your Bull will break his Fence, your Steed his Rein.  
 Nor is't enough to quit the Nymph, but you  
 Must to her Friends and Kindred bid adieu ; 695  
 Nor to your Sight admit the Page or Maid,  
 By whom the tender *Billet-Doux's* convey'd.  
 And, tho' impatient, stifle your Desire ;  
 Nor of her Health, nor what she does inquire.  
 Ev'n you who powerful Reasons can assign, 700  
 That 'twas ill-treatment made your Love decline,  
 Forbear Complaints, and no Invectives make ;  
 By scornful Silence, best Revéngé you'll take.  
 Bury your Passion in a speechless Grave,  
 Desist from Love, but do not say you have. 705  
 If over-much you boast, the Symptom's ill ;  
 Who always cries, *I've done with Love*, loves still.  
 To make sure Work, quench leisurely the Fire ;  
 He's safe, who can by just Degrees retire.  
 A Torrent's swift, a Stream does gently glide, 710  
 But that's a short, and this a lasting Tide ;  
 That Love must irrecoverably decay,  
 Which does by Atoms waste itself away.  
 Yet, ev'n Humanity must needs abhor,  
 That you should hate the Nymph you did adore. 715  
 For he discovers a meer brutal Mind,  
 Whose Love to Enmity the way confin'd.  
 A gentle Cure is what I recommend ;  
 For he whose Passion can in Hatred end,

As

210 OVID's *Remedy of Love.*

As soon may to his first Desire return ; 720  
His Fire does still beneath the Embers burn.  
To see two Lovers at outrageous Odds,  
Is Scandal and Offence to Men and Gods.  
Many have rail'd, and yet been reconcil'd,  
That Minute they their Mistresses revil'd. 725

Others I've known, who parting without strife,  
Have fairly taken leave — but ta'en for Life,  
A Nymph but lately passing in her Chair,  
Met with her Lover ; (I by chance was there) }  
He storm'd, and with Reproaches fill'd the Air. 730 }  
At last, *Come forth thou Harlot, come*, he cry'd :  
She came ; at sight of her his Tongue was ty'd,  
The Writings in his Hand he flings away,  
Runs to her Arms, and has but pow'r to say,  
*You've Conquer'd, and no more I'll Disobey.* 735 }

Let her the Presents you have sent retain,  
And to a less prefer the greater Gain.  
Weigh the Advantage by that Loss you reap,  
And think the Purchase of your Freedom cheap.

If to her Presence you by chance are driv'n, 740  
Straight recollect the Precepts I have giv'n.  
Since with your Amazon you must engage,  
To whet your Courage muster all your Rage.  
Think on your Rival in her Chamber kept,  
While you, excluded, on her Threshold slept. 745  
How falsely she has treated you ; and then  
More falsely sworn, to draw you in again.

Study no Dress when she is to be seen,  
But wear your Garments careless as your Mien.

Or,

OVID's *Remedy of Love.* 211

Or, if the Sparkish mode your Fancy seize, 750  
Take care it be some other Nymph to please.

What most retards your Cure, I'll now reveal ;  
And to your own Experience dare appeal ;  
Hoping to be at last belov'd, (tho' vain  
Those Hopes) we linger, and indulge our Pain. 755  
T'our own Defects, through Self-opinion, blind,  
We wonder how the Fair can be unkind.

Ne'er think that what she says or swears is true ;  
She fears the Gods no more than she fears you.  
Nor trust her Tears, tho' plenteous Tears distil ; 760  
Their Eyes are disciplin'd to weep at will.  
With various Art they storm a Lover's Mind,  
Like some bleak Rock, expos'd to Waves and Wind.

Nourish the just Resentments in your Heart,  
But ne'er declare the Reason why you part. 765  
For tax'd with Crimes, she'll plead her Innocence ;  
And you'll too much incline to her Defence.  
Contract th' Indictment ; spinning out the Charge,  
But shews you'd have her clear her self *at large*.

Nor yet abruptly should you leave the Fair, 770  
And, like *Ulysses*, drive them to Despair :  
To no such violent Methods I'll advise,  
Nor aid a Lover, while his Mistress dies,  
I mean not *Cupid's* purple Wings to clip,  
Nor break his Bow, or feather'd Arrows strip. 775  
The Counsels that I give are just and true,  
Do you as faithfully my Rules pursue.  
*Phæbus*, to thee once more for Aid I run ;  
Assist me, as thou hast already done.

He



212 OVID's *Remedy of Love.*

He comes, he comes, he'll instantly appear, 780  
His Quiver, and his sounding Harp I hear,  
Both Signs most certain, that the God is near. }

Compare your Bastard Scarlet with the right,  
The difference will appear, tho' both are bright.  
Your Charmer so by first-rate Beauties place, 785  
And her Defects, by brighter Lustre trace.

*Pallas* was tall and graceful, sternly fair,  
And *Juno* carry'd a majestick Air;  
Singly they pleas'd, and by each other charm'd,  
But both by *Venus'* Presence were disarm'd. 790

Nor Manhood yet must you so far disgrace  
As to become the Vassal of a Face,  
Nor to meer Beauty your Devotion pay;  
Her Breeding, Humour, and her Manners weigh:  
But in the Scale of an impartial Mind, 795  
Or Inclination will your Judgment blind.

What more I have to say, will lie compris'd  
In little Room, but must not be despis'd.  
Those short Receipts have Cures on many done,  
And, of that Number, I my self am one. 800

The Letters sent you, when your Nymph was kind,  
Revise not, for they'll shake your constant Mind:  
But say, when you commit them to the Fire,  
*Be this the Fun'ral Pile of my Desire;*  
*Perish, my Love; in this just Flame expire.* 805 }

*Althæa* burnt the fatal Brand, and knew,  
The Brand consuming, her own Son she slew.  
Can you whose Kindness had a worse Return,  
Repine, a few deceitful Words to burn?

No;

OVID's *Remedy of Love.* 213

No, make a total Sacrifice, nor spare 810  
The very Seal that does her Image bear.

From all such Places too you must remove,  
As ever have been conscious to your Love.  
You'll say, (and grieve to think those Joys are fled)  
This was th' Apartment, this the happy Bed! 815  
The dear Remembrance will renew Desire,  
And to fresh Blaze blow up the sleeping Fire.  
The *Greeks* could wish t' have shun'd th' *Eubæan* Coast,  
And vengeful Fire, by which their Fleet was lost.  
Wise Sailors tack, when *Scylla's* Rock they spy; 820  
So you should from your Mistress' Dwelling fly,  
There stands t'æ Rock, on which you split before,  
Imagine there you hear *Charybdis* roar.

But Chance it self sometimes may stand your Friend,  
And give your Grievs an unexpected End. 825  
Had *Phædra's* Wealth to Poverty declin'd,  
She never for *Hippolytus* had pin'd.  
Or were *Medea* born a rural Maid,  
No faithless *Jason* had implor'd her Aid.  
But Love in pamper'd Palaces is bred, 830  
By Pleasure and luxurious Riches fed.  
Not *Hecale* or *Irus* could arrive  
At *Hymen's* Joys, tho' long they did survive:  
For both were Poor; and *Cupid* still shoots high,  
His Shafts above the humble Cottage fly. 835  
Yet so severe a Cure I can't approve,  
Or bid you starve your self, to starve your Love.

But ne'er frequent the wanton Theatre,  
Where vain Desires in all their Pomp appear;

From

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From Musick, Dancing, and an am'rous Part, 840  
Perform'd to th' Life, how can you guard your Heart?

Against my self, I frank Confession make ;  
Into your Hands no am'rous Poet take,  
Whose *Siren* Muses draw the list'ning Throng,  
And charm them into Ruin, by their Song. 845

*Callimachus* first from your sight remove,  
Banish *Philetas* next ; th' are Friends to Love.  
How oft have *Sappho's* Odes set me on fire !  
Who can contain, that hears *Anacreon's* Lyre?  
Who reads *Tibullus*, must his Passion feel ; 850  
*Propertius* can dissolve a Heart of Steel :  
Nor *Gallus* fails the coldest Breast to warm ;  
And ev'n my Muse has found the Art to charm.

But if *Apollo*, who conducts my Song,  
Secure me in this Point from guessing wrong ; 855  
The Pain with which most sensibly you're griev'd,  
Is on th' Account of Jealousy conceiv'd.  
No Fear of Rivals must your Heart torment ;  
For, true or false, yet for your own Content,  
At least persuade your self that you have none ; 860  
And that the harmless Creature sleeps alone.  
*Orestes* ne'er could find his Nymph had Charms,  
'Till he beheld her in another's Arms.

Why, *Menelaus*, dost thou now take on ?  
In *Crete* you long could sauntering stay alone ; 865  
Your *Helen's* Absence ne'er disturb'd your Rest :  
No sooner fled she, with her *Trojan* Guest,  
The Royal Cuckold raves, and he must make  
A ten Years War, to fetch the Harlot back.

'Twas

OVID's *Remedy of Love.* 215

'Twas on this Score the fierce *Achilles* wept; 870

With *Agamemnon* his *Briseis* slept.

Good Cause to weep, the Maiden Toy was got,

Or great *Alcides* was a sov'rain Sot.

His Game of Love were *Ovid* to have play'd,

The Poet had the better Hero made. 875

At last, with Gifts, he did the Loss restore,

And that she was untouch'd profoundly swore.

Swore by his Sceptre; — nor can that seem odd;

He knew his Sceptre but a wooden God.

O could you once arrive but to the Pow'r 880

As, unconcern'd, to pass your Mistress' Door!

Strongly resolve, tho' ne'er so loth to stir,

For now's the time to stretch with Whip and Spur.

Think there's the *Syren's* Den, the deadly Bay,

Make all the Sail you can and scud away. 885

Your fond Resentment quit, and condescend

To take your very Rival for your Friend.

Salute him kindly, tho' with deep Regret;

Embrace him, I'll pronounce your Cure complet.

Now to perform a true Physician's part, 890

And shew I'm perfect Master of my Art;

I will prescribe what Diet you should use,

What Food you ought to take, and what refuse.

Mushrooms of ev'ry sort provoke Desire,

Salacious Rocket sets your Veins on Fire: 895

The Plant I recommend is wholesome Rue,

It clears the Sight, and does the Blood subdue:

But, in a Word, of all the Herbs that grow,

Take only such as keep the Body low.

If



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If my Opinion you would have of Wine, 900  
It quenches Love, and does to Love incline.

A little Breath of Wind but fans the Fire,  
Whose Flame will in a greater Blast expire.

In Wine you must no Moderation keep:  
You must not drink at all; or drink so deep, 905 }  
So large a Dose, as puts your Cares to sleep.

Now to our Port we are arriv'd ; bring down  
The jolly Wreath, our weary Barque to crown.  
Your Grief redrest, and now a happy Throng,  
Ye Nymphs and Youth applaud my healing Song. 910



NOTES



# N O T E S

O N

## OVID's Remedy of Love.

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THE Author endeavours, in this Treatise, to make amends for the Hurt he did by the former; and proposes several Remedies in the Case of Love, some of which are very good and useful, as there are others very trivial and not fit to be put in Practice.

*The Title of this Book when Cupid spy'd.*

Ovid begins this Treatise as agreeably as he has done the others, and indeed his Invention is so fruitful that he never wants Grace. Cupid seems frighten'd at the very Title of it, apprehending he is declaring War with him.

*Your Loyal Poet wrong.* Because he had before sung Cupid's Power and Exploits, in the three Books of the *Art of Love*, and in his three Books of *Amours*; besides his Heroical Epistles, where he shews us, that no man ever understood the Affairs of Gallantry better than himself.

*Like Diomede, to wound the Queen of Love.* Alluding to that Passage in *Homer*, where he makes *Venus* wounded by *Diomedes* in her right Hand; see the fifth *Iliad*. *Diomedes*, the Son of *Tydeus*, whom *Minerva* had so strengthen'd that he was a Match for the immortal Gods, and having

K

giv'n

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giv'n this Wound to *Venus*, forc'd her to retire back to Heav'n as fast as she could in *Mars's* Chariot.

Let your Step-father *Mars*. The Fable of *Mars* and *Venus* being caught in the Net, is elegantly told in the *Art of Love*; and he is call'd *Love's* Father-in-law, from his Familiarity with his Mother *Venus*.

*A thousand wheedling, &c.* As may be seen in the second Scene of the second Act of *Plautus's Curculio*. And that Lovers sometimes rail'd at their Mistresses, we find in *Tibullus*, Book 1. Elegy 1.

*Janna difficilis domina, te verberet imber, &c.*

The same may be seen by several Passages in *Propertius* and *Catullus*.

Such was the Cure th' Arcadian Hero found. *Telephus* King of *Myfia*, Son of *Hercules* and *Augé*, Daughter of the King of *Arcadia*. He was call'd *Telephus*, from his having been nurs'd by a Doe in a wild Place, where he was found by Shepherds, who carry'd him to *Corytus* King of *Thes-faly*, by whom he was adopted for his Son. When he was grown up to Man's Estate he went to *Delfos*, to inquire out his Parents of the Oracle, which bid him go to *Theutras* King of *Myfia*, where he should be inform'd of what he desir'd; he there found his Mother *Augé*, and when his Birth was known, great was the Joy of the *My-fian* Court. *Theutras*, who had no Male Issue, gave him his Daughter *Argiope* in Marriage, and left him his Successor in the Kingdom when he dy'd. The *Trojan* War happening some time after, the *Greeks* who did not very well know their way to *Troy*, landed in *Myfia*, where *Telephus* gave them Battel, and wounded *Ulysses*; but was himself dangerously wounded by *Achilles*: Consulting the Oracle about his Cure, he was told he could never be cur'd unless he was wounded again in the same Place with the same Launce; upon which he went to *Greece*, whither the *Grecians* were return'd, and promis'd *Achilles* to be his Guide to *Troy* if he would cure him; accordingly the *Grecian* Hero did cure him with the same Launce that gave him the Wound. *Diodorus Siculus* tells this Story in his 4th Book, with

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with large Circumstances. The Launce was call'd *Pelias*, from *Pelion* or *Peleus*, the Name of *Achilles's* Father.

*Nor had Demophoon, &c.* He gives several Instances of Ladies who came to untimely Ends, thro' their Impatience in their Loves. All their Stories are well known.

*Tereus' Rape.* He was chang'd into a Lapwing. The Fable of *Philomel* is mention'd in the *Art of Love*.

*Nor Phædra.* This Story has also been already spoken of, and that of *Paris* and *Helen*, more than once; but *Ovid* here makes another use of them, and sets them as examples to be shunn'd, not imitated.

*Phœbus, Son God of Physick and of Verse.* Of Heroick Verse, as *Tibullus* writes: *Nec prosunt Elegi, nec Carminis Auctor Apollo.* *Pliny* says, we owe the Origin of Heroick Verse to an Oracle of this Divinity; tho' some Authors inform us that *Phemonœ* Daughter of *Apollo* was the Inventress of it; and others, that 'twas *Carmanta Eriander's* Mother, of whom mention is made in this Poet's *de Fastis*, Book 1.

*Poor Myrrha ne'er had been.* The History of *Myrrha's* Passion for her Father *Cinyras*, is admirably related in *Ovid's Metamorphoses*, Book 7.

*When Philoctetes, &c.* He was the Son of *Pæan*, and *Hercules's* faithful Companion, who made him swear he would never discover where he lay bury'd, and gave him his Arrows dipt in *Hydra's* Blood. The *Greeks* being told by the Oracle that they should never take *Troy* 'till they found the fatal Arrows, importun'd *Philoctetes* to tell them where they were hid, which was in *Hercules's* Tomb; and he discover'd it by stamping on it with his Foot, to keep himself from Perjury: But he was wounded in the Foot for his Prevarication, by one of those Arrows when he went to the *Trojan* war. However *Machaon* cur'd him. *Ulysses* brought him to *Troy* and boasted of it in the Speech he made to the *Grecian* Princes, when he demanded *Achilles's* Arms. See the 13th Book of the *Metamorphoses*.

*Take leave of Idleness.* An excellent Remedy, and the most infallible in the Distemper of Love, which is begot by Laziness and Effeminacy.



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*Parthia fresh Work, &c.* Mearing the *Parthian War*, in which *Tiberius* commanded under *Augustus*.

*The Ætolian Spear.* *Diomedes's* before mention'd.

*Ægisthus seiz'd.* The Son of *Thyestes*, whose adulterous Love to *Clytemnestra* prov'd so fatal to her Husband *Agamemnon*, to himself and her; for he having kill'd his Cousin-German, King *Agamemnon*, and seiz'd his Kingdom and Wife at his Return from *Troy*, *Orestes*, that King's Son, in Revenge slew him, and even his own Mother, for which he was haunted by the Furies.

*Or Country work, &c.* The Antients are almost always happy in the Description of a Country Life; this is equally Natural and Elegant. See *Virgil's* 2d *Georgick*.

*Diana.* Daughter of *Jupiter* and *Latona*, and the Goddess of the Champaign Sports.

*Hæmonian Fields you rove.* There were two Mount *Hæmus's*, one in *Macedonia*, reaching from the *Euxine* to the *Adriatick*; the other in that Part of *Greece* call'd *Thessaly*, which was famous for poisonous Herbs, us'd in Conjurations.

*Think on Medea.* That Story has been already told.

*And what did Circe's &c.* *Circe* poison'd her Husband, the King of *Sarmata*, and was therefore banish'd by her Subjects. In her Exile she came to *Italy*, where she chang'd *Scylla* by her Spells into a Monster, and metamorphos'd *Ulysses's* Companions into several sorts of Beasts. *Ulysses*, after he had liv'd with her some time, left her. She was the Daughter of the Sun.

*No second Rhesus, &c.* *Ulysses* himself mentions his overcoming this *Rhesus*, in his Speech against *Ajax*, in the 13th Book of the *Metamorphosis*. He was King of *Thrace*, and assisted the *Trojans* with Cavalry, but was defeated and slain by *Diomedes* and *Ulysses*.

*My am'rous Liberty.* He alludes to his Books of the *Art of Love*, which gave Offence.

*Malice gave obscure Zoilus a Name.* *Vitruvius* (Lib. 7. de Arch.) relates of this *Zoilus*, that having compil'd Books against *Homer*, and read them to *Ptolemy* King of *Egypt*, the King made him no reply, being displeas'd that he should presume to censure so great a Poet. *Zoilus* afterwards being

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reda 'd to want, came to beg Relief of the same Ptolemy, who thus answer'd, *What ! have the Works of Homer, after his having been a thousand Years in his Grave, been able to maintain millions of Men ; and cannot you, who pretend your self a greater Wit than he, by your Writings maintain one ?* Zoilus some time after was accus'd of Parricide, and crucify'd according to the Execution then us'd by the Ancients in the East. Almost all Masters in any of the Sciences have had their *Zoilus's*: *Cicero*, *Ovid* and even *Virgil* himself could not escape them.

*The pious Muse.* He means *Virgil*, who is justly admir'd by all that can read and understand him. Yet this divine Poet was not spar'd by the Malice of some false Criticks; which ought to be a Comfort to such as do well in the Arts, when Envy endeavours to wound them.

*Mæonian Strains.* *Homer* was call'd *Mæonian*, but 'tis uncertain for what reason.

*Callimachus would do Achilles wrong.* Who that *Callimachus* was, has been said in the Notes on the third Book of the *Art of Love*.

*Cydippe were no Theme, &c.* *Callimachus* wrote a Poem on the Loves of *Cydippe* and *Acontius*, which was call'd *Cydippe*.

*Thais, &c.* The Name of a famous Courtezan, whom *Menander* endeavour'd to represent as possess'd of all the Cunning and Qualifications of a Person of that Profession. *Propertius* mentions her in the 6th Elegy of his 2d Book.

*Turba Menandrea fuerat nec Thaidos olim  
Tanta, in quo populus lussit Eriethanius.*

And Elegy 5. Book 1.

*Sed potius mundi Thais pretiosa Menandri,  
Cum ferit astutos comica Mæcha Getas.*

There's also this Title of an Epigram in *Martial*, The *Thais* of *Menander*: In which that Poet says of her,

*Hæc primum juvenum lascivos lussit amores.  
Hæc Glycere vera, Thais amica fuit.*

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In the third Book of *Ovid's Art of Love* she is mention'd, *Ut sis liberior Thaide, fuge metus*; and in the last Elegy of his *Amorum*, Book 1.

*Dum fallax servus, durus pater, improba lena,  
Vixerit, & meretrix blanda, Menandros erit.*

See the 13th Chap. of the 13th Book of *Athenaus* concerning this Woman, as also the fifth Book of *Quintus Curtius*, and *Plutarch* in his Life of *Alexander*. From whence 'tis easy to judge, that as often as the Ancients make mention of *Thais*, they do not allude to *Torancer*, but to *Menander's* Comedies.

*Burst Envy, &c.* A Justice which *Ovid* does himself; and we may see by it, his Reputation was very well settled, or he could not have said this with so much Assurance.

*Soft Elegy in such Esteem Pve plac'd,*

*Not Virgil, &c.* The Poet gives us to understand, he had made himself as famous for *Elegiack* Verse, as *Virgil* was for *Heroick*; and at the same time that he praises himself, he gives the highest Commendation to *Virgil*. *Propertius*, *Tibullus* and *Catullus*, excell'd also in the Elegy, which they wrote in imitation of *Callimachus* and *Euphorion*.

*By one small Viper's Bite.* This is a little malicious on the Sex, and shews that the least Vice of a Mistress is fatal to a Lover.

*I would, at once, two Mistresses advise.* For Love when divided is always least violent. This Remedy is not so sure, as 'tis dishonourable.

*No sooner Minos did fair Procris view.* *Procris* or *Plotis*, and not *Prognis*, as 'tis in some Editions; this *Procris* was a very beautiful Virgin, with whom *Minos* fell in Love. After which he turn'd off *Pasiphae*, who out of Revenge or Want prostituted her self scandalously, as the Commentator on *Pindar*, cited by *Merula*, tells us. She was the Daughter of the Sun, and in the Fable is famous for her falling in Love with a Bull, and bringing forth the Minotaur.

*Soon Alcmaeon fled.* *Alcmaeon* was the Son of *Amphiaraus*, and Brother of *Amphilochus*; who endeavouring to purify him-

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himself for the Crime he had committed in murdering his Mother *Eriphile*, came to *Phogus*, Father of *Alphefibæa*, to whom he gave his Mother's fatal Chain, and marry'd her. Afterwards going to visit *Achelous*, he was enamour'd of his Daughter *Callirhoe*; who demanding of him that precious Chain, he return'd to *Alphefibæa* to fetch it, but was kill'd by her Brothers *Timeno* and *Axionas*, and bury'd in the *Acropolis* of *Zacynthus*, where grew Cypress Trees, which they call Virgins. In the mean time *Alphefibæa*, to revenge her Husband's Death, kill'd her two Brothers, as *Pausanias* reports in his 7th Book. *Ovid* has touch'd lightly on this Story in the 8th of his *Metamorphoses*.

*Oenone* still had *Paris*' Mistress been. She was the Daughter of the River *Troas*, according to *Apollodorus*, and of *Xenobus*, according to others. Her Story is told more at large in the 5th of *Ovid*'s *Heroical Epistles*, from *Oenone* to *Paris*. When *Hecuba*, *Priam*'s Wife, and *Paris*'s Mother, was with Child of him, she dream'd she had a Firebrand in her Womb, which should consume *Troy* to Ashes. To prevent *Priam*'s making him away, *Hecuba* sent him to Mount *Ida*, to be bred up in the mean Condition of a Shepherd, and when he grew up he married *Oenone*. There he had a Vision of the three naked Goddesses, was made Arbiter of their Beauties, and gave the Golden Apple, upon which was written *Datur pulchriori*, to *Venus*, who had promis'd him the fairest Woman in the World if he decided the Dispute in her Favour; *Pallas* tempted him with Wisdom, and *Juno* with Power, both which he slighted, and preferr'd Pleasure. His Father afterwards coming to the Knowledge of him, and admitting him to Court, he from thence went to *Sparta*, stole *Helen*, and *Hecuba*'s Dream prov'd but too true.

So *Progne*'s Beauty. This Fable has been hinted on before. She was the Daughter of *Pandion* King of *Athens*, and Sister of *Philomela*; she married *Tereus* King of *Thrace*, and understanding by the Representation of her Sister *Philomel*'s Misfortune work'd in Tapestry, how she had been abus'd by her Husband, *Progne*, with a Company of *Bacchanals*, at the feast of *Bacchus*, first set *Philomel* at Liberty, her Husband having imprison'd her, and then kill'd,



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roasted, and dish'd up her Son *Itys* for *Tereus*, who would have kill'd her: But they were all transform'd, *Tereus* into a Lapwing, *Progne* into a Swallow, *Philomet* into a Nightingale, and *Itys* into a Pheasant.

*The beauteous Captive*, &c. Her Name was *Astynome*, and her Father's *Chryses*. He was *Apollo's* Priest; and the God, to revenge the Affront offer'd him in the Person of his Priest, sent a Plague among the Greeks for *Agamemnon's* ravishing her, which was not taken off 'till that King of Kings restor'd the young Lady to her Father by *Calchas's* advice. This Story is describ'd at large in the first Book of *Homer's Iliads*, as is also the Rape of *Briseis*, *Achilles's* Mistress, who was so disgusted at *Agamemnon's* taking her from him, that he refus'd to fight, and kept himself close in his Tent; 'till hearing his Friend *Patroclus*, to whom he had lent his Arms, was kill'd, he return'd to the Battle and slew *Hector*.

*My Thracian shall to Therfites be resign'd*, &c. *Therfites* was the ugliest among the Greeks, a great Talker, of whom *Homer* speaks in his 2d *Iliad*; he was One-ey'd, Hump back'd, and Lame. *Juvenal* in his 8th Satire adds, he was also Bald.

*Malo pater tibi sit Therfites, dummodo tu sis  
Æacidæ similis, ———*

And in the eleventh Satire,

— *Nec enim lorica poscit Achillis  
Therfites, in qua se traducebat Ulysses  
Ancipitem.*

*Drink freely then*, &c. This is not the only Advice which *Ovid* gives, that has a little too much of *Libertinism* in it; but he proposes a less Evil to avoid a greater.

*Machaon*, Son of *Æsculapius*, and Brother to *Podalirius*, who both inherited the Gift of Medicine of their Father. *Homer* mentions them; and *Cantaber* says, *Machaon* was kill'd at the Siege of *Troy* by *Euryphilus*.

*Lethæan loves*. *Lethe*, the River of Forgetfulness. There was one in *Lydia* of that Name, another in *Macedon*, another in *Spain*, and another in *Crete*.

*Think*

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*Think on a Goal, &c.* In the Original, *Qui Puteal, Janumque timet, celeresque Calendas.*

*Who Libo's Wells and the swift Calends fears.*

He calls the Wells *Puteal*. *Acron* upon *Horace* writes, 'twas a place in *Rome* where the Pretor, Bankers, and other Men of Business us'd to meet. But others, that 'twas a Court of Justice near the *Flaminian Circus*, call'd *Libo's*, because he was the first who erected it. *Horace* speaks of it in his 19th Epistle to *Mecenas*.

— *Forum, Putealque Libonis*

*Mandabo fidei: adimam cantare severis.*

He mentions the *Puteal* in the 6th Satire of his 2d Book:

*Roscius orabat sibi adesses ad Puteal cras.*

And *Propertius*,

*Si Puteal multa cautus vibice flagellas.*

The Poet by the swift Calends understands the Month of *January*, when Creditors su'd their Debtors; and this Court was near the Temple of *Janus*. They are call'd swift Calends, for that being Days of Payment, Debtors thought they came round very fast. This Thought reflects on the Extravagance of Lovers, who squander away their Estates, run in Debt, and ruin themselves by their Amours, as *Horace* says, Book 1, Satire 3.

*Odisti & fugis, ut Drusonem debitor æris,*

*Qui, nisi cum tristis misero venere Calenda,*

*Mercedem, aut nummos unde unde extricat, amaras*

*Porrecto jugulo historias, captivus ut, audit.*

And at the end of the 2d Epode,

*Omnem relegit Idibus pecuniam,*

*Querit Calendis ponere.*

The first Days of the other Months were Pay-days, as well as those of *January*, but not a Term for suing: And from these Calends *Augustus* us'd to say of any one that was insolvent, or would not pay his Debts, He will pay at the *Greek Calends*, that is, never; the *Greeks* having no Calends, as the *Romans* had.

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*My Palinurus gone.* *Palinurus* was one of *Aeneas's* Companions, and his Pilot; who falling asleep at the Helm, tumbled with it in his hand into the Sea, and after three days swimming arriv'd at Port *Valino* in *Italy*, where he was robb'd and kill'd by the Inhabitants. For this they were severely plagued, and having consulted *Apollo's* Oracle, to appease his Ghost consecrated a Grove to him, and built him a Tomb on the next Promontory, call'd still by the *Italians* the Cape of *Palinurus*.

*To comfort you, some Pylades admit.* *Pylades*, Son of King *Strophius*, and faithful Friend of *Orestes*, whom he would have sav'd from being sacrific'd to *Diana*, pretending he was *Orestes*; *Orestes* affirming to the contrary; but the generous Strife was ended by the Priestess *Iphigenia*, who knowing her Brother *Orestes*, both were sav'd.

*Wild as a Bacchanal.* As a *Theban* celebrating the *Trietericks*, the Services that were made to *Bacchus* every three Years, as *Servius* observes on those Words of the 4th *Aeneid*, where *Virgil* speaks of the furious Agitation *Dido* was in.

— *Qualis commotis excita sacris*  
*Thyas, ubi audito stimulant Trieterica Baccho*  
*Orgia, nocturnusque vocat clamore Citharon.*

*Orgia*, the Feasts and Sacrifices of *Bacchus*, which were commonly celebrated by raving Women on the Mountains. This Story of *Phyllis* and *Demophoon* has been touch'd on before in the *Art of Love*, as also in the 2d Epistle of *Quid's* Heroicks, from *Phyllis* to *Demophoon*.

*To one in Love, as Lovers Company.* There's a sort of dangerous Infection in it. And indeed nothing is more certain, than that what is bad is more easily communicated to another, than what is good; which the Poet justifies by Similes, as he is wont to do. *Juvenal* speaks of this Infection, in the same Sense that *Quid* does.

— *Dedit hanc contagio labem,*  
*Et dabit in plures, sicut grex totus in agris*  
*Unius scabies cadit, & porrigine porci.*

*Must*

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*Must to her Friends and Kindred bid adieu.* Must renounce all sorts of Commerce with every thing that belongs to her; which is one of the best Remedies against so contagious a Distemper, but hard to be put in practice.

*Nor like Ulysses, &c.* He not only abandon'd *Circe*, but *Calypso* Queen of *Ogygia*, who had been as kind to him as *Circe*.

*His Quiver and his sounding Harp.* The same *Mercury* gave him, with which he vanquish'd *Marfyas*, who challeng'd him to a Trial of Skill in Musick, for which he was a little too severely punish'd. *Apollo* himself repenting of it, is said to break the Strings of his Lyre, and, according to *Diodorus*, would not a long time make use of it.

*Compare your Bastard Scarlet, &c.* The *Lacedæmonian* with the *Tyrian*; for the Dye of *Amylea* near *Lacedæmon* was inferior to that of *Tyre*, as *Pliny* witnesses; *Rorem purpureæ præcipuum esse Asiæ in Tyro*. For such was the Opinion the Ancients had of it. We have noted as much before.

*Pallas, &c.* Alluding to the Vision of those three Goddesses by *Paris* on Mount *Ida*.

*Althea burnt the fatal brand.* *Althea* Wife of *Oeneus* King of *Calydonia*, and Mother of *Meleager*, who hearing all her other Sons were kill'd in a Sedition, in a Fury flung the Brand into the Fire, upon which the Fate of *Meleager* depended, and then stabb'd or hang'd herself.

*To have stunn'd th' Eubœan Coast.* *Nauplius* King of *Eubœa* and *Seriphus*, the Father of *Palamedes*, to revenge the Death of his Son, set up a Watch-light upon a Promontory, which the *Greeks*, being overtaken in a Storm, took for a Signal of a safe Landing-Place, and so fell in among the Rocks, as *Nauplius* intended it: But he finding *Ulysses* had escap'd, in a Rage threw himself into the Sea. These Lights are now us'd to shew where Rocks lie, and not where there are none.

*When Scylla's Locks they spy.* *Scylla* Daughter of *Nisus* She was chang'd into a Rock near *Charybdis*, in the *Sicilian* Streights.



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Streights; or, as others say, in the Streights of *Megara*: But 'tis controverted whether she was the same who was metamorphos'd into a Rock or not. There were two *Scylla*'s, and the Poets confound the Fables one with another. 'Tis said that *Scylla*, Daughter of *Nisus*, falling in Love with *Minos*, who had besieg'd *Megara*, of which her Father was King, she cut off that Lock of Hair on which his Strength and Fortune depended; and the City being taken, he was turn'd into an *Osprey*. *Minos* afterwards slighting *Scylla*, she dy'd of Despair, and was metamorphos'd into a Lark. Yet *Propertius* says otherwise, Elegy 4. Book 4.

*Quid mi um in patrios Scyllam sœvisse capillos?  
Candidaque in sœvos inguina versa canes?*

*Virgil*, in his 6th Eclogue writes,

*Quid loquar aut Scyllam Nisi. quam fama secuta est  
Candida succinctam latrantibus inguina monstis.*

And *Ovid*, in the 4th of his *de Fastis*, *Et non Nisæi naufraga morsura canes*. See the 11th Elegy of the 3d Book of his *Amorum*.

*Per nos Scylla patri canos furata capillos,  
Pube premit rabidos inguinibusque canes.*

As also the 4th Book of his *Metamorphoses*. *Lucretius* speaking of the latter *Scylla*, says,

*Aut rapidis canibus succinctas semimarinis  
Corporibus Scylla.*

This *Scylla* was the Daughter of *Phareus*, who according to the Fable was chang'd into a Monster, whose lower Parts were dogs; and the occasion of it was the dreadful Noise made by the Waves and Winds on that Rock. But we see the greatest of ancient Poets confound the one Fable with the other.

You bear *Charybdis* roar, &c. *Servius* tells us, she was a gluttonous Woman, who having stolen *Hercules*'s Oxen, was thunderstruck by *Jupiter*, and thrown headlong into the Sea, where she keeps still her natural Disposition of devouring all things. This Rock lies over-against *Zan-*  
*clea*

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*clea* in *Sicily*, at the Entrance of the Streights of *Messina*, from whence she is sometimes call'd *Zanclæa*. *Strabo* writes, the Rock is prodigiously hollow; and *Propertius*, speaking of *Scylla* and *Charybdis*, Elegy 12, Book 3. says,

*Scyllaque, & alternas scissa Charybdis aquas.*

And Elegy 26, Book 2.

*Crede mihi, nobis mitescet Scylla, nec unquam*

*Alternante vorans vasta Charybdis aqua.*

See the 3d *Æneid* of *Virgil*, *Seneca's* 8th Epistle, the 4th Book of *Thucydides*, the 2d of *Cicero's Philippicks*, the 4th Book of *Apollonius*, and *Hyginus*, Fable 125, Book 1.

Not *Hecale* or *Irus*, &c. *Hecale* was a poor old Woman, who entertain'd *Theseus* at her Cottage in one of his Enterprizes; and *Irus* one of *Penelope's* Suiters, who being extreamly poor was almost starved, and so weak that *Ulysses* knock'd him o'the Head with his Fist. *Irus's* Poverty occasion'd the Proverb *Iro pauperior*. He is spoken of in the Epistle from *Penelope* to *Ulysses*,

*Irus egens, pecorisque Melanthius auctor edendi.*

And in his Invective against *Ibis*,

*Qualis erat nec non fortuna binominis Iri.*

*Propertius* in the 5th Elegy of his 3d Book, opposes *Cræsus's* Wealth to *Irus's* Poverty:

*Dulichio Lydius non distat Cræsus ab Iro.*

And *Martial*,

*Cum sis tam pauper, quam nec miserabilis Irus.*

From *Musick*, *Dancing*, &c. Meaning that of the *Mimes*, where the Postures were very debauch'd, and the Sight of them dangerous to Manners. Upon which *Propertius* Book 2, Elegy 22.

*O nimis exitio nata theatra meo!*

*Sive aliquis molli deducit candida gestu*

*Brachia, seu varios incinjit ore modos.*

*Ovid*, talking of the Theatres, in the 1st Elegy of his Book de *Fastis*, writes,

U

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*Ut tandem fatear, ludi quoque semina præbent  
Nequitia: tolli tota theatra jube.*

*Juvenal*, in his 6th Satire,

— *Cuneis an habent spectacula totis  
Quod securus ames.* —

And *Ovid* again in the 4th Elegy of the 2d Book of his *Amorum*, speaking of the dancing of the *Mimes*,

*Illa placet gestu; numerosaque brachia ducit,  
Et tenerum molli torquet ab arte latus.*

*Statius*, in the 3d Book of his *Sylvæ*,

*Candida seu molli diducit brachia motu  
Mollia.*

*Juvenal* again, in the above-mention'd Satire, says of these Dancers,

*Cbeironomon Ledam molli saltante Bathylla.*

There's an excellent Treatise of it in *Lucan*.

Into your Hands no amorous Poet take. Soft Poems, Elegies of Love, and pleasant Songs, revive amorous Fancies, and should be avoided. *Ovid* names the very Poets, whom he advis'd the Lovers to read in his *Art of Love*, as *Callimachus*, *Philetas*, *Tibullus*, *Propertius*, and *Gal-  
lus*; and for the same Reason that they were good then, are bad now. The Moderns may be allow'd to read them, because there are several Historical Events to be met with in them, and not to learn their Sentiments.

*Orestes* ne'er cou'd find his Nymph bad Charms. *Harvians*, his Cousin German, Daughter of *Menelaus* and *Helena*, whom *Tyndarus*, *Helen's* Father, marry'd to *Pyrrhus*, *Achilles's* Son, tho' she was contracted to *Orestes*:

With *Agamemnon*, &c. *Ovid* calls him the Son of *Plisthenes*, for indeed neither he nor *Menelaus* were the Sons of *Atreus*, tho' they are so often call'd *Atrides*, both of them being begot by *Plisthenes*, Brother of *Atreus*, and *Thyestes*, who dying before his two elder Brothers, left his two Sons in charge with *Atreus* the eldest, who bred them up as carefully as if they had been his own Children; for which Reason, as *Mycellus* observes, they always pass'd for such.

He.

## NOTES on the Remedy of Love. 231

He knew his Scepter, &c. He means that of *Agamemnon* which was made by *Vulcan*, who presented it to *Jupiter*, and he gave it to *Mercury*, *Mercury* to *Pelops*, and he to *Atreus*, who left it at his Death to *Thyestes*, and *Thyestes* gave it to *Agamemnon*, to shew his Royal Power in *Argos*, according to the Report of *Homer* in the 2d Book of his *Iliads*.

Think there's the Siren's Den, &c. *Illo Lotophagos*. In the Original *Lotophages*, that is, Eaters of the Fruit of a certain Tree call'd *Lotos*. The *Lotophages* were a People of *Africa*, who, as *Strabo* writes, inhabited an Island call'd *Menynge*: *Ulysses's* Company having tasted of this Country Fruit, thought no more of their Return, so delicious did they think it. Thus *Homer* writes in his *Odysses*, and also *Silius* in his 3d Book.

Quos suco nobilis arbor,  
Et dulci pascit lotos nimis hospita Baccho:

*Pliny* says the *Lotos* came from the Country of the *Naxos* near the *Syrtes*, Rocks or rather Shelves on the Coasts of *Africa*. The Tree was as big as a Pear-tree, and the Fruit about the bigness of a Bean, of a Saffron Colour, and extremely sweet, but it chang'd its Nature if transplanted into *Italy*. The *Sirens* are reported to sing of this Shore.

Musbrooms of every sort provoke Desire,

Salacious Rocket, &c. *An veniet Megaris*, says the Poet, which grow in the Territory of *Megara*. *Pausanias* says this Province was a part of *Attica*, Book 1. The *Bæotians* call'd it *Megara*, from *Megareus* the Son of *Neptune*, who being bury'd in this Place, 'twas afterwards call'd *Megara*. The *Megareans* add, that twelve Ages after the Captivity of the Son of *Phoroneus*, *Lelagus* coming from *Ægypt* obtain'd the Kingdom of *Megara*, from whence the People were call'd *Lelagi*. There was a famous Fort nam'd *Alcathous*, from the Name of a Son of *Pelops*, who built it, and dy'd there.

The jolly Wreath onr weary Bark to crown. The Poet having finish'd his Work, demands a time of Rest, and to enjoy



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enjoy the Glory he had deserv'd by his Labour, as the Seamen when they enter their Port after a long Voyage; which is the same Simile *Virgil* makes use of in his 1<sup>st</sup> *Georgick*.

*Ceu pressæ quum jam portum tetigere carina,  
Puppibus & leti nautæ imposuere coronas.*

It being the Custom to adorn the Ship with Garlands on such Occasions.





O V I D's  
ART of BEAUTY.



N C E more, ye Fair, attend your Master's  
Song,

And learn what Method will your Charms  
prolong :

What happy Art best recommends the Face  
What heightens Beauty ; what preserves a Grace.  
Art improves Nature ; 'twas by Art we found  
The vast Advantage of the furrow'd Ground ;  
The Soil manur'd, a fruitful Harvest bore,  
Where Thorns and hungry Brambles grew before.  
By Art the Gard'ner gaffs his Trees, to bear  
A kinder Fruit, and recompence his Care.  
A gilded Roof delights our captive Eyes,  
And stately Monuments the Sight surprise,  
Tho' sordid Earth beneath the polish'd Marble lies.



The

234 OVID'S *Art of Beauty.*

The Fleece may be with Royal Purple dy'd,  
And *India* precious Ivory provide,  
To please your Fancies, and supply your Pride.

When *Tatius* rul'd the ancient *Sabine* Race,  
Then, rough, and careless of a handsome Face,  
The Women took more pains to earn their Bread  
At Plow, and Cart, than how to dress the Head:  
All Day their Task the busy Matrons ply'd,  
Or spinning fate, as to their Distaffs ty'd.  
The Mother then at Night would fold the Sheep  
Her little Daughter us'd by Day to keep.  
And when at Home, would cleave out Logs of Wood,  
Or kindle up a Fire to boil their Food.

But you, by Nature form'd in finer Molds,  
Must wrap your tender Limbs in Silken Folds:  
Wear Lawns, and Tissue, sleep in Damask Beds,  
And with gay Knots and Wyres adorn your Heads.  
Your Ears with Pendants, Locketts on your Arms:  
Besides a thousand other nameless Charms.  
Nor needs this Care to please a Blush create;  
The Men themselves have learn'd to dress of late:  
You are not now particular in Cloaths,  
The Husband and the Bridegroom both are Beaux.  
Dress then, (and 'tis no Sin to dress with Art)  
For that's the way to wound the Lover's Heart.

Ev'n those that live remote in Country Towns,  
Will dress their Hair with Flowers, and daisy Crowns,  
And deck, and prank themselves, to please the Clowns.  
Besides, all Women take a secret Pride  
In being fine, (or else they are bely'd);

For

For when the conscious Maid her Glass explores,  
And finds she's handsome, she her self adores.  
Thus *Juno's* Bird with silent Pride will raise  
And spread his starry Plumes, whene'er he meets with Praise.

This Method will oblige our Sex to Love,  
And more than magick Herbs their Passions move.  
Trust not to Philtres, all such stuff forbear,  
Nor try the Venom of the lustful Mare ;  
'Tis all a Jest— no Snakes by such a Force  
Enchanted burst, no Rivers change their Course :  
Nor can they make the Moon from Heav'n descend :  
Whate'er some superstitious Fools pretend.

First learn good Breeding, that I first advise ;  
Good Carriage oft the other Wants supplies.  
For when ill-natur'd Age shall rudely plow  
Injurious Furrows on your wrinkled Brow,  
You then perhaps may chide the tell-tale Glass,  
That shews the frightful Ruins of your Face :  
But if good Humour to the last remain,  
Ev'n Age may please, and Love his Force retain.

Now on, my Muse ; and tell 'em, when they rise,  
When downy Sleep forsakes their tender Eyes,  
How they may look as fair as Morning Skies,  
Vetches, and beaten Barley let them take,  
And with the Whites of Eggs a Mixture make ;  
Then dry the precious Paste with Sun and Wind,  
And into Powder very gently grind.  
Get Harts-horn next, (but let it be the first  
That Creature sheds,) and beat it well to Dust.



236 OVID's *Art of Beauty*

Six Pound in all: Then mix and sift 'em well,  
And think the while how fond *Narcissus* fell:  
Six Roots to you that pensivc Flower must yield  
To mingle with the rest, well bruis'd, and cleanly pill'd.

Two Ounces next of Gum, and Thural Seed,  
That for the gracious Gods does Incense breed,  
And let a double Share of Honey last succeed,  
With this whatever Damsel paints her Face,  
Will need no flatttering Glasse to shew a Grace.

Nor fear to break the *Lupine* Shell in vain,  
Take out the Seeds, then close it up again,  
But do it quick, and grind both Shell and Grain;  
Six Pound of each: Take finest Cerase next,  
With Flower *de Lis*, and Snow of Nitre mixt:  
These let some brawny Beater strongly pound,  
That makes the Mortar with loud Strokes resound:  
Till just an Ounce the Composition's found.

Add next the Froth of which the *Halcyon* builds  
Her floating Nest; a precious Balm it yields,  
That clears the Face from Freckles in a trice:  
Of this about three Ounces may suffice.

But ere you use it, rob the labouring Bee,  
To fix the Mass, and make the Parts agree.  
Then add your Nitre, but with special Care,  
And take of Frankincense an equal share:  
Tho' Frankincense the angry Gods appease,  
We must not waste it all their Luxury to please.  
To this put a small Quantity of Gum,  
With so much Myrrh, as may the rest perfume.

Let these, well beat, be thro' a Searce refin'd,  
And see you keep the Honey all behind.

A handful too of well dry'd Rose-leaves take,  
With Frankincense and *Sal Armoniack* :  
Of Frankincense a double Potion use ;  
Then into these the Oil of Malt infuse.  
Thus in short time a Rosy Blush will grace,  
And with a thousand Charms supply the Face.  
Some too, in Water, Leaves of Poppies bruise,  
And spread upon their Cheeks the Purple Juice.



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THE  
COURT *of* LOVE.

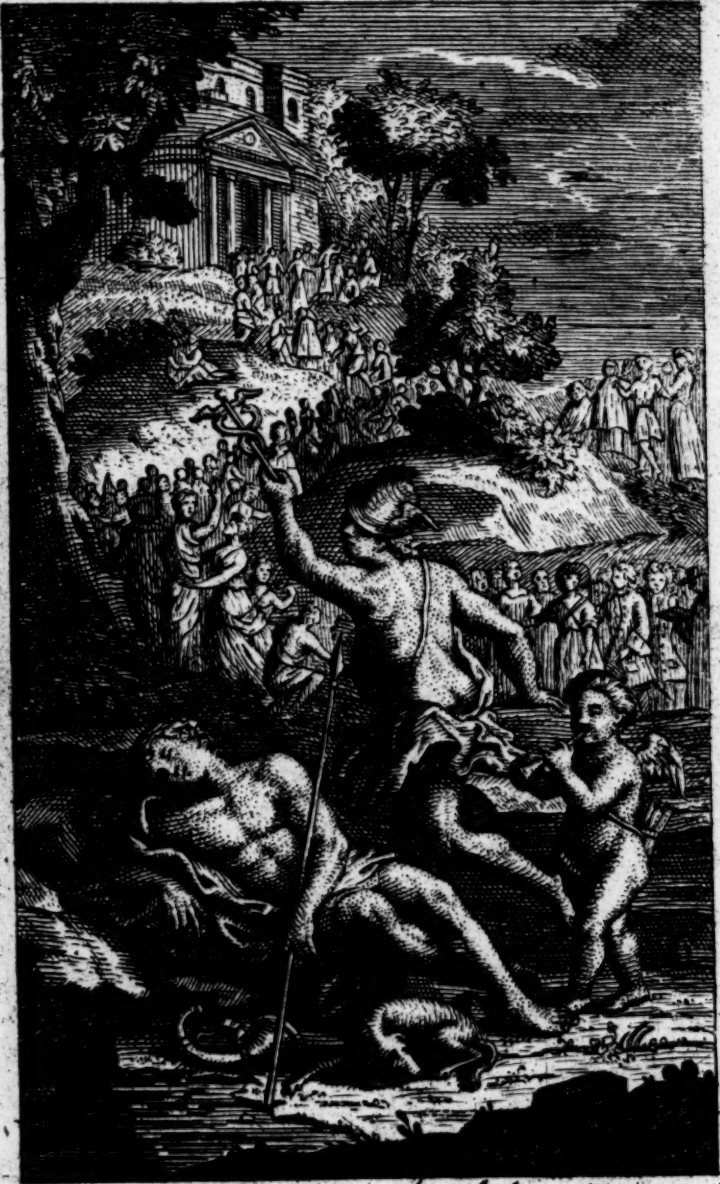
A  
T A L E,

FROM  
CHAUCE R.

By Mr. MARNWARING.

---





*Sam. Gribelin Junior Sculp.*



THE  
C O U R T  
O F  
L O V E.



NCE as I lay, by heavy Sleep oppress'd,  
With this strange Whim my Fancy was  
possess'd;

I dreamt that *Cupid* call'd me to his Court  
On Mount *Cithera*, where his Slaves re-  
fort;

Where *Venus*, Queen and Goddess, fills the Throne,  
Her Kingdom sharing with her darling Son;  
There was I straight commanded to appear,  
By *Mercury*, the winged Messenger;  
Away I went, through strange and distant Lands,  
The Coast enquiring where *Love's* Palace stands;  
At last a Crowd of Travellers I found,  
And ask'd them whither they so fast were bound:

L

One,

One, looking like a Maid, cry'd, Gentle Friend,  
 To *Cupid's* Court our willing Steps we bend:  
 Oh! where's his Court? said I: The Nymph reply'd,  
 High on *Cithæra* stands, with tow'ring Pride,  
 A stately Castle, his Imperial Seat,  
 In which he lives magnificently Great.  
 Her Steps I follow'd, 'till my eager Sight,  
 Reaching the Hill, found her Description right;  
 Amaz'd I saw the Building large and strong,  
 Vast were the Domes, the Marble Turrets long,  
 But Gold and Jewels hid the Massy Stone,  
 And stretching to the Skies, with Lustre shone:  
 Sapphires and Rubies mingled various Lights,  
 More sparkling than the Stars in Winter Nights;  
 And *Phæbus* darted on this happy Place  
 His Lustre to regain the *Queen's* good Grace;  
 For chancing once unluckily to find  
*Mars* in her Arms, he had enrag'd her Mind;  
 But now to please th' offended *Queen* he strove,  
 Which show'd his Longing for the Sweets of Love.  
 For all the Gods that on *Olympus* dwell,  
 Ev'n *Jove* and *Pluto*, Kings of Heav'n and Hell,  
 All things that live on Earth, or breathe above,  
 The mighty Joys of this best Realm approve.  
 Arriv'd at Court, I found the Palace-Rooms  
 Adorn'd with Hangings made in costly Looms:  
 Fair Maids I met, that mov'd with Heav'nly Grace,  
 And young Men, walking with a lusty Pace;  
 Old Men I saw too, but I could not dream  
 What Service *Venus* could receive from them.

*The Court of Love.*

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Pensive I stood, and fearful to be seen,  
'Till one I spy'd belonging to the Queen,  
Call'd *Philomel*; I knew her once a Maid,  
But all her Life she lov'd: My Friend, she said,  
Welcome to *Cupid's Court*; but you, I fear,  
Receiv'd from *Mercury* a Summons here.  
I answer'd, Yes: She said, Your Negligence  
Will then be thought a wilful dire Offence;  
For all that live in Luxury and Ease,  
By Nature form'd the charming Sex to please,  
To this fam'd Palace early shou'd repair,  
And hasten to the Service of the Fair;  
But you that absent durst so long remain,  
*Without a Boat had better cross the Main,*  
Than bear the Curse that Disobedience draws  
On bold Contemners of Love's sacred Laws:  
For no unhappy Men such Torments bear,  
As Wretches doom'd to feel Affliction here.  
Soon they perceive their Appetites decay'd,  
Love makes their Health decrease, their Colour fade.  
Long since I tempted you to *Cupid's Court*:  
Now he'll receive you with a fullen Port.  
Perhaps Repentance may the God assuage:  
But why would you so long provoke his Rage?  
I answer'd thus: ——— With Sorrow I repent,  
Wretch that I am, a Life so vainly spent:  
And having spoke, by her I straight was led  
To a vast Hall, with various Carpets spread,  
And Cloth of Gold; on which I wondring found  
A Throne of State, erected from the Ground,



Where *Venus* sate, with her Imperial Son ;  
Each had a Sceptre, and a radiant Crown.  
To see their Pomp, I could 'till now have stood  
Thoughtless of Drink, and destitute of Food ;  
The Pleasures of the fam'd *Elysian* Field,  
Can no such Rapture to a Stranger yield :  
No wonder *Venus*, bless'd with such a Mien,  
And such a Person, reigns, of Beauty Queen.  
Her golden Hair dishevell'd, crisp and long,  
In easy Curls around her Shoulders hung :  
And every Beam that's darted from her Eyes,  
Piercing and sharp, like pointed Arrows flies.  
The *King of Love* had Danger by his Side,  
The *Queen* Despair : and looking further wide,  
Attendance, Fear, and Flattery, I view'd,  
And Hope, with Strength above the rest endu'd ;  
And wrinkled Jealousy ; with young Delight,  
Open and free, and chearful to the Sight ;  
And Envy lurking in a secret Place,  
Lean was her Body, leering was her Face ;  
Repining at the Fortunate she sate,  
And at that distance one might see her fret.  
Below the Throne, an humble sighing Crowd  
With pressing Suits, and warm Petitions bow'd.  
Then *Philomel* I ask'd, whence came the Tide  
Of all those Thronging Suppliants ? She reply'd,  
From diverse Realms they come : Those dress'd in Blue  
Shew by that Colour, they have still been true :  
The Men in Black lament, that those they love  
Are Sick, or Dead, or that they Cruel prove.

What

What makes those Priests, said I, in Court appear?  
 Have they the Privilege of serving here?  
 The Dame reply'd, Full many Maids can tell  
 None are more welcome, and none serve so well.  
 While thus I view'd, with *Philomel*, the Crowd,  
 A Herald from the King cry'd out aloud,  
 Come all ye Strangers, to the Throne draw near,  
 And instantly before the King appear.  
 In haste I ran, and kneel'd before the Throne,  
 All pale and trembling; as a Wretch undone:  
 The King look'd sternly, and demanded, why  
 I came so late, and what I cou'd reply?  
 Weeping, I answer'd, Oh, my Sov'reign Lord,  
 One act of Mercy to your Slave afford;  
 If yet, a Rebel both in Word and Thought,  
 I never lov'd so truly as I ought;  
 I will henceforth endeavour to fulfil  
 The just Decrees of your Almighty Will.  
 Well, all is pardon'd, he reply'd, if now  
 To me Allegiance and true Faith you'll vow:  
 Then straight he call'd an Officer of State,  
 His Name is *Rigour*, solemn was his Gate,  
 And grim his Look; unmov'd with Gold or Pray'r;  
 A Statute Book he brought, and said, " You swear  
 " True to remain, in Deed, in Thought, and Word,  
 " To *Venus* and her Son, your Sov'raign Lord:  
 " To love one Fair, unchangeably 'till Death,  
 " And own your Passion with your latest Breath:  
 " To bear the various Temper of her Mind,  
 " And let her Will your just Obedience find :

" To give the Honour to her Virtue due,  
 " And think all Tales, that blast her Fame, untrue:  
 " To swear her Conduct is *exactly* right,  
 " And in Defence of that Opinion, *fight*:  
 " To find what Present or Device she loves,  
 " And oft to send her what she most approves:  
 " To write, to dress, and practise ev'ry Art  
 " Your self to recommend, and gain her Heart:  
 " To take no Pleasure, absent from her Sight,  
 " But by reflecting on your past Delight;  
 " Nor Absence long endure, but justly chuse,  
 " Rather than live from her, your Life to lose.  
 All this I swore; and as I turn'd the Book,  
 On other Statutes of the Realm to look,  
*Rigour* cry'd out, Hold, Traitor to the Queen,  
 Those sacred Statutes are not to be seen:  
 Those are the Laws for Womankind ordain'd,  
 That with Mens Eyes were never yet prophan'd;  
 Not ev'n with mine, tho' I on *Venus* wait,  
 Long trusted with her deep Affairs of State.  
 Believe me, Friend, Mankind must still despair  
 To know the Rules and Maxims of the Fair;  
 And when you see 'em change with ev'ry Wind,  
 Themselves indulging, to their Slaves unkind,  
 Conclude their Duty to these Laws they pay;  
 Which, though unwillingly, they must obey.  
 Now seek the Temple of the Queen of Love,  
 And may her Son your just Desires approve:  
 All you whose Choice is made, her Grace implore,  
 To serve and please the Ladies you adore;

And;

## *The Court of Love.*

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And each that wants a Mistress, pray to find  
By her propitious Aid, some Beauty kind.  
We all obey'd the Words that *Rigour* spoke,  
Devoutly, slow and easy Steps we took,  
Ent'ring the Temple, which fam'd Artists built,  
Soft was the Front, the lovely Roof was gilt;  
The cheerful Quire with well-carv'd Work was lin'd,  
And am'rous Paintings on the Pillars shin'd.  
There *Dido*, that unhappy dying Queen,  
With false *Æneas*, in one Piece was seen:  
And other Pictures round the Walls were spread,  
Of Men and Maids, for Love untimely dead.  
Rais'd in the middle Isle, fond Souls to awe,  
A golden Image of the Queen we saw;  
This All ador'd: Some looking fresh and fair,  
Some worn with Grief, or blasted by Despair:  
Some in new Mantles dress'd; and some in old,  
Like half-starv'd Beggars, ugly to behold.  
Some pale as Death appear'd; some glow'd like Fire,  
Confessing to their inward fierce Desire:  
These with their loud Complaints the Queen besought  
To cure those Ills, that cruel Love had wrought;  
And punish all such Authors of their Woes,  
As mock'd their Sufferings, or had broke their Vows.  
But all the Happy there, whose envy'd Lives  
Were bless'd with Joys, which bounteous *Venus* gives,  
Cry'd, Goddess, Hail! propitious to redress  
The Cares of Mortals, and their Hearts to bless;  
May no Divisions in your Realm be found,  
Since the whole World in Love's soft Chains is bound:



This is the Life of Joy our Vot'ries know,  
 Who feel their Bliss of Paradise below:  
 Love cures our Vices, and refines our Hearts;  
 The Source of Manners, Industry and Parts;  
 Honour to you, Celestial Queen; we pay,  
 Whose Minds are lighted with your Beauty's Ray.  
 Taught by the Pray'r these happy Lovers made,  
 I try'd my Wit, and thus devoutly said,  
 Fairest of all that e'er in Nature shin'd,  
 Light of the World, and Comfort of Mankind,  
 To you, O Goddess, I my Heart bequeath,  
 Freely bestow a thing that's yours 'till Death;  
 Yours be the Choice, I only wish to find  
 A faithful Mistress, beautiful, and kind:  
 No Woman yet my settled Passion moves,  
 One I have seen, whom most my Soul approves,  
 Of Stature low, cast in a lovely Mold,  
 Healthful and young, with Hair more bright than Gold;  
 Her Looks are fresh, her Countenance demure,  
 Her Eyes, tho' killing, look like Crystal pure:  
 Her could I serve; but if your high Decree  
 That Fair denies, some other find for me,  
 With whom in Pleasure I may spend my Life;  
 My Mistress, Empress, any thing but Wife;  
 So will I always sacrifice to you,  
 And with *Diana* constant War pursue;  
*A Fig for her and all her Chastity,*  
 Let Monks and Friars her Disciples be.  
 Thus in the Temple having said my Prayer,  
 Another Image I discover'd there;

A tender Maid, said *Philomel*, does claim  
That sacred Shrine, and *Pity* is her Name:  
In all the Court, none knows so well the Art  
To help a Lover, or to save a Heart;  
Her all-commanding Interest cannot fail;  
Gain but her Friendship, and you must prevail.  
Now you shall see the fairest thing alive,  
Come on with me, and by your Carriage strive  
To please a Lady of the nicest Taste,  
Whose Air is prudent, as her Life is chaste,  
Call'd *Rosalinda*; could you gain her Grace,  
Well might you bless the Goddess of this Place:  
Take care your Sense and Modesty to shew,  
She hates a pert, insipid, prating Beau.  
Then straight she led me to a spacious Room,  
Where *Rosalinda* sat in Beauty's Bloom:  
At the first sight a shiv'ring Pain I found  
In all my Veins, my Heart receiv'd a Wound;  
I dreaded much to speak, my Voice was broke;  
Yet when my Sighs permitted, thus I spoke;  
Accept my Service, thou Celestial Fair,  
And oh! relieve a dying Lover's Care;  
To your Commands my painful Heart I bind,  
And have for ever Liberty resign'd.  
She made no Answer, and I soon retir'd,  
To press not daring, though by Love inspir'd;  
But still her Image dwelt within my Breast,  
Too excellent to be in Verse express'd.  
Her Head is round, and flaxen is her Hair,  
Her Eye-brows darker, but her Forehead fair;

Straight is her Nose; her Eyes like Emeralds bright;  
 Her well-made Cheeks are lovely red and white;  
 Short is her Mouth, her Lips are made to kiss,  
 Rosy and full, and prodigal of Bliss;  
 Her Teeth like Iv'ry are, well siz'd and even:  
 And to her Breath Etherial Sweets are given:  
 Her Hands are snowy white, and small her Waste,  
 And what is yet untold is sure the best.  
 Had *Jove* himself beheld this Heav'nly Fair,  
*Calisto* never had been made a Star;  
 He ne'er had borne *Europa* on his Back,  
 Nor turn'd a Mortal for *Alcmena's* sake;  
 Nor try'd the Virtue of a Golden Shower,  
 To enter *Danae's* well-defended Tower:  
 For all their Beauties had too mean appear'd,  
 With *Rosalinda's* matchless Charms compar'd.  
 Soon I return'd her Heav'nly Form to view,  
 For still my Wound's Impression deeper grew;  
 And thus I spoke. O Nature's boasted Pride,  
 For Torments caus'd by you, some Cure provide;  
 Prais'd be my Fate, and ever blest'd the Hour,  
 That made me subject to your lawful Pow'r:  
 Not *Antony* could greater Passion boast,  
 Though for one Woman the whole World he lost.  
 She answer'd, Friend, your Service I disclaim;  
 Who are you, pray? Whence come you? What's your  
 Men call me *Celadon*, in Verse I write, Name  
 And Songs at Home, with some Applause, indite:  
 Oh, why is ev'ry Flow'r and pleasing Root,  
 That in the Muses happy Garden shoot,

Deny'd me now? And why must I despair,  
With Sweets of Verse to charm the brightest Fair?  
Thou, gentle Muse, my humble Breast inspire  
With sacred Numbers, and Celestial Fire;  
And, *Pallas*, thy propitious Light convey,  
To chase the Mist of Ignorance away ———  
Peace, Rhiming Fool, and learn henceforth to make  
A fitter Choice; your Woman you mistake.  
O Mercy, *Venus*! Mercy from above!  
Why would you curse me with such hopeless Love?  
Behold the most abandon'd Soul on Earth;  
Ill was I got, and woful was my Birth.  
Unless some Pity on my Pains you shed,  
*The frosty Grave will quickly be my Bed.*  
Thus having spoke, my Voice began to fail,  
My Colour sunk, and turn'd like Ashes pale;  
I swoon'd, and down I fell. Thou Slave, arise,  
Cry'd *Rosalinda*; now thy Love I prize.  
I only try'd thy Heart; and since I find  
'Tis soft and tender, know that mine is kind:  
Swear but to keep the Oath you lately took,  
And I'll be not so cruel as I look.  
Her Eyes then languish'd, and her Face grew red,  
And squeezing fast my Hand, she laughing said,  
I know a Way thy Passion to appease,  
And soon will set thy simple Heart at Ease.  
But ere she brought me to her promis'd Bed,  
The Rapture wak'd me, and the Vision fled.







Sam. Gribelin Jun. Sculp.

THE  
HISTORY  
OF  
LOVE.  
A  
POEM:  
IN  
A LETTER to a LADY.

---

By Mr. CHARLES HOPKINS.

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*Est quoque Carminibus meritas celebrare Puellas*  
*Dos mea, ——— Ovid.*

—— *Utinam modo dicere possem*  
*Carmina digna Deâ, certè est Dea carmine digna. Ibid.*

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Printed in the Year 1735.

THE  
HISTORY

OF

THE

By MR. CHARLES BOKING

Printed in the  
City of London



To her GRACE the  
D U T C H E S S  
O F  
G R A F T O N.

M A D A M,

**B**EAUTY, as it is both the Theme, and Inspirer of Poetry, so it ought to be the Patroness too; and a Poem of Love should in Justice be sacred to none but the loveliest: It would therefore be adoring a false Deity, should I offer up this at any Shrine but Yours.

As it is the best I can do, and writ on the most pleasing Subject, I was resolv'd to lay it at the Feet of the most Beautiful; and had I been myself at a loss where to fix, the Universal Opinion of the World would have directed me, and pointed out your Grace for the Patroness; while  
the



## *The Epistle Dedicatory.*

the Poem shall last, (and a Poem of Love ought to last longer than any other) succeeding Ages shall read, that your Grace was the Ornament of this Age.

'Tis an innocent and harmless Ambition in Poets, whose only Design in all they do, is the pleasing others, and in doing that, please themselves best; and as Beauty is the chief Object they bend their Studies to delight, all Poets ought to aspire to please your Grace in particular.

That Ambition is the best Excuse I can make, for my Presumption in this Dedication; since I am unknown to your Grace, and perhaps even unheard of yet; but what is my Crime, is at the same time my Plea for Pardon; or rather it is my Merit. The *Athenians*, when they Dedicated an Altar to the unknown God, shew'd more Devotion, and directed their Devotion to a truer Deity, than when they Adored the many they knew.

That I might be sure of something Acceptable in this Offering, and not fail to Delight in a Poem of Love, where all ought to be delightful; I have taken all the most moving tender Things, that *Ovid* and *Tibullus* said to their Mistresses, to say to Mine; nor will I allow it to be a Theft, since I doubt not, as it was their Love that inspir'd them with those Thoughts, Mine would have infus'd the same into me; and no Man that thinks naturally of Love, can avoid running into the same Thoughts with them.

I have borrow'd the Examples to every Passion, from those Stories which I thought the most pleasing in *Ovid*, where certainly the most pleasing were to be met with: Some few Places in every Story I have Translated, but for the most part, have only kept him in View; I have gone on with him,  
and

## *The Epistle Dedicatory.*

and left him, where I thought it proper, and by that means have avoided the Absurdities of his *Metamorphosis*; save only that of *Pygmalion's* Statue, but that was a *Metamorphosis* that pleas'd me.

It was a delightful Surprise, to see Life breath'd into an inanimate Beauty, as it would be a killing Affliction to see it taken from one already animated: It would occasion as much Joy and Wonder, to have a Dutcheß of *GRAFTON* made by Art, (if Art could do it) as it would cause Consternation to have the Gods unmake one. But those Miracles of Art now are ceas'd; and none but the Heavenly Artist could have Drawn you, who has Drawn You so, that he has left the Painter and the Poet at a loss to Copy You.

As to the Success of this POEM, I hope I am secure, since it is Sacred in general to the Fair Sex, and committed in particular to the Protection of the Fairest; if they are once pleas'd, who will dare to find fault? or disoblige them, by disliking what they approve? Under the shelter of Your Grace's Patronage, I shall stand, like *Æneas*, guarded by the Goddess of Love, and no *Diomedes* shall be found, as desperate as the first, to Wound me thro' You. Thus, as all Dedicating Poets, who write more to raise their own Reputation than their Patron's, I have taken the most effectual Means to establish mine; and doubt not to make a strong Party, since every Lover will defend what is sacred to the Lovely.

Your GRACE's

Most Devoted,

Most Humble Servant,

Charles Hopkins.





# THE HISTORY OF LOVE.



**Y**E Woods and Wilds, serene and blest Re-  
treats,  
At once the Lovers, and the Muses Seats;  
To you I fly, to you, ye sacred Groves,  
To tell my wondrous Tale of wondrous  
Loves.

Thee, *Delia*, thee shall ev'ry Shepherd sing,  
With thy dear Name the neighb'ring Woods shall ring.  
No Name but thine shall on their Barks be found,  
With none but thine shall echoing Hills resound.  
My Verse thy matchless Beauties shall proclaim,  
'Till thine out-rivals *Sacharissa's* Fame.  
My Verse shall make thee live, while Woods shall grow,  
While Stars shall shine, and while the Seas shall flow;  
While



While there remains alive a tender Maid,  
 Or Am'rous Youth, or Love-sick Swain to read.  
 Others may artfully the Passions move,  
 In me alone 'tis natural to love:  
 While the World sees me write in such a Strain,  
 As shews, I only feel what others feign.  
 Thou darling of my Youth, my Life's Delight,  
 By Day my Vision, and my Dream by Night;  
 Thou, who alone dost all my Thoughts infuse,  
 And art at once my Mistress, and my Muse:  
 Inspir'd from thee, flows ev'ry sacred Line,  
 Thine is the Poetry, the Poet thine.  
 Thy Service shall my only Bus'ness be,  
 And all my Life employ'd in pleasing thee.  
 Crown'd with my Songs of thee, each Day shall move,  
 And ev'ry listning Sun hear nought but Love:  
 With flowing Numbers, ev'ry Page shall roll,  
 Where, as you read my Verse, receive my Soul.  
 Should Sense and Wit, and Art, refuse to join,  
 In all I write, and fail my great Design:  
 Yet with such Passion shall my Lines be crown'd,  
 And so much Softness in my Poem found,  
 Such moving Tenderness; the World shall see,  
 Love could have been describ'd by none but me.  
 Let *Dryden* from his Works, with Justice, claim  
 Immortal Praise; I from my sacred Flame,  
 Draw all my Glory, challenge all my Fame.

Believe me, *Delia*, Lovers have their Wars,  
 And *Cupid* has his Camp, as well as *Mars*.

That Age which suits a Soldier best, will prove  
The fittest for the sharp Fatigues of Love.  
None but Young Men the Toils of War can bear,  
None but Young Men can serve and please the Fair.  
Youth, with the Foe maintains the vig'rous Fight:  
Youth, gives the longing Maid the full Delight.  
On either hand, like Hardship it sustains,  
Great are the Soldier's, great the Lover's Pains.  
Th' event of War no Gen'ral can foreknow,  
And that, alas! of Love is doubtful too.  
In various Fields, whatever Chance shall fall,  
The Soldier must resolve to bear it all.  
With the like Constancy must Lovers wait,  
Enduring bad, and hoping better Fate.  
Thro' Doubts, and Fears, Desires and Wishes tost,  
Undaunted, they must strain to reach the Coast.  
All will a while look hideous to their Eye,  
The threatening Storm still thickning in the Sky,  
No sight of Land, no friendly Harbour nigh.  
Yet through all this, the vent'rous Lover steers,  
To reap the golden Crop that Beauty bears.  
So the bold Mariners the Seas explore,  
Tho' Winds blow hard, and Waves like Thunder roar,  
Rather than live in Poverty on Shoar.  
Embolden'd thus, let ev'ry Youth set Sail,  
And trust to Fortune for a prosp'rous Gale:  
Let them launch boldly from the lazy Shore,  
Nor fear a Storm which will at last blow o'er.  
Set all the Reins to all their Passions free,  
Give Wings to their Desires; and love like me.

Happy

Happy that Youth, who when his Stars incline  
His Soul to Love, can make a Choice like mine.

*A D M I R A T I O N.*

Thee, *Delia*, all that see thee must admire,  
And Mankind in its own despight desire.  
As a blind Man, restor'd to sudden Sight,  
Starts in Amaze at the first flash of Light;  
So was I struck, such sudden Wonder knew,  
When my Eyes dazzl'd with the Sight of you.  
I saw whatever could inflame Desire,  
Parch up the Veins, and set the Blood on fire.  
From ev'ry Charm the pointed Lightning came,  
And fast, as they dispers'd, I caught the Flame.  
Like Stars your glittering Eyes were seen to shine,  
And roll with Motions that were all Divine.  
Where Majesty, and Softness, mingled meet,  
And shew a Soul, at once, sublime and sweet.  
I gaz'd, and as I gaz'd from ev'ry View  
New Wonders I descry'd, new Passion drew.  
Nor were the Charms less pow'rful of your Tongue,  
My ravish'd Soul on ev'ry Accent hung,  
Glow'd when you spoke, and melted when you Sung. }  
Those Lips unopen'd, cannot fail to move,  
But Silently are Eloquent in Love;  
That Face and Neck, those Shoulders, Hands, and Arms,  
Each Limb, each Feature, has peculiar Charms.  
Each of it self might singly win a Soul,  
And never need th' assistance of the whole,

On this one Part a Poet's Praise might dwell,  
Did not this other Part deserve as well.  
Beauty is surely near ally'd to Wit,  
Of which none can the just Description hit;  
By their own selves they may be shewn the best,  
And only are, in being seen, exprest.  
Beauty's true Charms no Poem can present,  
Which but imperfectly are done in Paint.  
That too comes short of Life, and only takes  
Faint Images of those which Nature makes,

---

THE HISTORY of  
*Perseus and Andromeda:*

In Imitation of Part of that in the

Fourth Book of *OVID's Metamorphosis.*

**P**ropitious Chance led *Perseus* once to view  
The fairest Piece that ever Nature drew;  
Chain'd on a rocky Shore the Virgin stood,  
Naked, and whiter than the foaming Flood;  
Whom, as he cours'd the Confines of the Sky,  
Amaz'd he saw, and kept his wondring Eye  
So fix'd, he had almost forgot to fly.  
Had not the Winds dispers'd her flowing Hair,  
And held it waving in the liquid Air;  
Or had not Streams of Tears apace roll'd down  
Her lovely Cheeks, he would have thought her Stone.

Strait



Strait he precipitates his hasty Flight,  
Impatient to attain a nearer Sight.  
Now all at once, he feels the raging Fires,  
Sees all the Maid, and all he sees, admires:  
With Awe and Wonder, mixt with Love and Fear,  
He stands as motionless as Shame made her.  
Urg'd on at last, but still by slow degrees,  
Loth to offend, he draws to what he sees.  
Oh! why, he cries, most matchless Fair one, why  
Are you thus us'd? Can you be doom'd to die?  
Have you done any Guilt? that Guilt relate.  
How can such Beauty merit such a Fate?  
I am thy Champion, and espouse thy Cause;  
In thy Defence, the Thund'rer's Offspring draws.  
Say, if thou'rt rescu'd by the Son of *Jove*,  
Say, for thy Life, wilt thou return thy Love?  
The bashful Virgin no Return affords,  
But sends ten thousand Sighs, instead of Words:  
With Grief, redoubled with her Shame, she mourns;  
She weeps, he joys, she blushes, and he burns.  
In Chains extended at her length she lay,  
While he with Transport took a full Survey.  
Fain would her Hands her conscious Blushes hide,  
But that the Fetters, which they wore, deny'd.  
What could she do? all that she could, she did:  
For drown'd in floods of Tears, her Eyes she hid.  
Much urg'd to speak, she turn'd her bashful Look  
Far as she could aside, and trembling spoke:  
My Mother, conscious of her Beauty, strove  
(Alas! too conscious) with the Wife of *Jove*;

Who

Who by a cruel and unjust Decree,  
To punish her, takes this Revenge on me.  
Here I am doom'd a dreadful Monster's Prey,  
Who now, now, now is issuing from the Sea.  
Haste; generous Youth, our common Foe subdue;  
And if you save my Life, I live for you.  
Thus spoke the Maid, half dying with her Fears:  
When, lo! the Monster from the Sea appears.  
The dauntless Heroe mounts his flying Horse,  
And o'er the Waves directs his airy Course.  
Let him, alone, his Victory pursue;  
For dreadful War has nothing here to do.  
This short Account will Love-sick Swains suffice;  
He slew his Foe, and straight receiv'd his Prize.  
Thrice happy Youth, too fortunately blest;  
Who only came, and conquer'd, and possess'd.  
None of the Pangs of Love your Bliss annoy'd;  
You but beheld, admir'd, and so enjoy'd.

*D E S I R E.*

All other Lovers longer Toils sustain;  
Desires, Hopes, Jealousies, an endless Train.



The HISTORY of  
*PYGMALION:*

Imitated from the Tenth Book of  
 OVID's *METAMORPHOSES.*

HOW thou art envy'd, let *Pygmalion* prove;  
 Who by a Miracle obtain'd his Love:  
 Who living in an Age, when Women led  
 The lewdest Lives, all Shame and Honour fled;  
 For a long time, declin'd the Nuptial-Bed.  
 He saw them all debauch'd with monstrous Crimes,  
 No virtuous Maid, no *Delia* blest'd the Times.  
 Had she liv'd then, his Skill had ne'er been shewn,  
 Nor the strange Miracle, that crown'd it, known.  
 There had he fix'd, not form'd his fancy'd Maid;  
 Nor fondly been by his own Art betray'd.  
 The Nymph in polish'd Iv'ry glitter'd bright,  
 So smooth, she seem'd too slipp'ry for his Sight.  
 So curious was her Shape, so just her Frame,  
 So quick her Eyes appear'd, so full of Flame,  
 They would have roll'd, if not restrain'd by Shame.  
 From his strange Art, the Statue had receiv'd  
 Such lively strokes, one would have thought it liv'd.  
 Ev'n he himself could hardly, hardly know,  
 But doubted long, whether it liv'd or no.

Yet

Yet from her, as she was, he gather'd Fires;  
And fierce and boundless were his mad Desires.  
He felt her Flesh, (his Fancy thought it such,)  
And fear'd to hurt her with too rude a Touch.  
He kiss'd her with Belief so strong and vain,  
That he imagin'd how she kiss'd again.  
Now makes his Court, his mad Addresses moves,  
And tells a long fond Tale, how well he loves.  
Presents her now, with all he thought might please,  
With precious Gums distill'd from weeping Trees.  
Small singing Birds, who strain their tuneful Throats,  
And hov'ring round, repeat their pretty Notes.  
With sweetest Flow'rs he crowns her lovely Head,  
And lays her on the softest, downy Bed.  
In richest Robes his charming Idol drest,  
Bright sparkling Gems adorn her Neck and Breast,  
And she — look'd well in all, but look'd when  
naked, best.

Now *Venus* kept her Feast; a goodly Train  
Of Love-sick Youths frequent, and fill her Fane.  
The Snow-white Heifers fall by sacred Strokes,  
While with rich Gums the loaded Altar smokes.  
Among the rest, the hopeless Lover stands,  
Tears in his Eyes, his Off'rings in his Hands,  
More furious than before he feels his Fires,  
Ev'n his Despair redoubles his Desires.  
A long, long time, his Oraisons deferr'd,  
He durst not pray, lest he should not be heard.  
'Till urg'd by Love, his tim'rous Silence broke,  
Thus (but still tim'rously) at last he spoke.



If you, ye sacred Pow'rs that rule above,  
 And you, great Goddess of propitious Love;  
 If all we want is plac'd within your Pow'r,  
 And you can give whatever we implore:  
 Exert your Godhead now, now lend your Aid,  
 Give me the Wife I wish, one like he said,  
 But durst not say, Give me the Ivory Maid.  
 This finish'd; thrice auspicious Flashes rise,  
 And Wreaths of curling Smoke ascended thrice.  
 Half hoping now, and yet still half afraid,  
 With doubtful Joy he seeks his Iv'ry Maid.  
 Doats more than ever on her fancy'd Charms,  
 And closely clasps her in his longing Arms.  
 When all at once, with Joy and Wonder fill'd,  
 He feels her stubborn Sides begin to yield.  
 Soft was her Bosom grown, her throbbing Breast,  
 Heav'd with her Breath, swell'd gently to be prest.  
 Surpriz'd, and glad, he feels her oft, and oft;  
 And more and more perceives her warm and soft.  
 Warm were her Lips, and ev'ry pointed Kiss,  
 With melting Touches, met and moisten'd his.  
 Her Blood now circled, and her Pulses beat,  
 And Life at last enjoy'd a settled Seat.  
 Slowly she lifts her new and fearful Sight,  
 And sees at once, her Lover, and the Light.  
 An unborn Maid, both Life and Lover found;  
 And he too, had his desp'rate Wishes crown'd.  
 Desp'rate indeed; what Prospect could he see,  
 Or how at first, hope any more than me?

H O P E.

T H E

The S T O R Y of  
*Hippomenes and Atalanta:*

In Imitation of Part of that in the  
Tenth Book of *Ovid's Metamorphoses.*

**H***ippomenes* alone with Hope inspir'd,  
Might well rejoice to find his Wishes fir'd,  
Since well assur'd of all his Wish desir'd.  
His Passion was all Life, all Soul, and Flame,  
He dauntless to the fatal Barriers came:  
With Joy his vanquish'd Rivals he beheld,  
Assur'd to win, where all besides had fail'd.  
He saw the lovely Nymph outfly the Wind,  
And leave her breathless Suitors far behind;  
Saw *Atalanta* swift as Lightning pass,  
Yet soft as *Zephyrs*, sweep along the Grass.  
He knew the Law, whose Cruelty decreed,  
That ev'ry Youth who lost the Race should bleed.  
Yet if, like them, he could not run so fast,  
He saw her worth the dying for, at last.  
Her ev'ry Charm his Praise and Wonder mov'd,  
And still the more he prais'd, the more he lov'd.  
Now had he view'd the last unhappy Strife,  
And seen the vanquish'd Youth resign his Life;  
When with his Love transported, from his Place,  
Left any other first should claim the Race,

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Rising he runs, regardless of their Fate,  
 And presses where the panting Virgin sate.  
 With Eyes all sparkling with his Hope and Love,  
 And such a Look, as could not fail to move;  
 Tell me, he cries, why, barb'rous Beauty, why  
 Are you so pleas'd to see these Wretches die?  
 Why have you with my feeble Rivals strove,  
 Betray'd to Death by their too daring Love?  
 With me a less unequal Race begin,  
 With me exert your utmost Speed to win;  
 By my Defeat you will your Conquests crown,  
 And in my Fall establish your Renown:  
 Then undisturb'd you may your Conquests boast,  
 For none will dare to strive, when I have lost.  
 Thus while the Prince his bold Defiance spoke,  
 She eyes him with a soft relenting Look.  
 Already does his distant Fate deplore,  
 Concern'd for him, tho' ne'er concern'd before.  
 Doubtful she stands, and knows not what to chuse,  
 And cannot wish to win, nor yet to lose.  
 But murmurs to herself: Ye Pow'rs Divine,  
 How hard, alas! a Destiny is mine?  
 Why must I longer such a Law obey,  
 And daily throw so many Lives away?  
 Why must I by their Deaths my Nuptials shun?  
 Or else by marrying be my self undone?  
 Why must I still my Cruelty pursue?  
 Why must a Prince, so charming, perish too?  
 Such is his Youth, his Beauty, Valour such,  
 Ev'n to my self I seem not worth so much.

Fly,

Fly, lovely Stranger, ere 'tis yet too late,  
Fly from thy too, ah! too too certain Fate.  
I would not send thee hence, I would not give  
Such a Command; couldst thou but stay, and live.  
Thou with some fairer Maid wilt happier be:  
The fairest Maid might be in Love with thee.  
So many Suitors have already bled,  
Who rashly ventur'd for my Nuptial Bed,  
I fear lest thou should'st run like them in vain,  
Should'st lose like them, and ah! like them be slain.  
Yet why should he alone my Pity move?  
It is but Pity sure; it is not Love.  
I wish, bold Youth, thou would'st the Race decline,  
Or rather wish, thy Speed could equal mine.  
Would thou hadst never seen this fatal Place,  
Nor I, alas! thy too too charming Face.  
Were I by rig'rous Fate allow'd to wed,  
Thou shouldst alone enjoy, and bless my Bed.  
Were it but left to my own partial Choice,  
Of all Mankind thou shouldst obtain my Voice.  
'Twas here she paus'd; when urg'd with long Delay,  
The Trumpets sound to hasten them away.  
Straight at the Summons is the Race begun,  
And side by side, for some short time they run.  
While the Spectators from the Barriers cry,  
Fly prosp'rous Youth, with all thy Vigour fly:  
Make haste, make haste, thy utmost Speed enforce,  
Love give thee Wings to win the noble Course.  
See how unwillingly the Virgin flies,  
Pursue, and save thy Life, and seize the Prize.



'Tis doubtful yet, whether the gen'ral Voice  
 Made the glad Youth, or Virgin most rejoice.  
 Oft, in the swiftest fury of the Race,  
 The Nymph would slacken her impetuous Pace,  
 And halt, and gaze, and almost fasten on his Face.  
 Then fleet away again, as swift as Wind,  
 Not without Sighs to leave him so behind.  
 By this he saw his Strength would ne'er prevail,  
 But still he had a Charm that could not fail.  
 From his loose Robe a Golden Apple drawn,  
 With force he hurl'd along the Flow'ry Lawn.  
 Straight at the Sight the Virgin could not hold,  
 But starts aside to catch the shining Gold.  
 He takes the wish'd Occasion, passes by,  
 While all the Field resounded Shouts of Joy.  
 This she recovers with redoubled haste,  
 'Till he far off the second Apple cast.  
 Again the Nymph diverts her near Pursuit,  
 And running back secures the Tempting Fruit;  
 But her strange Speed recovers her again,  
 Again the foremost in the flow'ry Plain.  
 Now near the Goal he summons all his Might,  
 And prays to *Venus* to direct him right,  
 With his last Apple to retard her Flight.  
 Tho' sure to lose if she the Race declin'd,  
 For such a Bribe the Vict'ry she resign'd.  
 Pleas'd that she lost, to the glad Victor's Arms  
 She gives the Prize, and yields her dear bought Charms.  
 He by resistless Gold the Conquest gain'd,  
 In vain he ran, 'till that the Race obtain'd.

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Possess'd of that, he could not but subdue,  
For Gold, alas! would conquer *Delia* too.  
Yet oh! thou best belov'd, thou loveliest Maid,  
Be not by too much Avarice betray'd.  
Prize thy self high, no easy Purchase prove,  
Nor let a Fool with Fortune buy thy Love.  
Like *Atalanta's* Conqu'ror let him be,  
Brave, Gen'rous, Young, from ev'ry Failing free,  
And to Compleat him, let him Love like me.  
What Pains against my wretched self I take!  
E'en I my self my Jealousies awake.  
Such Men there are, bless'd with such Gifts Divine,  
Who if they knew thee, would be surely thine.

*JEALOUSY.*

How wretched then, alas! should *Daphnis* grow?  
Gods! how the very Thought distracts him now?  
E'en now, perhaps some Youth with happier Charms,  
Lies folded in the faithless *Delia's* Arms.  
E'en now, the Favours you design'd me, seem  
To be too prodigally heap'd on him.  
Close by your Side, all languishing he stands,  
And on your panting Bosom warms his Hands.  
Straight in your Lap he lays his envy'd Head,  
And makes the Shrine of Love his sacred Bed.  
Then glows his ravish'd Soul with pointed Flames,  
And Thoughts of Heav'nly Joys fill all his Dreams.  
Let not your Passion be to me reveal'd,  
But if you love, keep him you love conceal'd.

The S T O R Y of  
**CEPHALUS and PROCRIS,**

Imitated from the Tenth Book of

**OVID's METAMORPHOSES.**

**F**ROM *Cephalus's* Tragic Story, read  
 What Fatal Mischiefs Jealousy may breed.  
 Hear that unhappy wretched Huntsman tell,  
 How by his Hands his much-lov'd *Procris* fell.  
 Hear him, lamenting his Mischance, complain  
 In the soft *Ovid's* sadly charming Strain.

Happy a while, thrice happy was my Life,  
 Blest in a Beautiful and Virtuous Wife.  
 Love join'd us first, and Love made Life so sweet,  
 We prais'd the Gods, that 'twas our Lot to meet.  
 Our Breasts glow'd gently with a mutual Flame,  
 The same were our Desires, our Fears the same.  
 Whate'er one did, the other would approve,  
 For one our Liking was, as one our Love.  
 Then happy Days were crown'd with happier Nights,  
 And some few Months roll'd on in full Delights.  
 Joys crouded to appear, and Pleasures ran  
 A while in circles, ere our Woes began.  
 'Till I one fatal Morn the Chace pursu'd  
 Of a wild Boar, thro' an adjacent Wood.

Where,

Where, as I hunt'd eager on my Prey,  
*Aurora* stopp'd me in my hasty way.  
 You may believe I do not, dare not feign,  
 (For Mis'ry never made a Man so vain)  
 She, tho' a Goddess, straight began to move  
 A fruitless Suit, and vainly talk'd of Love.  
 Tho' she look'd bright as when she shines on high,  
 In all the Glories of a Morning Sky;  
 Tho' earlier than the Sun's, her Beams display,  
 And shew the first Approaches of the Day:  
 I told her *Procris* all my Soul possess;  
 That she alone reign'd Sov'reign of my Breast,  
 Which never would admit another Guest.  
 Enjoy thy *Procris* then, the Goddess cry'd;  
 Whom thou shalt one Day wish thou'dst ne'er enjoy'd.  
 Stung with her Words, with Doubts and Fears oppress'd,  
 A sudden Jealousy destroys my Rest,  
 Mads all my Brain, and poisons all my Breast.  
 I thought the Sex all false, e'en *Procris* too,  
 Again I thought, she could not but be true.  
 Her Youth and Beauty kindled anxious Cares,  
 But her known Chastity condemn'd my Fears.  
 But then my Absence does again revive,  
 And keep the tort'ring Fancy still alive.  
 I thought her Faith too firmly fix'd to fall,  
 Yet a true Lover is afraid of All.  
 I knew not what to think, but straight I go,  
 Resolv'd to cure, or to compleat my Woe.  
 An Habit different from my own I took,  
 While with curst Aid *Aurora* chang'd my Look.



To *Athens* straight, unknown by all, I came,  
E'en to my self, I scarce could seem the same.

Hardly I got admission to my House,  
But, far, far harder, to my weeping Spouse.

The House it self from ought of Blame was free,  
And ev'ry Place express'd its Grief for me.

A dismal Silence reign'd thro' ev'ry Room,  
To mourn my Loss, already safe at Home.

E'en that sad Pomp of Woe, some Charms could boast,  
But when my *Procris* came, she charm'd me most.

Black were her Robes, her solemn Pace was slow,  
Her Dress was careless, yet becoming too.

A virtuous Grief dwelt deeply in her Face,  
But matchless Beauty gave that Grief a Grace.

Whole Show'rs of Tears her streaming Eyes let fall,  
Yet something wondrous lovely shone through all.

Scarce could I at the charming Sight forbear  
From running to embrace my Mournful Fair,  
Scarce hold, from telling whom she saw (tho' alter'd) }  
there.

But yet at length, my first Design pursu'd,  
With Words I flatter'd, and with Gifts I woo'd ;

All the most moving Arguments I us'd,  
Oft pray'd, and press'd, but was as oft refus'd.

She said another had before engross'd  
All her Affection, and my Suit was lost.

Would any but a Madman further try ?  
But ah ! that mad, that desp'rate Fool was I.

I grew the more industrious to destroy  
Her matchless Truth, and ruin all my Joy.

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Redoubled Presents, and redoubled Vows,  
I made, and offer'd, to betray my Spouse.  
At last, her stagg'ring Faith began to yield,  
And I'ad just won the long disputed Field.  
Thy Fallhood, straight I cry'd, too late I see;  
False to thy *Cephalus*, for I am He.  
Since you are perjur'd, since my *Procris* grew  
Forsworn and false, what Woman can be true?  
She, at these Words, almost of Sense bereav'd,  
With sad Confusion found her self deceiv'd.  
Fixt on the Ground she kept her down-cast Eye,  
And silent with her Shame, made no Reply,  
But to the Mountains like a Huntress hies,  
And for my sake from all Mankind she flies.  
Which when I found, abandon'd and alone,  
My dearer Half thro' my own Folly gone;  
Love fiercer than before began to burn,  
'Till I was raging for my Wife's Return.  
My Pray'rs dispatch'd with eagerness and haste,  
That she would pardon all Offences past;  
Found her as Kind, as she was truly Chaste.  
She came and crown'd my Joys a second time;  
Forgot my Jealousy, forgave my Crime.  
'Twas then I thought my greatest Miseries o'er,  
But Fate it seems had worse, far worse in store.  
Soon as each early Sun began to rise,  
To glad th' enlighten'd Earth, and gild the Skies,  
I with his first Appearance rise, and trace  
The Woods, and Hills, that yielded Game to chase.

Alone

Alone I hunt, a long and tedious Way,  
And seldom fail to kill sufficient Prey.  
Then spent with Toil, to cooler Shades retreat,  
And seek a Refuge from the scorching Heat.  
Where pleasant Valleys breathe a freer Air,  
For my Refreshment I address this Pray'r.  
Come, Air, I cry, Joy of o'er-labour'd Swains,  
Come, and diffuse thy self thro' all my Veins;  
Breathe on my burning Lips, and sev'rish Breast,  
And reign at large an ever-grateful Guest.  
Glide to my Soul, and ev'ry vital Part,  
Distill thy self upon my panting Heart.  
By chance I other Blandishments bestow,  
Or Destiny decreed it should be so.  
As, O thou greatest Pleasure of the Plains,  
Thou who assuagest all my raging Pains ;  
Thou, who dost Nature's richest Sweets excite,  
And mak'st me in these Desert Woods delight:  
Breathless, and Dead without thee should I be,  
For all the Life I have, I draw from thee.  
While this I sung, some one who chanc'd to hear,  
Thought her a Nymph, to whom I made my Pray'r,  
And told my *Procris* of her Rival, Air. }  
She, kind, good Soul, half dying at the News,  
Would now condemn me, now again excuse.  
Now hopes 'tis all a Falshood, now she fears ;  
Suspects my Faith as I suspected hers.  
Resolv'd, at last, to trust no busy Tongue,  
But be herself the Witness of her Wrong ;

When

When the next Day with fatal haste came on,  
 And I was to my lov'd Diversion gone,  
 She rose, and sought the solitary Shade,  
 Where, after Hunting, I was daily laid.  
 Close in a Thicket undiscern'd she stood,  
 When I took shelter in the shady Wood.  
 Then stretching on the Grass my fainting weight,  
 Come, much lov'd Air, I cry, oh! come, abate }  
 With thy sweet Breath this most immod'rate Heat.  
 At this a sudden Noise invades my Ear,  
 And rustling Boughs shew'd something living there.  
 I rashly thinking it some savage Beast,  
 Threw my unerring Dart with heedless haste, }  
 Which pierc'd, O Gods! my *Procris* thro' the Breast. }  
 She, at the Wound, with fearful Shriekings fell,  
 And I, alas! knew the dear Voice too well.  
 Thither, distracted with my Grief, I flew,  
 To give my Dying Love a sad Adieu.  
 All bloody was her lately Snowy Breast,  
 Her Soul was hast'ning to eternal Rest.  
 With Rage I tore my Robe, which close I bound,  
 To stop the Blood, about the gaping Wound.  
 What Pardons did I beg? what Curses frame,  
 For my damn'd Fate, that was alone in blame?  
 When weakly raising up her Dying Head,  
 With a faint Voice, these few sad Words she said.  
 " Draw nearer yet, dear Author of my Death,  
 " Hear my last Sighs, and snatch my parting Breath.  
 " But ere I die, by all that's sacred swear,  
 " That you will never let my Rival, Air, }  
 " Prophane my Bed, or find Reception there.



" This I conjure you by your Nuptial Vow;

" The Faith you gave me then, renew me now.

" By all your Love, if any Love remain,

" And by that Love, which dying I retain,

" Assure me but of this before I go,

" And I shall bless thee for the fatal Blow.

To her sad Speech abruptly I reply'd,

In haste to shew her Error ere she dy'd.

Quickly I ran the Tragick Story o'er,

Which made her pleas'd, amidst the Pangs she bore.

That done, she rolls in Death her dizzy Eyes,

And with a Sigh, which I receiv'd, she dies.

Here did the Youth his doleful Tale conclude,

A Tale too doleful to be long pursu'd.

But this ill-chosen Instance will not do,

Unless my *Delia* could be Jealous too.

But she, whene'er I woo some other Fair,

Shews no Resentment, and betrays no Care.

She sees me court another, as unmov'd,

As she has always seen her self belov'd.

That dreadful Thought redoubles all my Fear,

That drowns my Hopes, and drives me to Despair.

### DESPAIR.

No foreign Instance need of this be shown,

To draw it best, I must describe my own.

Tho' of this kind all Ages can produce

Examples proper for the mourning Muse;

Yet all to me must the first Place resign,

None ever was so just, so deep as mine.

All Day and Night I sing, and all Day long,  
*I Love*, and *I Despair*, makes all my Song.  
Revolving Days the same sad Musick hear,  
Unchang'd those Notes, *I Love* and *I Despair*.  
To me, as to the Echo, Fate affords  
No pow'r of Speech but for those doleful Words.  
Some glimpse of Sun, some chearful Beams appear,  
E'en thro' the gloomiest Season of the Year.  
My clouded Life admits no Dawn of Light,  
No Ray can pierce thro' my eternal Night.  
All there is dismal as the Shades beneath,  
And all is dark as Hell, and sad as Death.  
My anxious Hours roll heavily away,  
Depriv'd of Sleep by Night, and Peace by Day.  
My Soul no Respite from her Suff'rings knows,  
And sees no End of her eternal Woes.  
In a long Line they run for ever on,  
And still increase, and lengthen as they run.  
By Flight to lose my Tills in vain I try,  
From my despairing self I cannot fly.  
Where-e'er I go, I bear about my Flame,  
In Cities, Countries, Seas, 'tis still the same.  
Scorch'd with my burning Pains I shun my House,  
And strive in open Air to seek Repose.  
My Flames like Torches shoo in open Air,  
Grow, with dilated Heat, more furious there.  
Now to the most retir'd, remotest Place,  
E'en to Obscurity I fly for Ease.  
Retirement still foments the raging Fire,  
And Trees, and Fields, and Floods, and Verse conspire }  
To spread the Flame and heighten the Desire.

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Wildly I range the Woods, and trace the Groves,  
 To every Oak I tell my hopeless Loves.  
 Torn by my Passion, to the Earth I fall,  
 I kneel to all the Gods, I pray to all.  
 Nothing but Echo answers to my Pray'r,  
 And she speaks nothing but Despair, Despair.  
 From Woods and Wilds I no Relief receive,  
 But wander on, to try what Seas can give.  
 Deep thro' the Tide, not knowing where I walk;  
 To the deaf Winds, not knowing what, I talk.  
 Mad as the foaming Main, aloud I rave,  
 While ev'ry Tear keeps Time with ev'ry Wave.

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**The STORY of**  
**ORPHEUS and EURYDICE:**

Imitated from the

**Tenth Book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*.**

**S**O in old Times the mournful *Orpheus* stood,  
 Drowning his Sorrows in the *Stygian* Flood.  
 Whose lamentable Story seems to be  
 The nearest Instance of a Wretch like me.  
 Already had he past the Courts of Death,  
 And charm'd with sacred Verse the Pow'rs beneath;  
 While

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While Hell, with silent Admiration hung  
On the soft Musick of his Harp and Tongue,  
And the black Roofs restor'd the wondrous Song.  
No longer *Tantalus* essay'd to sip  
The Springs that fled from his deluded Lip.  
Their Urn the fifty Maids no longer fill;  
*Ixion* lean'd, and listen'd on his Wheel:  
And *Sisyphus's* Stone for once stood still.  
The rav'nous *Vultur* had forsook his Meal,  
And *Tityus* felt his growing Liver heal.  
Relenting Fiends to torture Souls forbore,  
And Furies wept, who never wept before.  
All Hell in Harmony was heard to move,  
With equal Sweetness as the Spheres above.  
Nor longer was his charming Pray'r deny'd,  
All Hell consented to release his Bride.  
Yet could the Youth but short Possession boast,  
For what his Poem gain'd, his Passion lost:  
Ere they restor'd her back to him, and Life,  
They made him on these Terms receive his Wife.  
If 'till he quite had pass'd the Shades of Night,  
And reach'd the Confines of ætherial Light,  
He turn'd to view his Prize; his wretched Prize  
Again was doom'd to vanish from his Eyes.  
Long had he wander'd on, and long forborn  
To look, but was at last compell'd to turn.  
And now arriv'd where the Sun's piercing Ray  
Struck thro' the Gloom, and made a doubtful Day,  
Backwards his Eyes th' impatient Lover cast  
For one dear Look, and that one Look his last.

Straigh



Straight from his Sight flies his unhappy Wife,  
 Who now liv'd twice, and twice was robb'd of Life.  
 In vain to catch the fleeting Shade he sought,  
 She too in vain, bent backwards to be caught.  
 Gods! what tumultuous raging Passions tost  
 His anxious Heart, when he perceiv'd her lost!  
 How wildly did his dreadful Eye-balls roll!  
 How did all Hell at once oppress his Soul!  
 To what sad height was his Distraction grown!  
 How deep his just Despair! how near my own!  
 In vain with her he labour'd to return,  
 All he could do was to sit down and mourn.  
 In vain (but ne'er before in vain) he sings  
 At once the saddest and the sweetest things.

Stay, dear *Eurydice*, he cries, ah! stay;  
 Why fleets the lovely Shade so fast away?  
 Why am not I permitted to pursue,  
 Why will not rigorous Hell receive me too?  
 Already has she reach'd the farther Shore,  
 And I, alas! allow'd to pass no more;  
 Imprison'd closer in the dismal Coast,  
 She's now for ever, ever, ever lost.  
 No Charms a second time can set her free,  
 Hell has her now again; would Hell had me.  
 From all his Pains let *Tityus* be releas'd,  
 And in his stead unhappier *Orpheus* plac'd.  
 He feels no Torture I'll refuse to bear,  
 Her Loss is worse than all he suffers there.  
 Is this your Bounty then? ye Pow'rs below!  
 And these the short liv'd Blessings you bestow?

Why

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Why did you such a cruel Cov'nant make?  
Which you but too well knew I needs must break.  
Ah! by this Artifice, too late I find  
Your-*envious* Nature never was inclin'd  
To be intirely Good, or throughly Kind. }  
Had you persisted to refuse the Grant,  
I should not then have known the double Want.  
This was contriv'd by some malicious Pow'r,  
To swell my Wees, and make my Mis'ries more.  
Plung'd in Despair far deeper than at first,  
And blest a short, short while, to be for ever curs'd.  
Ah! yet again relent, again restore  
My wretched Bride; be bounteous as before.  
Ah! let the force of Verse as pow'rful be  
O'er you, as was the force of Love o'er me:  
And the dear Forfeit once again resign,  
Which but for too much Love had still been mine.  
By that immense and awful Sway you bear,  
That silent Horror that inhabits here;  
By these vast Realms, and that unquestion'd Right,  
By which you rule this everlasting Night;  
By these my Tears and Pray'rs, which once could move,  
Once more I beg you to release my Love.  
Let her a little while; with me remain,  
A little while, and she is yours again.  
The Date of mortal Life is finish'd soon,  
Swift is the Race, and short the Time to run.  
Inevitable Fate your Night secures,  
And she, and I, and all, at last are yours

So

So sung the charming Youth, in such a Strain;  
 But sung, and charm'd the second time in vain.  
 No longer could he move the Pow'rs below,  
 Lost were his Numbers then, as mine are now.  
 Torn with Despair, he leaves the *Stygian* Lakes;  
 And back to Light a loathsom Journey takes.  
 No Light could chear him in his cruel Woes,  
 Who bears about his Grief where-e'er he goes.  
 In sacred Verse his sad Complaints he vents,  
 And all the Day, and all the Night laments.  
 Incessantly he sings, whose moving Song  
 Draws Trees, and Stones, and list'ning Herds along.  
 The *Sylvan* Gods, and Wood-Nymphs stood around,  
 And melting Maids were ravish'd at the Sound.  
 All heard the wondrous Notes, and all that heard,  
 With utmost Art address'd the mournful Bard.  
 Not all their Charms his Constancy could move,  
 Who fled the Thoughts of any second Love.  
 When mad to see him slight their raging Fire,  
 To mortal Hate converting fierce Desire,  
 With their own Hands they made the Youth expire. }  
 Such Proofs, my *Delia*, would I gladly give;  
 For thee I'd Die, without thee will not Live.  
 I've felt already the severest Smart  
 Death can inflict, for it was Death to part.

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What Souls about to leave their Bodies bear,  
 Forc'd to forsake their long-lov'd Mansions there;

The

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The dying Anguish, the convulsive Pain,  
And all the racking Tortures they sustain;  
And most of all, the Doubt, the dreadful Fear,  
When thrust out thence, to go they know not where;  
My Soul such Pangs, such sad Distractions knew,  
Forc'd by despairing Love to part with you.  
Fix'd on that Face where I could ever dwell,  
Charm'd into Silence by some Magick Spell,  
I sigh'd and shook, and could not say, Farewel.  
Down my sad Cheeks did Tears in Torrents roll,  
And Death's cold Damp fate heavy on my Soul.  
My trembling Eyes swam in a native Flood,  
As fast as they wept Tears, my Heart wept Blood.  
All Signs of desp'rate Grief possess'd the Face,  
My sinking Feet seem'd rooted to their Place,  
And scarce could bear me to the last Embrace.  
Gods! where was then my Soul? that parting Kiss  
Was both the last, and dearest Taste of Bliss.  
Ah! since that fatal time, I could not boast  
Of Love, or Life, or Soul; all, all is lost.  
When the last Moment that I had to stay,  
Call'd me, like one condemn'd to Death, away.  
With staggering Steps I did my Path pursue,  
Yet oft I turn'd to take another View,  
Oft gaz'd, and sigh'd, and murmur'd out Adieu.





# THE PARTING

OF

## *Achilles and Deidamia.*

*Achilles had a long time lain, disguis'd like a Woman, in the Court of Nicomedes King of Bithynia, making use of that Habit, the better to carry on his Amours with Deidamia, Nicomedes's Daughter; but he was at last discovered by the Subtily of Ulysses, who putting a Sword into his Hands, which he wielded too dexterously for a Woman, so betray'd him, and carried him to the Trojan War, the Greeks having been warn'd by the Oracle, that Troy should never be taken, unless Achilles assisted at the Siege.*

**T**HUS young *Achilles*, in *Bithynia's* Court,  
Had made a private, and a long Resort:  
Dress'd like a Maid, the better to improve,  
With his fair Princess, undiscover'd Love.  
Where Hours and Days, he might secure receive  
The mighty Bliss that mutual Love could give.  
Where in full Joys the Youthful Pair remain'd,  
And nought, a while, but laughing Pleasures reign'd,  
'Till at the last, the Gods were envious grown,  
To see the Bliss of Man surpass their own.

All

All Greece was now with *Helen's* Rape alarm'd,  
And all its Princes to revenge her arm'd.  
When spiteful Pow'rs foretold them, their Descent  
Would be in vain, unless *Achilles* went.

In vain they might the *Phrygian* Coasts invade,  
Scale *Troy* in vain, no Onset could be made,  
That should succeed, without that Hero's Aid.  
And now, *Ulysses*, by a crafty Slight,  
Had found him out in his Disguise's spite.  
Who, tho' betray'd by his unhappy Fate,  
Had too much Sense of Honour to retreat.

Which when his charming *Deidamia* knew,  
She to her late discover'd Lover flew.  
On his dear Neck her snowy Arms she hung,  
And streaming Tears a while restrain'd her Tongue.  
But at the last, her dismal Silence broke,  
These mournful Words the weeping Princess spoke.

Whither, ah! whither would *Achilles* flee?  
From all he's dearest to, from Love, and me?  
Are not my Charms the same? the same their Pow'r?  
Have I lost mine? or, has *Bellona* more?  
Oh! let me not so poorly be forlook,  
But view me, view me, with your usual Look.  
Would you, Unkind, from these Embraces break?  
Is Glory grown so Strong? or I so Weak?  
Glory is not your only Call, I fear,  
You go to meet some other Mistress there.  
Go then, Ungrateful, tho' from me you fly,  
You'll never meet with one so fond as I:

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But some Camp Mistress, lavish of her Charms,  
 Devoted to a Thousand Rival Arms.  
 Then will you think, when she is common grown,  
 On *Deidamia*, who was all your own.  
 Thus will I clasp thee to my paining Breast,  
 And thus detain thee to my Poem press'd.  
 And while I fold thee thus, and thus dispense  
 These Kisses, to restore thy wand'ring Sense,  
 What dismal Sound of War shall snatch thee hence?  
 What tho' the Gods have order'd you shall go,  
 Or *Greece* return inglorious from her Foe?  
 Have not the self-same cruel Gods decreed,  
 That if you went, you should as surely bleed?  
 Then since your Fate is destin'd to be such,  
 Ah! think, can any *Troy* be worth so much?  
 Let *Greece*, whate'er she please, for Vengeance give,  
 Secure at Home shall my *Achilles* live.  
*Troy*, built by heav'nly Hands, may stand, or fall;  
 You never shall obey the fatal Call.  
 Your *Deidamia* swears you shall not go,  
 Life would be dear to you, if she were so.  
 If not your own, at least my Safety Prize,  
 For with *Achilles*, *Deidamia* dies.

All this, and more, the lovely mournful Maid  
 Told the sad Youth, who sigh'd at all she said.  
 Yet would he not his Resolution break,  
 Where all his Fame and Honour lay at Stake.  
 Now would he think on Arms; but when he gave  
 A side-long Glance on her he was to leave,

Then

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Then his tumultuous Thoughts began to jar,  
And Love and Glory held a doubtful War.  
'Till with a deep-drawn Sigh, and mighty Course  
Of Tears, which nothing else but Love could force,  
To the dear Maid he turns his wat'ry Eyes,  
And to her sad Discourse, as sad replies.

Thou late best Blessing of my joyful Heart,  
Now grown my Grief, since I must now depart,  
Behold the Pangs I bear; look up and see  
How much I grieve to go; and comfort me.  
Curse on that cunning Traitor's smooth Deceit,  
Whose Craft has made me, to my Ruin, great.  
Curse on that Artifice by which I fell,  
Curse on these Hands for wielding Swords so well.  
Tho' I should ne'er so fit for Battle prove,  
All my Ambition's to be fit for Love.  
In his soft Wars I would my Life beguile,  
With thee contend in the transporting Toil,  
Ravish'd to read my Triumph in thy Smile.  
Boldly I'd strive, yet e'en when conqu'ring yield  
To thee the Glory of the bloodless Field.  
With liquid Fires, melt the rich Beauties down;  
Rifle thy Wealth, yet give thee all my own.  
So should our Wars be Rapture and Delight;  
But now I'm. summon'd to another Fight.  
'Tis not my Fault, that I am forc'd away;  
But when my Honour calls, I must obey.  
Durst I not Death and ev'ry Danger brave,  
I were not worthy of the Bliss I have.



More Hazards than another would I meet,  
 Only to lay more Laurels at your Feet.  
 Oh! do not fear that I should faithless prove,  
 For You, my only Life, have all my Love.  
 The thought of You shall help me to subdue,  
 I'll conquer faster, to return to You.  
 But if my Honours should be laid in Dust,  
 And I must fall, as Heav'n has said I must;  
 E'en in my Death, my only Grief will be,  
 That I for ever shall be snatch'd from thee.  
 That, that alone, occasions all my Fears,  
 Shakes my Resolves, and melts me into Tears.  
 My beating Heart pants to thee, as I speak,  
 And wishes, rather than depart, to break.  
 Feel how it trembles with a panick Fright:  
 Sure it will never fail me thus in Fight.  
 I cannot longer hold this fond Discourse,  
 For now the Trumpets sound our sad Divorce.  
 Sound ev'ry Trumpet there, beat ev'ry Drum;  
 Use all your Charms to make *Achilles* come.  
 Farewel — Alas! I have not time to tell  
 How wond'rous loth I part, — once more Farewel.  
 Remember me, as I'll remember you,  
 Like me be constant, and like me be true:  
 Gods! I shall ne'er be gone; Adieu, Adieu, Adieu.

### A B S E N C E.

Happy that am'rous Youth, whose Mistress hears  
 His swelling Sighs, and sees his falling Tears.

What

What savage Maid her Pity can deny  
A breaking Heart, and a still streaming Eye?  
Absent, alas! he spends them all in vain,  
While the dear Cause is ign'rant of his Pain.  
Yet wretched as he is, he might be blest,  
Would he himself contribute to his Rest.  
Would he resolve to struggle thro' the Net,  
And, but a while, endeavour to forget.  
But his mad Thoughts run ev'ry Passage o'er,  
And anxious Mem'ry makes his Passion more.  
Perplexing Mem'ry, that renews the Scene  
Of his past Cares, and keeps him still in Pain.  
Keeps a poor Wretch perpetually oppress'd,  
And never lets unhappy Lovers rest.  
Lets them no Pangs, no cruel Suff'rings lose,  
But heaps their past, upon their present Woes.  
Such was *Leander's* Mem'ry, when remov'd,  
And Sunder'd by the Seas, from all he lov'd.  
The gather'd Winds had wrought the Tempest high,  
Toss'd up the Ocean, and obscur'd the Sky;  
And at this time, with an impetuous Sway,  
Pour'd forth their Forces, and possess'd the Sea.  
When the bold Youth stood raging on the Beach,  
To view the much-lov'd Coast he could not reach,  
His restless Eyes ran all the Distance o'er,  
And from afar discern'd his *Hero's* Tow'r.  
Thrice, naked in the Waves his Skill he try'd,  
And strove, as he was us'd, to stem the Tide.  
But tumbling Billows threatned present Wreck,  
And rising up against him, dash'd him back.

Then like a gallant Soldier, forc'd to go,  
 Full of brave Wrath, from a prevailing Foe;  
 Again to Town, he makes his sad Resort,  
 To see what Ships would loosen from the Port.  
 Finding but one durst launch into the Seas,  
 He writes a Letter fill'd with Words like these.

---

# L E A N D E R's

## EPISTLE

### To H E R O:

In Imitation

Of PART of that of OVID.

R E A D this; yet be not troubled, when you read,  
 Your Lover comes not, in his Letter's stead.  
 On you all Health, all Happiness attend,  
 Which I would much, much rather bring than send,  
 But now these envious Storms obstruct my Way,  
 And only this bold Bark durst put to Sea.  
 I too had come, had not my Parents Spies  
 Stood by to watch me with suspicious Eyes.  
 How many tedious Days and Nights are past,  
 Since I was suffer'd to behold you last?

Ye

Ye spiteful Gods and Goddesses, who keep  
Your wat'ry Courts within the spacious Deep,  
Why, at this time, are all the Winds broke forth?  
Why swell the Seas beneath the furious North?  
'Tis Summer now, when all should be serene;  
The Skies unclouded, undisturb'd the Main;  
Winter is yet unwilling to appear,  
But you invert the Seasons of the Year,  
Yet let me once attain the wish'd for Beach,  
Out of the now malicious *Neptune's* reach:  
Then blow, ye Winds; ye troubled Billows roar;  
Roll on your angry Waves, and lash the Shore;  
Ruffle the Seas, drive the tempestuous Air;  
Be one continu'd Storm, to keep me there.  
Ah! *Hero*, when to you my Course is bent,  
I seem to slide along a smooth Descent.  
But in returning thence, I clamber up.  
And scale, methinks, some lofty Mountains top.  
Why, when our Souls by mutual Love are join'd,  
Why are we sunder'd by the Sea and Wind?  
Either make my *Abydos* your Retreat,  
Or let your *Sestos* be my much lov'd Seat.  
This Plague of Absence I can bear no more,  
Come what can come, I'll shortly venture o'er.  
Not all the Rage of Seas, nor force of Storms,  
Nothing, but Death, shall keep me from thy Arms:  
Yet may that Death at least so friendly prove,  
To float me to the Coast of her I love.  
Let not the Thought occasion any Fear;  
Doubt not, I will be soon, and safely, there:



But 'till that time, let this employ your Hours,  
And shew you that I can be none but Yours.

Mean while the Vessel from the Land withdrew,  
When Heav'n took pity on a Love so true;  
The Winds to blow, the Waves to tofs forbore,  
In leaps the ravish'd Youth, and ventures o'er,  
With a smooth Passage to the farther Shore.  
Now to the Port the prosp'rous Lover drives,  
And safely after all his Toils arrives.  
Dissolv'd in Bliss, he lies the live-long Night,  
Melts, languishes, and dies in vast Delight.  
But that Delight my Muse forbears to sing,  
She knows the Weakness of her Infant Wing.  
As when the Painter strove to draw the Chief  
Of all the *Grecians*, in his height of Grief;  
In ev'ry Limb the well-shap'd Piece excell'd,  
But coming to the Face, his Pencil fail'd.  
There modestly he staid, and held, for fear  
He should not reach the Woe he fancy'd there;  
But round the mournful Head a Veil he threw,  
That Men might guess, at what he could not shew.  
So when our Pleasure rises to Excess,  
No Tongue can tell it, and no Pen express.  
Love will not have his Mysteries reveal'd,  
And Beauty keeps the Joys it gives conceal'd.  
And 'till those Joys my *Delia* lets me know,  
To me they shall continue ever so.

Ah! *Delia*, would indulgent Love decree,  
Thy faithful Slave that Heav'n of Bliss with thee:

What

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What then should be my Verse? what daring Flights  
Should my Muse take? reach what coelestial Heights?  
Now in Despair, with drooping Notes she sings,  
No dawn of Hope to raise her on her Wings.  
In the warm Spring the warbling Birds rejoice,  
And in the smiling Sunshine tune their Voice.  
Bask'd in the Beams, they strain their tender Throats,  
Where chearful Light inspires the charming Notes.  
Such, and so charming should my Numbers be,  
If you, my only Light, would smile on me.  
Your Influence would inspire as moving Airs,  
And make my Song as soft and sweet as theirs.  
Would you but once auspiciously incline  
To raise his Fame, who only writes for thine;  
I'd sing such Notes, as none but you could teach,  
And none but one who loves like me can reach.  
Secure of you, what Raptures could I boast?  
How wretched shall I be when you are lost?  
Ah! think what Pangs despairing Lovers prove,  
And what a bless'd Estate were mutual Love.  
How might my Soul be with your Favour rais'd?  
And how in pleasing you, my self be pleas'd?  
With what Delight, what Transport, could I burn?  
Did but my Flames receive the least Return.  
How would one tender Look, one pitying Smile,  
Or one kind Word from you, reward my Toil?  
It must, and would your tend'rest Pity move,  
Were you but once convinc'd how well I love.  
By ev'ry Pow'r that reigns and rules on high,  
By Love, the mighty'st Pow'r of all the Skys.

By your dear Self, the last great Oath, I swear,  
 That neither Life, nor Soul, are half so dear.  
 What need I these superfluous Vows repeat?  
 Already sigh'd so often at your Feet.  
 You know my Passion is sincere and true,  
 I love you to excess; you know I do.  
 No Tongue, no Pen, can what I feel express  
 E'en Poetry it self must make it less.  
 You haunt me still, where ever I remove,  
 There's no Retreat secure from Fate, or Love.  
 My Soul from yours, no Distance can divide,  
 No Rocks, nor Caves, can from your Presence hide.  
 By Day, your lovely Form fills all my Sight,  
 Nor do I lose you, when I lose the Light,  
 You are the charming Phantome of the Night.  
 Still your dear Image dances in my view,  
 And all my restless Thoughts run still on you.  
 You only are the sleeping Poet's Dream,  
 And when awake, you only are his Theme.  
 Were I, by some yet harder Fortune hurl'd  
 To the remotest Parts of all the World;  
 The coldest Northern Climate, the Torrid Zone,  
 Should hear me sing of you, and you alone.  
 That pleasing Task should all my Hours employ,  
 Spent in a charming melancholy Joy.  
 The Chorus of the Birds, the whisp'ring Boughs,  
 And murm'ring Streams, should join to sooth my Woes:  
 My Thoughts of you should yield a sad Delight,  
 While Joy and Grief contend like Day and Night.

With

With Smiles, and Tears, resembling Sun and Rain,  
To keep the Pleasure, I'd endure the Pain;  
If such Content my troubled Soul could know,  
Such Satisfaction, mix'd with so much Woe;  
If but my Thoughts could keep my Wishes warm,  
Ah! how would your transporting Presence charm?  
How pleasant would these pathless Wilds appear,  
Were you alone my kind Companion here?  
What should I then have left me to deplore?  
Oh! what Society to wish for more?  
No Country thou art in, can Desert be,  
And Towns are desolate, depriv'd of thee.  
Banish'd with thee, I could an Exile bear;  
Banish'd from thee, the Banishment lies there.  
I to some lonely Isle with thee could fly,  
Where not a Creature dwells but thou and I;  
Where a wide spreading Main around us roars,  
Besprinkling, with its Foam, our desert Shores;  
Where Winds and Waves in endless Wars engage,  
And high-wrought Tides roll with eternal Rage;  
Where Ships far off their fearful Courses steer,  
And no bold Vessel ever ventures near.  
Should rising Seas swell over ev'ry Coast,  
Were Mankind in a second Deluge lost,  
Did only two of all the World survive,  
Only one Man, one Woman left alive;  
And should the Gods that Lot to us allow,  
Were I *Deucalion* and my *Pyrrha*, thou;  
Contentedly I should my Fate embrace,  
And would not beg them to renew our Race;



All my most ardent Wishes should implore,  
All I should ask from each indulgent Pow'r,  
Would be to keep thee safe, and have no more.  
Your Cruelty occasions all my Smart,  
Your Kindness could restore my bleeding Heart.  
You work me to a Storm, you make me calm;  
You give the Wound, and can infuse the Balm.  
Of you I boast, of you alone complain,  
My greatest Pleasure, and my greatest Pain.  
Whene'er you grieve, I can no Comfort know,  
And when you first are pleas'd, I must be so.  
While you are well, there's no Disease I feel,  
And I enjoy no Health when you are Ill.  
What-e'er you do, my Actions does direct,  
Your Smile can raise me, and your Frown deject.  
Whom-e'er you Love, I by the self-same Fate,  
Love too; and hate, whatever Wretch you hate.  
With yours, my Wishes and my Passions join,  
Your Humour and your Interest, all is mine.  
I share in all; nor can my Fortunes be  
Unhappy, let but Fortune smile on thee.  
You can preserve, you only can destroy,  
Increase my Sorrow, or create my Joy.  
From you, and you alone, my Doom I wait,  
You are the Star, whose Influence rules my Fate.  
On yours my Being, and my Life depend,  
And mine shall last no more, when yours must end.  
No Toil would be too great, no Task too hard,  
Were you at last to be my rich Reward.

In serving you I'd spend my latest Breath,  
Brave any Danger, run on any Death.  
I live but for your sake, and when I die,  
All I shall pray for, is, may you be by.  
No Life, like Living with thee, can delight;  
No Death can please, like Dying in thy fight.  
Oh! when I must, by Heav'n's severe Decree,  
Be snatch'd from all that's dear, be snatch'd from thee,  
May'st thou be present, to dispel my Fear,  
And soften' with thy Charms the Pangs I bear.  
While on thy Lips I pour my parting Breath,  
Look thee all o'er, and clasp thee close in Death;  
Sigh out my Soul upon thy panting Breast,  
And with a Passion not to be express'd,  
Sink at thy Feet into eternal Rest.





Several **STORIES** of  
**OVID's METAMORPHOSES,**  
 Translated into *English* **VERSE.**

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**T H E**  
**STORY of Narcissus and Echo:**

From the

**Third Book of Ovid's Metamorphoses.**

**T**HE Vocal Nymph this lovely Huntsman view'd,  
 As he into the Toils his Prey pursu'd,  
 Tho' of the pow'r of Speaking first debarr'd,  
 She could not hold from answ'ring what she heard.  
 The jealous *Juno*, by her Wiles betray'd,  
 Took this Revenge on the deceitful Maid.  
 For when she might have seiz'd her faithless *Jove*,  
 Often in am'rous Thefts of lawless Love ;

Her

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Her tedious Talk would make the Goddess say,  
And give her Rivals time to run away:  
Which when she found, she cry'd, For such a Wrong,  
Small be the pow'r of that deluding Tongue.  
Immediately the Deed confirm'd the Threats,  
For *Echo*, only what she hears repeats.

Now at the Sight of the fair Youth she glows,  
And follows silently where-e'er he goes.  
The nearer she pursu'd, the more she mov'd  
Thro' the dear Track he trod, the more she lov'd.  
Still her Approach inflam'd her fierce Desire,  
As Sulph'rous Torches catch the neighb'ring Fire.  
How often would she strive, but strove in vain,  
To tell the Passion, and confess her Pain?  
A thousand tender things her Thoughts suggest,  
With which she would have woo'd; but they, suppress  
For want of Speech, lay buried in her Breast.  
Begin she could not, but she staid to wait  
'Till he should speak, and she his Speech repeat.  
Now several ways his young Companions gone,  
And for some time *Narcissus* left alone:  
Where are you all? at last she hears him call;  
And she straight answers him, *Where are you all?*  
Around he lets his wandring Eye fight roam,  
But sees no Creature whence the Voice should come.  
Speak yet again, he cries, is any nigh?  
Again the mournful *Echo* answers, *I*.  
Why come not you? says he, appear in view;  
She hastily returns, *Why come not you?*  
Once more the Voice th' astonish'd Huntsman try'd,  
Louder he call'd, and louder she reply'd.

Then



Then let us join, at last *Narcissus* said ;  
*Then let us join*, reply'd the ravish'd Maid.  
 Scarce had she spoke, when from the Woods she sprung,  
 And on his Neck with close Embraces hung.  
 But he with all his Strength unlocks her Fold,  
 And breaks unkindly from her feeble Hold :  
 Then proudly cries, Life shall this Breast forsake,  
 Ere you, loose Nymph, on me your Pleasure take.  
*On me your Pleasure take*, the Nymph replies,  
 While from her the disdainful Huntsman flies.  
 Repuls'd, with speed she seeks the gloomiest Groves,  
 And pines to think on her rejected Loves.  
 Alone laments her ill-requited Flame,  
 And in the closest Thickets shrouds her Shame.  
 Her Rage to be refus'd yields no Relief,  
 But her fond Passion is increas'd by Grief.  
 'The thoughts of such a Slight all Sleep suppress'd,  
 And kept her languishing for want of Rest :  
 Now pines she quite away with anxious Care,  
 Her Skin contracts, her Blood dissolves to Air,  
 Nothing but Voice and Bones she now retains,  
 These turn to Stones, but still the Voice remains :  
 In Woods, Caves, Hills, for ever hid she lies,  
 Heard by all Ears, but never seen by Eyes.

Thus her and other Nymphs, his proud Disdain,  
 With an unheard of Cruelty had slain.  
 Many on Mountains, and in Rivers born,  
 Thus perish'd underneath his haughty Scorn :  
 When one, who in their Sufferings bore a Share,  
 With suppliant Hands address'd this humble Pray'r :  
 Thus may he love himself, and thus despair.

}  
 Nor

Nor were her Pray'rs at an ill Hour preferr'd;  
*Rhamnusia*, the Revengeful Goddess, heard.

Nature had plac'd a Crystal Fountain near,  
The Water deep, but to the bottom clear;  
Whose Silver Spring ascended gently up,  
And bubbled softly to the silent Top.

The Surface smooth, as Icy Lakes appear'd,  
Unknown by Herdsman, undisturb'd by Herd.

No bending Tree above its Surface grows,  
Or scatters thence its Leaves, or broken Boughs;

Yet at a just convenient distance stood,  
All round the peaceful Spring, a stately Wood,  
Thro' whose thick Tops no Sun could shoot his Beams,

Nor view his Image in the Silver Streams:

Thither from Hunting, and the scorching Heat,

The wearied Youth was one day led by Fate.

Down on his Face to drink the Spring he lyes;

But as his Image in that Glas he spies,

He drinks in Passion deeper at his Eyes.

His own Reflexion works his wild Desire;

And he himself sets his own self on Fire.

Fix'd as some Statue, he preserves his place,

Intent his Looks, and motionless his Face.

Deep thro' the Spring his Eye-balls dart their Beams,

Like Midnight Stars that twinkle in the Streams.

His Iv'ry Neck the Crystal Mirror shows,

His waving Hair above the Surface flows,

His Cheeks reflect the Lilly and the Rose.

His own Perfection all his Passions mov'd,

He loves himself, who for himself was lov'd;

Who

Who seeks, is sought; who kindles the Desires,  
Is scorch'd himself; who is admir'd, admires;  
Oft would he the deceitful Spring embrace,  
And seek to fasten on that lovely Face.

Oft with his down-thrust Arms he thought to fold,  
About that Neck that still deludes his hold.

He gets no Kisses from those co'z'ning Lips,  
His Arms grasp nothing, from himself he slips.

He knows not what he views, and yet pursues  
His desperate Love, and burns for what he views.

" Catch not so fondly at a fleeting Shade,

" And be no longer by your self betray'd;

" It borrows all it has from you alone,

" And it can boast of nothing of its own:

" With you it comes, with you it stays, and so

" Would go away, had you the power to go.

Neither for Sleep nor Hunger would he move,

But gazing still, augments his hopeless Love:

Still o'er the Spring he keeps his bending Head,

Still with that flatt'ring Form his Eyes he fed,

And silently surveys the treacherous Shade.

To the deaf Woods, at length, his Grief he vents,

And in these words the wretched Youth laments.

Tell me, ye Hills and Dales, and Neigh'ring Groves,

You that are conscious of so many Loves;

Say, have you ever seen a Lover pine

Like me, or ever knew a Love like mine?

I know not whence this sudden Flame should come;

I like and see, but see I know not whom:

What

What grieves me more, no Rocks, nor rolling Seas,  
No strong-wall'd Cities, nor untrodden Ways,  
Only a slender, Silver Stream destroys,  
And casts the Bar between our sundred Joys.  
Even he too seems to feel an equal Flame,  
The same his Passion, his Desires the same:  
As oft as I my longing Lips incline  
To join with his, his mount to meet with mine.  
So near our Faces and our Mouths approach,  
That almost to our selves we seem to touch.  
Come forth, whoe'er thou art, and do not fly  
From one so passionately fond as I;  
I've nothing to deserve your just Disdain,  
But have been lov'd, as I love you, in vain.  
Yet all the Signs of mutual Love you give,  
And my poor Hopes in all your Actions live:  
When in the Stream our Hands I strive to join,  
Yours straight ascend, and half way grasp at mine.  
You smile my Smiles; when I a Tear let fall,  
You shed another, and consent in all:  
And when I speak, your lovely Lips appear  
To utter something which I cannot hear.  
Alas! 'tis I my self; too late I see,  
My own deceitful Shade has ruin'd me.  
With a mad Passion for my self I'm curs'd,  
And bear about those Flames I kindled first.  
In so perplex'd a Case, what can I do?  
Ask, or be ask'd? shall I be woo'd, or wooe?  
All that I will, I have; what would I more?  
Ah! 'tis my too great Plenty makes me Poor.

Divide



Divide me from my self, ye Powers Divine !  
Nor let his Being intermix with mine.  
All that I love, and wish for, now retake ;  
A strange Request for one in Love to make !  
I feel my Strength decay with inward Grief,  
And hope to lose my Sorrows with my Life :  
Nor would I mourn my own untimely Fate,  
Were he I love allow'd a longer Date :  
This makes me at my cruel Stars repine,  
That his much dearer Life must end with mine.  
This said, again he turns his watry Face,  
And gazes wildly in the Crystal Glass,  
While streaming Tears from his full Eye-lids fell,  
And, drop by drop, rais'd Circles in the Well :  
The several Rings, larger and larger spread,  
And by degrees dispers'd the fleeting Shade ;  
Which when perceiv'd, Oh whither would you go ?  
He cries, ah ! whither, whither fly you now ?  
Stay, lovely Shade, do not so cruel prove,  
In leaving me, who to Distraction love :  
Let me still see what ne'er can be possess'd,  
And with the sight alone my Frenzy feast.  
Now frantick with his Grief, his Robe he tears,  
And Tokens of his Rage his Bosom bears ;  
The cruel Wounds on his pure Body shew,  
Like Crimson mingling with the whitest Snow :  
Like Apples with Vermilion-circle's stripe,  
Or a fair Bunch of Grapes not fully ripe.  
But when he looks, and sees the Wounds he made,  
Writ on the Bosom of the charming Shade :

His

His Sorrows would admit of no Relief,  
But all his Sense was swallow'd in his Grief.

As Wax, near any kindled Fuel plac'd,  
Melts, and is sensibly perceiv'd to waste:

As Morning Frosts are found to thaw away,  
When once the Sun begins to warm the Day:

So the fond Youth dissolves in hopeless Fires,  
And by degrees consumes in vain Desires:

His lovely Cheeks now lost their white and red,

Diminish'd was his Strength, his Beauty fled;

His Body from its just Proportions fell,

Which the scorn'd *Echo* lately lov'd so well.

Yet tho' her first Resentments she retain'd,

And still remembred how she was disdain'd;

She sigh'd, and when the wretched Lover cry'd,

Alas; Alas, the woful Nymph reply'd:

Then when, with cruel Blows, his Hands would wound

His tender Breast, she still restor'd the Sound.

Now hanging o'er the Spring his drooping Head,

With a sad Sigh, these dying Words he said;

*Ab! Boy, below'd in vain! Thro' all the Plain*

*Echo* resounds, *Ab! Boy, below'd in vain!*

*Farewel*, he cries; and with that Word he dy'd;

*Farewel*, the miserable Nymph reply'd.

Now pale and breathless on the Grass he lies,

For Death had shut his Self-admiring Eyes;

Now wafted over to the *Stygian Coast*,

The Waters there reflect his wandering Ghost;

In loud Laments his weeping Sisters mourn,

Which *Echo* makes the neighb'ring Hills return.

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All Signs of desp'rate Grief the Nymphs express,  
Great is the Moan, yet is not *Erbo's* less.

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THE STORY of  
*Salmacis and Hermaphroditus :*

From the  
Fourth Book of *Ovid's Metamorphoses.*

THE lovely *Salmacis* the Fountain own'd,  
A Nymph with ev'ry blooming Beauty crown'd.  
Unpractis'd in the Chace, untaught to throw  
The thrilling Dart, or bend the stubborn Bow.  
Never engag'd in Races on the Plain,  
Nor ever mingling with *Diana's* Train.  
Oft would her Sisters say, Rise, rise for shame,  
And join with us in some laborious Game.  
Seize on a Quiver, or a pointed Spear,  
Hunt the wild Bear, or chase the tim'rous Deer;  
No Quiver would she seize, no Jav'lin shake,  
No Toil endure, in no Fatigue partake,  
But in her Fountain is her sole Delight,  
For there she bathes by Day, and rests by Night;  
Still in that liquid Glass herself she dress'd,  
And learn'd from thence, what Look became her best.  
Now in this Lawn, her lovely Limbs array'd,  
Stretch'd at her length, on the soft Moss were laid,  
Thro' the transparent Robes, to the full View display'd.

Now

Now languishing she lies, and gathers Flowers,  
Pluck'd from the blooming Sides of neighb'ring Bow'rs:  
Thus was she busy'd, when she chanc'd to spy  
The lovely Son of *Hermes* passing by.

At the first sight, she found her Wishes fir'd,  
And the fair Youth, as soon as seen, desir'd.  
Yet would she not approach, tho' mad to meet,  
Tho' she could scarce hold back her eager Feet,  
'Till she might first her utmost Skill bestow,  
To make her Beauties to advantage show:

Use all her Art to let her Charms appear,  
Who, without Art, might well be reckon'd fair.

At last attir'd she comes, at once she breaks,  
Into these moving Words, and meltingly she speaks.

Such Charms, dear Youth, dwell in your lovely Face,  
I cannot think you born of human Race.

If then a God descended from above,  
You are not, sure, less than the God of Love.

But if you spring not from the Race divine,

If come from any of a mortal Line;

Happy, thrice happy, must thy Parents be,

And all thy Kindred blest'd, and proud of thee.

Blest were that Woman's Breasts who fed thee first,

In whose fond Arms thy Infancy was nurs'd.

But more, — Oh! infinitely more than all the rest,

Must the fair Partner of thy Bed be blest'd!

If there be such, let us the Bliss divide,

Too great to be by any one enjoy'd.

If not already bound by Nuptial Vows,

Seal them with me, make me the joyful Spouse.

Here



Here stopt the Love-sick Nymph; whose Boldness made  
 The bashful Youth blush, for the things she said.  
 Still lovelier in his Blushes look'd the Boy,  
 Still her Desires grew fiercer to enjoy.  
 So blushes Fruit upon the Sunny-side,  
 So Iv'ry shews with deep Vermilion dy'd.  
 So in Eclipses looks the lab'ring Moon,  
 When stain'd with red, her struggling Face is shewn.

Nearer and nearer now the Virgin mov'd,  
 Ready to seize upon the Swain she lov'd.  
 Disdainfully he flies her fond Embrace,  
 And cries, with bashful Anger in his Face,  
 Forbear, loose Nymph, or I'll forsake the Place.  
 She, at that Menace from the Man she lov'd,  
 Reply'd, 'Tis yours, fair Youth; and so remov'd.  
 Yet at some distance, in a Thicket hid,  
 The Maid observ'd what-e'er the Charmer did.  
 Who now believing that he was not seen,  
 With bolder Steps trips o'er the flow'ry Green.  
 Now to the Banks of that delightful Stream,  
 Which the fair Nymph that lov'd him, own'd, he came,  
 Dipt in his Feet, and thence by small degrees,  
 Pleas'd with the Warmth, he waded to the Knees:  
 Then back 'nto the Banks again he goes,  
 Down on the Ground his silken Garments throws,  
 And to the ravish'd Maid, all, all the Man he shows.  
 His naked Charms her wondring Sight amaz'd,  
 Who now with more impatient Longings gaz'd.  
 Her Eyes shoot Fires, and shine with sparkling Flames,  
 As when the Sun plays on the silver Streams,  
 Or when a Crystal Glass reflects the Beams.

Mad

Mad to possess her Bliss, about to fly  
To seize, and satten on the Lovely Boy,  
She burns with the delay of the transporting Joy.  
Now from the flow'ry Bank, on which he stood,  
The lovely Youth leap'd down into the Flood.  
His skilful Arms support his snowy Limbs,  
Still glitt'ring thro the Streams in which he swims.  
Like Iv'ry Statues which the Life surpass,  
Or Lilies cover'd with a Crystal Glas.  
He's mine, he's mine, the ravish'd Virgin cries;  
And strait disrob'd of all, impatient flies,  
And plunging in the Flood, pursues her Joys.  
Now o'er his Neck her circling Arms she cast,  
Now threw them lower, o'er his strug'ling Wasse.  
Her twining Limbs on ev'ry side she wound,  
Lock'd him all o'er, and clasp'd him all around.  
" So when a tow'ring Eagle's Talons bear  
" A Snake close grip'd, and hissing thro' the Air;  
" About his Neck the curling Serpent clings,  
" And fetters with his Tail his spacious Wings.  
Still, tho' detain'd, the Boy the Bliss denies,  
Still struggles to resist the Virgin's Joys.  
In vain you strive, she cries; this proud Disdain,  
Foolish, ingrateful Youth, is all in vain.  
Grant, ye good Gods, no day, no time may see  
Me sever'd from this Youth, or him from me.  
To the Maid's Prayer propitious Gods inclin'd,  
Strait into one their different Forms were twin'd,  
And as they mingled Souls, their Bodies join'd.

The PASSION of  
**SCYLLA** for **MINOS**:

From the  
 Eighth Book of *QV-ID's Metamorphoses*.

**A** Tower with sounding Walls erected stands,  
 The sacred Fabrick of *Apollo's* Hands.  
 His Harp laid by, the Strings their Airs dispense,  
 And vocal Stones receiv'd their Vertue thence;  
 This *Scylla*, in the time of Peace, ascends,  
 And thence her Look o'er all the Lawn extends:  
 Now with Delight she views the spacious Town,  
 Now, pleas'd with dropping little Pebbles down,  
 Strikes a sweet Musick from the warbling Stone.  
 In times of Wars the self-same Prospect yields  
 The pleasing horror of the bloody Fields.  
 Long had they now in equal Balance hung,  
 And doubtful Victory depended long.  
 This gave her leisure to discern and know  
 The several Leaders of the neighb'ring Fo.  
*Minos* their General most of all she knew,  
 More than a virtuous Virgin ought to do.  
 Whether his Helmet glitter'd from afar,  
 And with its waving Feathers threatn'd Wars,  
 Whether his Hands his shining Sword would wield,  
 Or his strong Arm raise his refulgent Shield;

Whate'er she saw him do, she prais'd, and lov'd,  
And kept him still in view, where'er he mov'd.  
Where'er he took a Spear, or cast a Dart,  
She knew not which excell'd, his Strength, or Art:  
Whene'er he drew a Shaft, she'd swear, that so  
Ev'n *Phaëbus* would himself discharge his Bow:  
But when his naked Visage he dispos'd,  
His charming Face to publick View expos'd:  
When on his foaming Horse he rode the Plains,  
Ruling with skilful Hands the stubborn Reins;  
Then like tempestuous Seas her Passions roll,  
Mad her sick Brain, and rack her troubled Soul.  
Happy, she calls the Courser which he press'd:  
Happy, the Lance he couch'd within his Rest;  
Happy, the Vamplate that secur'd his Breast.  
Now, would she think of flying to the Foe,  
And would have gone, had she a way to go:  
Now, headlong from the Tower her self have sent,  
And ventur'd Life to reach her Lover's Tent.  
Open the brazen Gates, when Love inspir'd,  
Or act, whate'er the Foe she lov'd, desir'd.  
Silent she sat, with a distracted Look,  
Till Passion gave her leave, and then she spake:

In this unhappy War, and fatal Strife,  
I know not which to yield to, Joy, or Grief.  
Tho' 'tis my Fate to love my Country's Foe,  
I had not seen him, had he not been so.  
Yet might they let their fierce Contentions fall,  
And making Peace, make me the Pledge for all.



Minos and I once join'd, our Wars might cease,  
 And that Alliance fix a lasting Peace.  
 Well might your Mother's Charms a God subdue,  
 If ever she could charm, dear Youth, like you.  
 Happy ! thrice happy ! had I Wings to fly  
 To yonder Tents, where the lov'd Foe does lye,  
 I'd tell the dear Disturber of my Rest,  
 All that I feel, could it be all express'd,  
 And pour my Soul into the Charmer's Breast.  
 Give all I can, to make him once my own,  
 All he should ask, all, — but my Father's Crown.  
 This Love shall cease, these fierce Desires shall die,  
 Ere I by Treachery my Wish enjoy.  
 Yet when a generous Foe disputes the Field,  
 It is not safest to resist, but yield.  
 The tragick Dest'ny of his darling Son,  
 Has brought at last these fatal Mischiefs on.  
 In a just Cause, his vengeful Sword he draws,  
 Strong is his Army, to maintain his Cause.  
 Needs must my charming Hero prosp'rous prove,  
 Then let him owe his Conquests to my Love.  
 Thus Thousands will be sav'd, who else must bleed,  
 And daily perish, if the Wars proceed.  
 Minos will thus be safe, and I be blest ;  
 Else he may chance to perish with the rest.  
 Some rash unknowing Hand his Spear may dart  
 Against my too too vent'rous Heroe's Heart.  
 For who, without concern, his Wounds could see ?  
 Or who would wound him, if he knew 'twas he ?

'Tis then resolv'd; lest such a Chance should fall  
On him I love so well, I'll hazard all.  
My Country, and my self, one Gift I'll join,  
And make the Merit of his Conquest mine.  
To will is nothing, when we can't fulfil,  
For wretched want of Power, the things we will.  
The Gates are kept with a sufficient Guard,  
And every Night my Father sees them barr'd:  
'Tis he destroys my Bliss; 'tis him I fear;  
Would he were with the Dead, or I were there:  
Might I, (not inj'ring him) my Bliss pursue?  
Indulgent Gods! but why invoke I you?  
We our own Gods, have Power our selves to bless,  
And from our selves derive our own Success.  
The only way to prosper is to dare,  
For Fortune listens not to lazy Prayer:  
Others inflam'd with such a fierce Desire,  
Have forc'd thro' all, to quench their raging Fire.  
Shall any other then more resolute prove?  
Thro' Fire and Sword, I'd force my way to Love.  
Yet to assist me here, I need not call  
For Fire, or Sword; my Father's Hair is all.  
That, that must Crown my Joys, and make me blest,  
Beyond whatever else can be possess'd,  
Beyond what can be by my Words express.



A  
PASTORAL ELEGY  
ON THE  
DEATH of DELIA.

*Quam referent Musæ, vivet, dum robora tellus,  
Dum cælum stellas, dum veht amnis aquas.*

*Tibullus.*

*Daphnis and Thyrsis.*

*Thyr.* STAY wretched Swain, lye here, and here lament:  
Press not too far your Strength, already spent.  
Long has distracting Sorrow made me rove.  
Thro' ev'ry desert Plain, and dismal Grove,  
Still silent with excess of Grief, and Love.  
Feebly your trembling Legs beneath you go,  
And bend o'erburd'ned with their Load of Woe.  
Stay, and this melancholy Grotto choose;  
A proper Mansion for a mourning Muse,  
Lay your tir'd Limbs extended on the Moss,  
And tell the list'ning Woods of *Delia's* loss:  
Here, the sad Muse need no Disturbance fear,  
For not a living thing inhabits here.  
Musick may give your Serraws some Relief,  
And I, by list'ning to you, share your Grief.

*Daph.*

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*Daph.* What Musick now can my sad Numbers boast?  
What Muse invoke? alas! my Muse is lost.

Long since my useless Pipe was thrown aside,  
My Reeds were broke that Hour that *Delia* dy'd.  
From her alone their Inspiration came,  
She gave the Verse, and was the Verse's Theme.  
For ever should my Sorrows keep me dumb,  
Silent as Death, and hush'd as *Delia's* Tomb,  
Did not the Force of Love unlock my Tongue,  
Lest her dear Beauties should remain unsung.  
Her Charms let ev'ry Muse conspire to tell,  
And that once done, let ev'ry Muse farewell.

*This the last Tribute of my Verse I bring,  
To sing her Death, and then no more to sing.*

Be still ye Winds, or in soft Whispers blow,  
Ye purling Streams, with gentle Murmurs flow,  
Let Lambs forbear to bleat, and Herds to low.  
Let all in easy mournful Numbers move,  
Let all be soft and artless as my Love.

Oh! she was ev'ry way divinely fair,  
Charming in Person, and in Soul sincere.  
She was, alas! more than the Muse can tell,  
Well worthy Love, and was belov'd as well.

She was, alas! these Tears that Saying draws,  
Oh! 'tis a cruel, killing Word; She was.  
Now she no more must tread the flow'ry Plains,  
No more be gaz'd at by admiring Swains:

No more, the choicest Flowers, and Daisies chuse,  
Or pluck the Pasture for her tender Ewes.  
Say, ye poor Flocks, how often have ye stood;  
And from her lovely Hands receiv'd your Food?

Now



Now ye no more from those fair Hands must feast,  
 Those Hands, which gave the Flowers a sweeter Taste;  
 Mourn her, by whom ye were so often fed,  
 And cry with me, The Shepherdess is dead;  
*This the last Tribute of my Verse I bring,  
 To sing her Death, and then no more to sing.*

Weep for her Loss, relenting Heav'n, and keep  
 Time with our Tears; Heav'n seems space to weep.  
 In murm'ring Drops the mournful Rain distills,  
 And sable Clouds wrap round the Sides of Hills.  
 The Goat forbears to browse, the tender Ewe  
 Will drink no longer of the falling Dew:  
 No Morning Larks their mounting Wings display,  
 Or cheer with warbling Airs the dasky Day.  
 On dropping Boughs sad Nightingales complain,  
 Join in my Songs, but sing like me, in vain.  
 In doleful Notes the marm'ring Turtles coo,  
 Each of them seems t'have lost a *Delia* too.  
 The melting Air in Mists its Sorrows shews,  
 And cold damp Sweat the Face of Earth bedews.  
 With Tears the River-Gods enlarge their Spring,  
 Swans in sad Strains on swelling Waters sing.  
 In Sighs the God of Winds his Passion vents,  
 And all, all Nature, for her Loss laments.  
*This the last Tribute of my Verse I bring,  
 To sing her Death, and then no more to sing.*

How often on the Banks of silver Thames,  
 My Eyes on hers, and hers upon the Streams,  
 Has she stood list'ning, when I told my Flames?  
 How often has a sudden, sidelong Look,  
 Seem'd to confess her Pity, when I spoke!

Pity I had, tho' I cou'd never move,  
 In her cold Breast, the least Return of Love.  
 Pity from her more Welcome did receive,  
 Than all the Love another Fair could give.  
 And it was some, some small Relief, to see  
 She lov'd not others, tho' she lov'd not me.  
 Say, gentle *Thames*, how often have I stood,  
 Viewing her dear Reflexion in your Flood?  
 When on her Face I durst not gaze for fear;  
 How often have I look'd, and found it there?  
 How often have I wish'd my Verse might prove  
 Smooth as your Stream, whene'er I writ of Love?  
 Say, how your courteous Waves would never flow  
 O'er any Path where she was us'd to go.

Now let your River, like my Eyes, run o'er,  
 Insult with fuller Tides the desert Shore,  
 And drown those Banks, where *Delia* walks no more,  
*This the last Tribute of my Verse I bring,*  
*To sing her Death, and then no more to sing.*

Blue Violets, and blushing Roses fade,  
 Fold your silk Leaves, and hang your drooping Head,  
 Shut up your Sweets, and seem, like *Delia*, dead.  
 Let Spring run backwards, and the Vintage blast,  
 Let constant Showers lay all the Country waste,  
 Let Flames unto the Centre downwards tend,  
 And let the Floods untoss'd by Winds, ascend.  
 Let all things change, and wear another Face,  
 Let Nature not appear the same she was.  
 Let Fowl to dwell beneath the Waters try,  
 And let the watry Herd attempt to fly:

Let

*The History of Love.*

Let Wolves protect the Flocks upon the Plains,  
 Let bashful Virgins woo disdainful Swains;  
 Let savage Death its Cruelty pursue,  
 And, since my *Delia's* dead, let me die too.  
*This the last Tribute of my Verse I bring,*  
*To sing her Death, and then no more to sing.*

See, where the God of Love all sad appears,  
 His smoking Torch extinguish'd with his Tears:  
 Well may he weep for his declining Pow'r,  
 His Charm is done, since *Delia* is no more.  
 Thro' her he conquer'd, and thro' her he reign'd;  
 Her Beauties his decaying Sway sustain'd,  
 And she now gone, his Empire is disdain'd.

See where *Diana*, with a stately Train  
 Of goodly Nymphs, descends upon the Plain:  
 Each of them weeps, and leans upon her Bow,  
 And mourns her fellow *Delia* wanting now.  
 The Goddess grieves to see her Train decreas'd,  
 And swelling Sighs shake ev'ry Virgin's Breast.  
 Unhurt, they let the Stags beside them pass,  
 Nor follow Boars that tempt them to the Chase;  
 In several Forms of Woe their Grief they vent,  
 And all with me for *Delia's* Loss lament.  
*This the last Tribute of my Verse I bring,*  
*To sing her Death, and then no more to sing.*

Look yonder, where the lovely Nymph is laid,  
 I'll go, and on her Earth recline my Head,  
 Choak with my Sighs, and hasten to the Dead.  
 Come hither, all ye Swains, with Garlands come,  
 Pour out your richest Perfumes on her Tomb;

Let Myrtles on her Grave unplanted grow,  
In ready Wreaths for ev'ry Lover's Brow.  
Let Flow'rs unknown before, be daily seen  
To raise their Heads above the spacious Green,  
Millions of blooming Sweets her Earth surround,  
And balmy Gums distil upon the Ground.  
Here let the tuneful Muse for ever cease,  
To give unutterable Sorrow place.  
Let Sighs and streaming Tears resume their Course,  
And my sad Eyes be their eternal Source.  
I'll go and chuse some melancholy Cave,  
As undisturb'd and secret as the Grave.  
I'll feast mine Eyes with nothing fair on Earth,  
Nor shall my Ears hear any Sound of Mirth.  
Farewel ye charming Choristers, that dwell  
In sacred Groves; ye warbling Birds, farewell.  
Adieu ye Nymphs, adieu ye Fellow-Swains,  
Ye silver Streams, sweet Swans, and flow'ry Plains;  
Farewel all happy Days, and smiling Hours,  
Refreshing Valleys, and delightful Bow'rs,  
Adieu to ev'ry Grotto, ev'ry Grove,  
Adieu to Poetry, adieu to Love.

*F I N I S.*



THE HOLLOW

For Mirth as for Grief, as for Love  
in ready Wreaths for every Power  
Let Flow're unknown before, be daily seen  
To raise their Heads above the common Green  
Millions of blooming Beauties for the Gravel  
And many Count'less darts upon the Gravel  
Here in the mental Maze for ever stay  
To give unnumber'd sorrow place  
Let sighs and sighing Tears to ring their Chain  
And my sad Eyes be their eternal Prison  
Will go and come some melancholy Guest  
As usual I and form as the Cave  
Will keep mine Eyes with weeping fair on Earth  
Nor shall my Eyes have any sound of Mirth  
Farred ye change, ye change, ye change  
In lonely Groves, ye wandering flocks, ye flocks  
Adieu ye flocks, ye flocks, ye flocks  
Ye flocks, ye flocks, ye flocks, ye flocks  
Farred all happy Days and smiling Hours  
Rejoicing Valleys and delightful Bow'rs  
Adieu in every Groove, every Grove  
Adieu to Beauty, adieu to Love

F I W I S